



OCTOBER 1972  
PRICE \$1

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

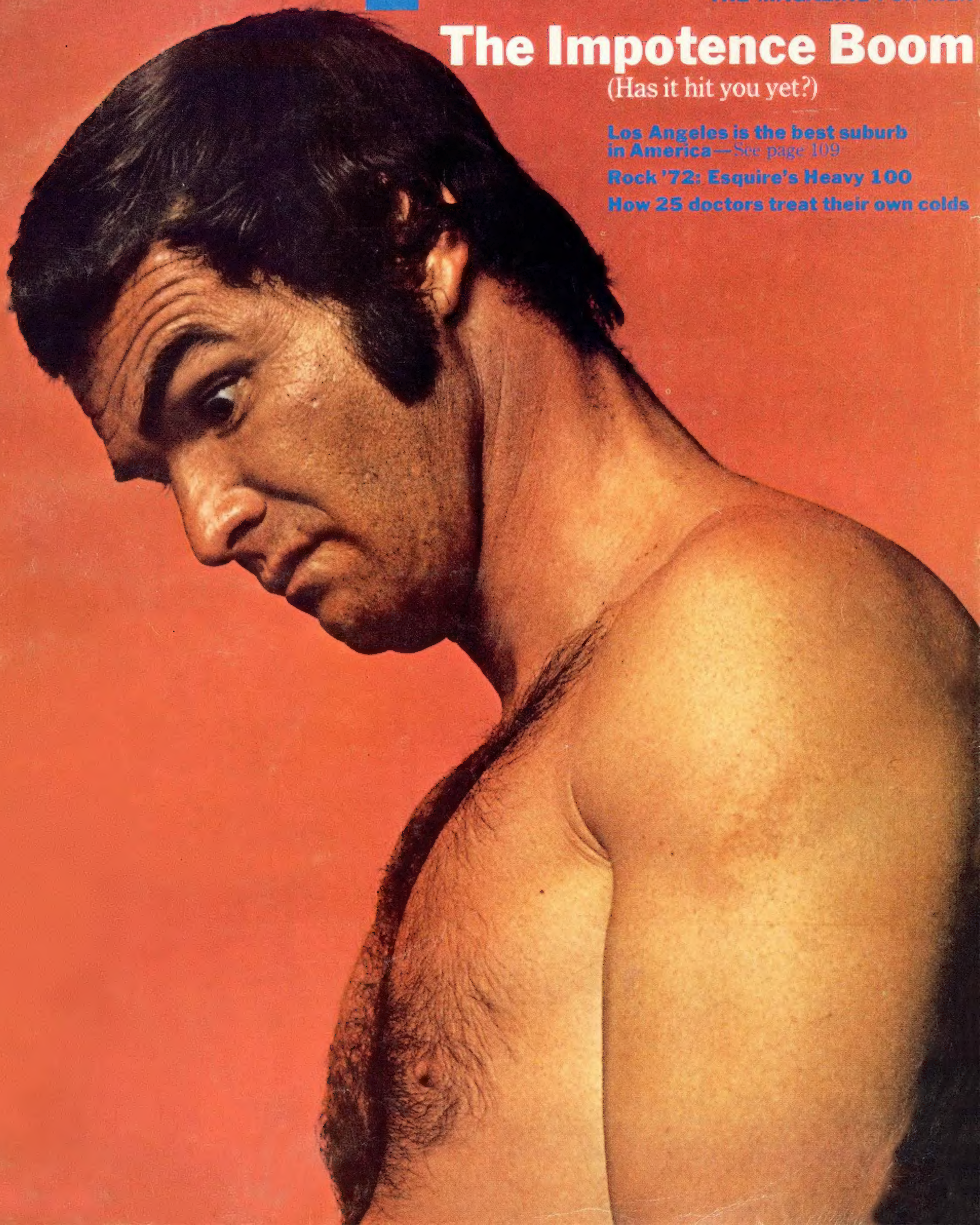
## The Impotence Boom

(Has it hit you yet?)

Los Angeles is the best suburb  
in America—See page 109

Rock '72: Esquire's Heavy 100

How 25 doctors treat their own colds





Latest U.S. Government figures show

# Pall Mall Gold 100's lower in 'tar' than the best-selling filter king!

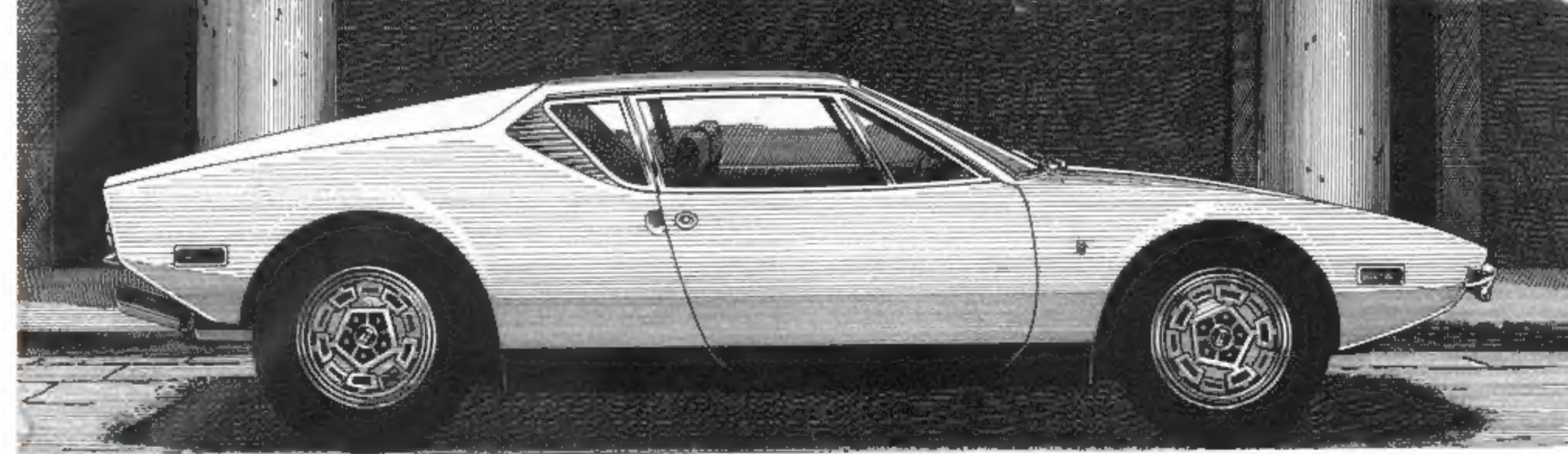


## Yes, longer yet milder.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.  
Best-selling filter king..... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.  
Of all brands, lowest..... "tar" 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.

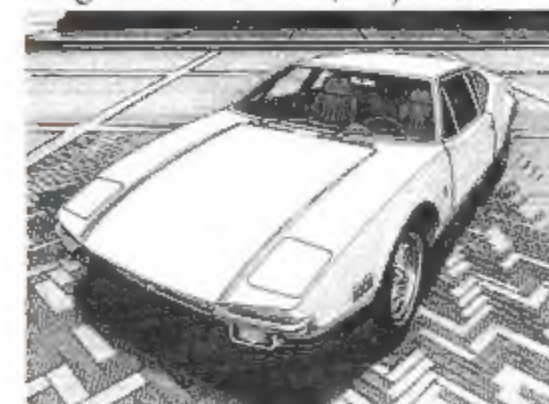


The de Tomaso Pantera. Around \$10,000\*.

In Italy, men build cars with passion. One of them is Alejandro de Tomaso. And this is his car. Pantera. Conceived without compromise. A car so carefully built (it is virtually handmade) there will only be



2,500 made the first year. Mid-engined like a racing car. An ultra-high-performance sports coupe that stands a little higher than the average man's belt buckle, it seats two (and only two) and it's priced in the neighborhood of \$10,000.



Obviously, Pantera is for the few who demand something extraordinary.

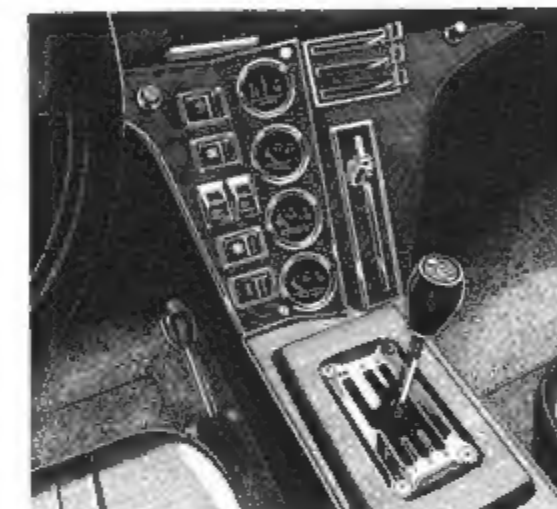
The body designed by the world-famous Ghia Studios—is Italian craftsmanship at its highest level. Monocoque construction fuses the steel skin and frame into an incredibly strong and rigid structure.

The engine is a 351 CID, 4-barrel V-8 placed just ahead of the rear axle, which gives Pantera some huge advantages over conventional sports cars. Better vision forward. Less power-loss. Better weight distribution. And the tightest, most satisfying handling characteristics you've ever experienced.

All this is standard: air-conditioning, five forward speeds fully synchronized, independent suspension of all four



wheels, die-cast magnesium wheels, rack and pinion steering, power-boosted disc brakes—even an ingenious system to prevent you from inadvertently selecting the wrong gear while shifting. The de Tomaso Pantera



has to be one of the most impressive vehicles ever offered here at any price.

\*Based on Mfr's suggested retail price. Excludes state and local taxes, and destination charges.

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# RCA XL-100 takes out a major cause of tv repairs.

## And adds the strongest color tv guarantee in RCA history.



## Presenting the XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royalton" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv reception.

**Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.**



Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state. Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA is a specialist in solid state color TV. RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. And they're all backed with...

**A stronger guarantee because...**

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.
2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most other warranties limit you to an authorized list.
3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

**100% brighter picture.**

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture



RCA black matrix picture tube.

tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

**Simple automatic tuning.**

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference... and keep it that way.

**Your XL-100 guarantee.**

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set is a

portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

**Color you can count on.**





# Teach him to dial "0" and he'll always have a friend.



Of all the important things your child should learn, there's one he should learn right away.

That's how to dial "0" when he needs help in a hurry and doesn't know the number. Because the telephone operator is a friend who wants to help and, what's more important, can help in an emergency.

It's important. It may even be critical. Because a frightened, crying child's ability to dial "0" could save a life. Your child's life. Maybe yours.

Tell your child not to be afraid to call. After all, 100,000 times a day, the sick, the injured and the frightened dial "0" for help.

We know handling emergency calls is too important a job to learn it on the job. So our operators learn in practice sessions, where they receive simulated calls. How to get an ambulance. How to alert the fire department. How to contact medical help.

Our operators not only learn how to get the right help in a hurry but, what's more, they know the incalculable value of staying on the line, reassuring the caller until that help arrives.

Of course, the extra time and training that operators receive in order to handle emergency calls costs extra money. But it's worth it. Because you know there's always help on the other end of your telephone line if you dial "0". AT&T and your local Bell Company.



## Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Acquire a taste  
for mature  
Scotch whisky.

Passport.

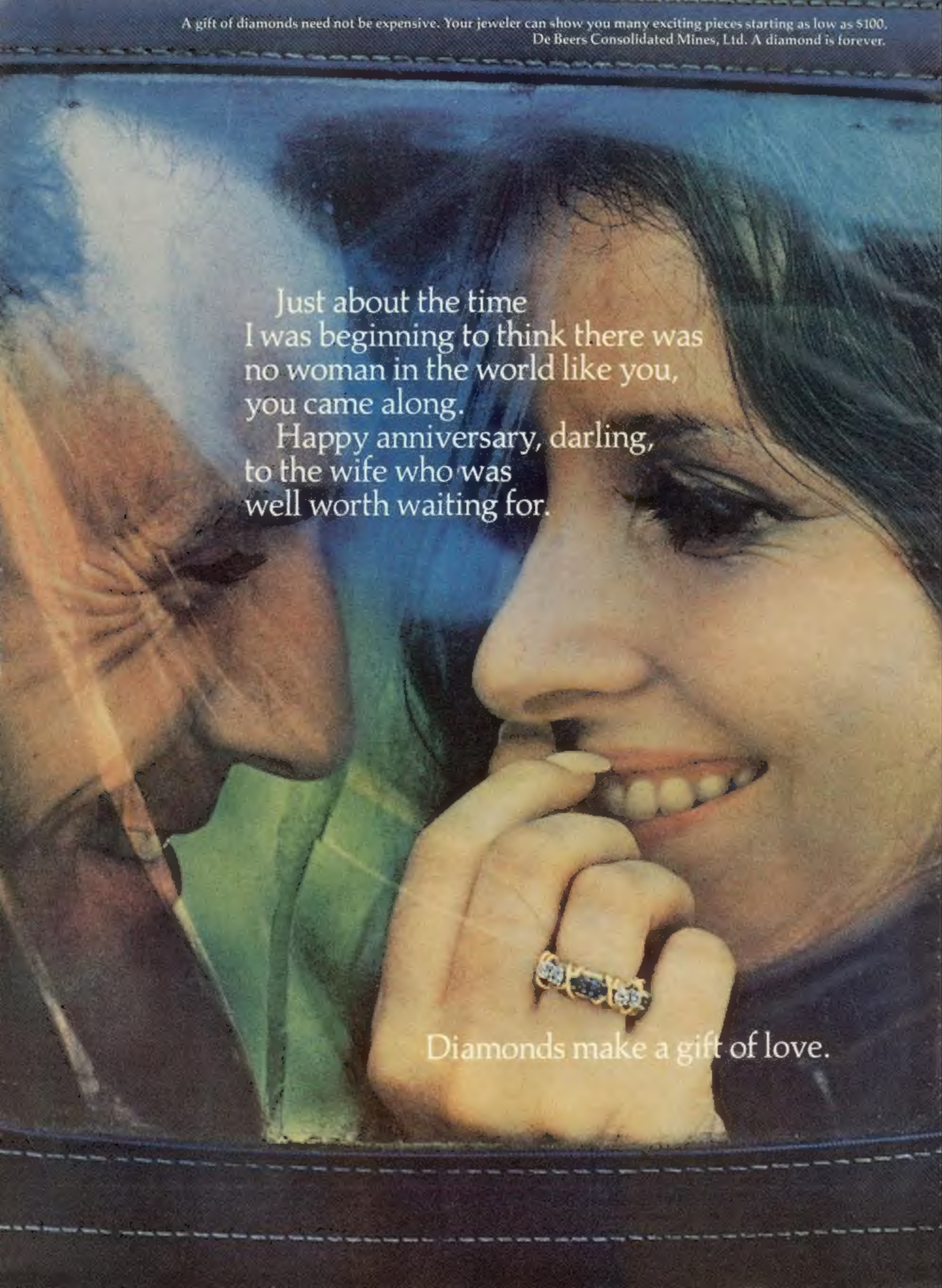


IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.









Just about the time  
I was beginning to think there was  
no woman in the world like you,  
you came along.

Happy anniversary, darling,  
to the wife who was  
well worth waiting for.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

## Why a diamond is forever.



Hundreds of tons of rock must be crushed to find one little diamond. When it comes from the ground, a diamond is a dull, lifeless crystal.

But, if in this rough form it is judged to be of high quality, it is chosen to be part of the small percentage that becomes gem diamonds.

85 times harder than a ruby or sapphire, it needs another diamond to cut it.

Cutting is a long, painstaking process, involving a thin disc coated with oil and diamond dust. It is also an expensive process, since about half of the original rough diamond is lost during the work. This loss comes from the cutter's effort to give the diamond its most beautiful shape and to rid it of imperfections.

58 facets are created to give it three characteristics unlike any other gem on earth.

These 58 facets give each diamond three very special qualities. Brilliance—the reflection of light back into the eye of the beholder. Fire—the division of light into colors of the spectrum. And scintillation—the power to twinkle at the slightest move.

No matter how big or how small a diamond is, it carries the weight of 3,000 years of legends.

The big diamonds, like the Hope and the Great Star of Africa, aren't the only ones that have earned wide renown through the centuries.

Queen Victoria, who owned many fantastic jewels, favored her tiny diamond engagement ring given to her by Prince Albert. And one of the most memorable tributes in history was a small diamond given by Victor Hugo. Moved to tears by a performance of Sarah Bernhardt's, he gifted her with a diamond drop, to symbolize his tear.

A diamond is forever. A big promise for one little diamond to live up to.

Taken from below the earth, every diamond is crafted to become the most cherished gem on earth. Beautiful, individual and indestructible, like the love it symbolizes.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

One of the few constants in this world of woeful change is that no healthy right-minded American rejects the opportunity to get into the movies. In our long and eventful history as a nation only one person has ever voluntarily got out of the movies, and that person was a Swede. The rest of us all want in, and as we contemplate this month's Esquire we observe that two of our feature writers—Peter Bogdanovich (*The Kane Mutiny*, page 99) and Marc Norman (*Bike Riding in Los Angeles*, page 120)—have attained the golden dream.

Peter Bogdanovich, we are proud to say, was an Esquire writer before he was the film maker who film-made *The Last Picture Show* and *What's Up, Doc?* He has been our Hollywood columnist since January, but *The Kane Mutiny* is his first major article in these pages since 1966. *The Kane Mutiny* arises from and eventually in some form will appear in a book he has been working on with Orson Welles for several years, now tentatively expected to be published sometime around Christmas, 1973, possibly under the title of *My Name is Orson Welles: Conversations with Peter Bogdanovich*.

Our other film person this month is Marc Norman, author of *Bike Riding in Los Angeles*, who has written a number of movie scripts for television, chiefly for ABC's *Movie of the Week*. His article is excerpted from his forthcoming book of the same title, to be published soon by E. P. Dutton. Mr. Norman, who is a native, of course, of Los Angeles, was not, he tells us, especially well known to the Eastern literary establishment when he presented his manuscript for its attention. "I'm still thought of as a naked savage who came out of the woods with his book," he says, "but in fact I've been writing TV movies for years and I was just tired of writing for other people. I thought I'd write something totally mine, and I published it in a private edition of three hundred copies which I gave away. My friends liked it, I sent it to my agent, and that's the story of the book. By the time I finished it I was totally broke and had to do something commercial, so I wrote a western screenplay called *Oklahoma Crude*, which got sold to Stanley Kramer. Now I'm writing a novelization of it. Nobody will be able to believe *Bike Riding* and *Oklahoma Crude* came from the same author."

Yet more visibly in the movies is the chest on this month's cover, which belongs to Burt Reynolds, recently tracked down in Arkansas, where he was on location for United Artists' *McKlusky*, by Associate Editor Jill Goldstein, who reports: "I thought I'd have trouble persuading him to pose, so I babbled: 'Well, we wanted you because your, uhm, image, well, you appear to be the man least likely to have this, uhm,

problem.' He laughed. I laughed. I have no personal proof that the, uhm, boom hasn't hit him yet, but somehow I trust and believe that it hasn't." And we would trust and believe that Jill would know.

The men's fashion section beginning on page 156 is the first visible result of Esquire's association with Rachel (Ray) Crespino, who now appears on our masthead as Managing Editor in Charge of Fashion Features. To dispel all ambiguity and invoke much wonder we inform the curious that Ray (Rachel) is a woman, and is responsible for Esquire's fashion pages; also that she is exceptionally svelte even for an editorial staff whose female members are renowned for their svelteness, and has nice grey eyes and other wonderful features which we refrain from enumerating here for fear of offending the few die-hard feminists who persist in the opinion that Esquire is hung up on pretty girls. The fact is that Miss Crespino's primary qualification for her job is that she can produce such pages as appear in this issue. "People who read Esquire," she tells us, "should be able to pick up the fashion pages and say, 'This is what I want to look like.'" And we do, we do. Miss Crespino came to Esquire from *Harper's Bazaar*, where she was Creative Editor in Charge of Fashion Sportswear. "It is an accident," she says, "that I happen to be a female doing this job. In fact, fashion has nothing to do with sex; it has to do with the understanding of clothes, with how you would like people to look. If you have a concept of how people should look, how men should look is not that different from how women should look." And yet—and yet, we feel that the people on page 156 do in fact look different from women. Time will tell.

*George, Be Careful*, page 146, is excerpted from the book of the same title by George Lois with Bill Pitts, to be published by Saturday Review Press in the beginning of October. Mr. Lois has designed the covers of Esquire for the last ten years, a service for which we are truly grateful, and in his principal capacity as an advertising wizard he has sold American consumers many wonderful things, including Volkswagens, for which those consumers ought to be grateful in like measure. *George, Be Careful* will explain about the Volkswagens, and the entire book will explain about much more.

The last time we went to Lantern House in St. Louis, which Roy Andries de Groot characterized as one of the greatest Chinese restaurants in America (see *How to Get a Great Chinese Meal in an American Chinese Restaurant* in our August issue), we ate too much and became confused on our way to the printer, with the result that on page 152 of that issue Lantern House got called Lantern Light, which is wrong. It is Lantern House, always and forever. #



# With a Panasonic cassette deck you can listen to uninterrupted music for 1½ hours.

No matter how much listening time you have, Panasonic has a stereo cassette deck for you.

If you've got the stamina, there's the RS-296US. We call it the Juke Box. It plays 20 cassettes in a row. Both sides. Without stopping. In any order. So you can mix Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. With a little Blood, Sweat and Tears. There's a noise suppressor system. So the machine won't hum along with the melody. And Auto-Stop shuts off the machine at the end of the last tape. So you can forget about everything but the music. For up to 2½ days.

But if you don't have that much time. There's the RS-277US. It



can give you up to 3 hours of uninterrupted music. Because it has Automatic Reverse. To play the second side when the first side is finished. There's a tape selector for regular or new chromium dioxide tapes. And 2 VU meters. One for each channel. So when you're recording or listening, you can see what you're hearing.

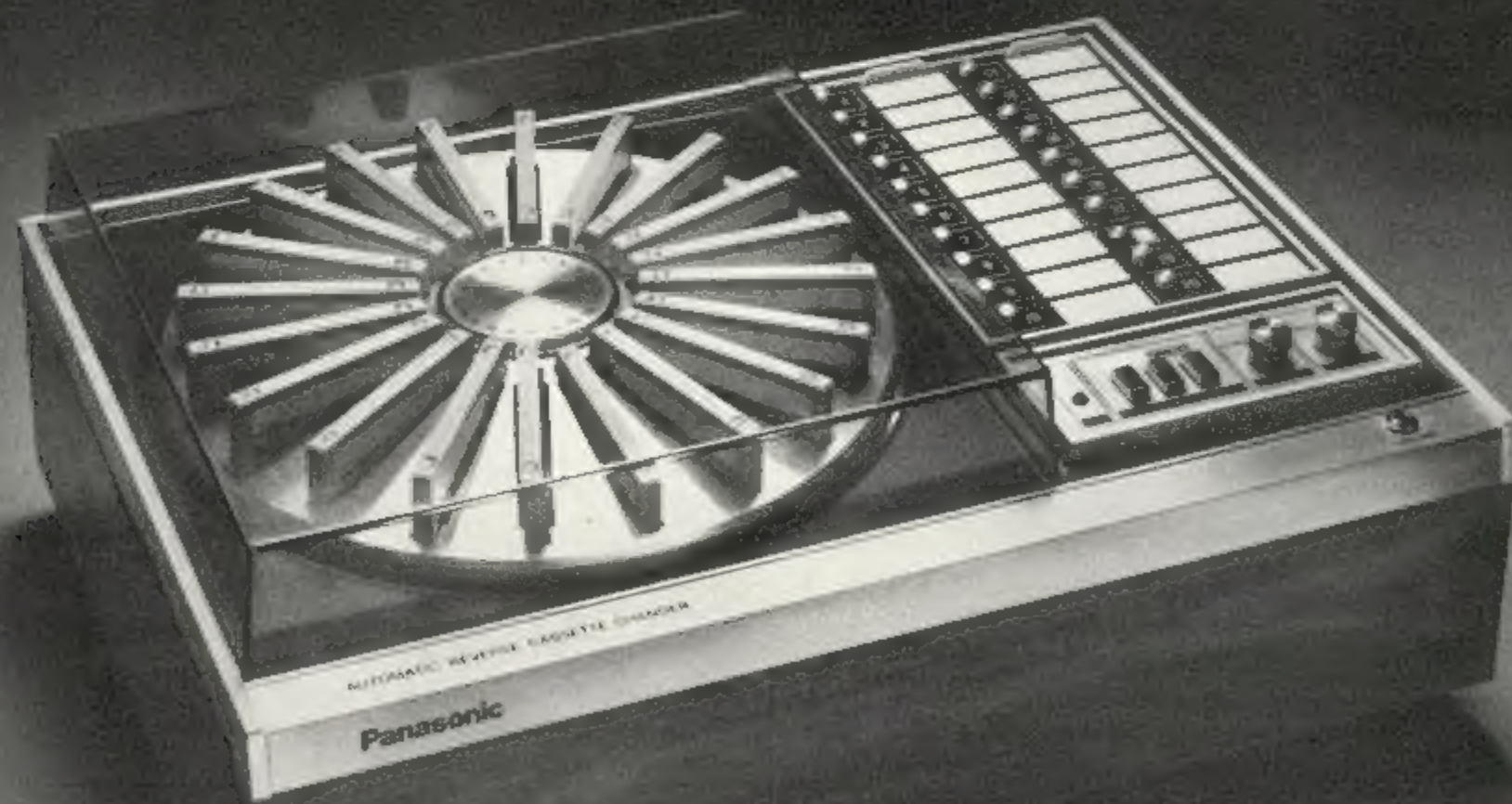
For people with less time, there's the RS-262US. It has pause

control. So you can stop the tape when you're recording. Without shutting off the machine. There's also a tape selector switch. Slide lever volume controls. And a safety-lock record button. So you don't erase all your notes.

Finally there's the RS-261US. With a lot of the features we put in our bigger, more expensive models. Like pushbutton controls. Two big VU meters. And Auto-Stop. In its midnight black cabinet, this recorder looks as rich as its big brothers.

So visit your Panasonic dealer. He's got just the cassette deck you'll want to listen to. But remember. Some take longer to listen to than others.

## Or 2½ days.



**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call toll free 800 243-8000. In Conn., 1-800 882-8500. Ask about any model.



"MARCHING TO THE TOWER GREEN" FROM THE KOBRAND COLLECTION

One of England's great traditions.  
Beefeater, The Gin of England.



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. 94 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## Expanding the credibility gap

The article on former President Johnson (*Lyndon*, August) is ludicrous. Mr. Halberstam needs to go back to school, where he might learn some facts and realize that the Halberstam view of the world is not held in such high esteem as his journalistic colleagues might lead him to believe. He presents L.B.J. as a member of the Texas Establishment who was sent by his supposedly powerful daddy to college at a place called San Marcos State Teachers College—not the University of Texas, where all the other "Establishment" boys go. If his grandfather indeed established Baylor University, why didn't Lyndon go there? Furthermore, Lyndon, the boy who waited tables and taught high school at a little town called Cotulla, had it all fixed up for him at San Marcos, according to the Pulitzer Prize winner. It is hardly likely that a member of any "aristocratic" clan would so demean himself (cf., the Kennedys and Mr. Halberstam himself) as to go to a little college out in the middle of nowhere, and then teach high school where the student body was predominantly Spanish-speaking.

Finally, isn't it just possible that Johnson planned all along to quit in 1968, and that he might have had just the slightest altruistic motive for announcing his retirement so dramatically (i.e., the negotiated settlement of the war)? I personally fail to believe that any man who has spent his life in public office would find it necessary to sacrifice thousands of lives to prove either his judgment or virility.

MICHAEL H. BAILEY  
Baylor University, '65  
San Antonio, Tex.

In trying to separate fact from fiction in *Lyndon* (August), David Halberstam contributes to the legend he tried to avoid in his article on L.B.J.

Lyndon's grandfather did not found Baylor University. In fact, as Baylor records will prove, Judge Robert Emmet Bledsoe Baylor, Reverend James E. Huckins, and Reverend William M. Tryon founded the university. Dr. Rufus C. Baines, the grandfather of L.B.J., was the university's second president.

Halberstam's work on Vietnam is admirable, but errors, no matter how minor they are, lessen his credibility.

PRESTON LEWIS  
Baylor University, '72  
Orange, Tex.

## Counter-culture rap

Re: *We Few, We Happy Few, We Bohemians* (August). Michael Harrington's lament over the San Remo's death and rebirth as a Howard Johnson's lacks insight; for I wish to report the Village still remains preeminent in its creative freshness—namely, amidst the anesthetizing drum of the mass counter-culture, with its adolescent compulsion to numb and to over-shock, lives a young hip germ of the embryonic counter-counter

culture newly emerging as the new Bohemia and symbolized by that Howard Johnson's: that is, the biting under-zing of radical squaredom. In fact, the Village's new micro counter-counter culture is even displaying the symptom of a self-destructive impermanence that marks things truly Bohemian: repressed by the tyrannical dogma of the intolerant old counter-culture, the supra-crypto-hip San Remo-Howard Johnson's has just gone out of business.

BUDD PETCHEL  
New York, N.Y.

## XXIth Olympiad

How Gerald Astor and Jim Dunaway could write an Olympic Preview (August) before the trials in track and field were even held is beyond me and probably many other readers.

To start off with, some athletes who were listed did not even make the team. Pat Matzdorf and Randy Matson, to name two. The comment section was biased and deprived the U.S. athletes of their commendations, which they justly deserve. You seem to think the U.S.A. will be wiped up, I don't.

The worst offense of the *Munich Morning Line* was that it was incomplete. Two events, the javelin and the hammer throw, were left out completely. I'm sure that 280-pound George Frenn would not appreciate this.

STEVEN W. BURR  
Mantua, N.J.

THE AUTHORS REPLY: Unfortunately, deadlines did not allow us to wait for the completion of the Olympic trials. But the premise of the Olympic Preview was based on consistency of performance rather than isolated excellence which pops up at the trials. In fact, one of the weaknesses of the American system is the use of trials to select the team. This means that an outstanding athlete who has an off day is completely shut out. Other countries base their selections on consistency of performance. If space had allowed we would have included all events. Basically, events were picked because of American dominance or interest in them. Since the U.S. has not done exceptionally in the javelin or hammer throw in recent years, these were left out.

## Music maestro, please

In a recent editorial appearing in *Stereo Review*, William Anderson laments over the fact that there is really very little good, sensible, useful writing about music these days. Until recently, one could point to the Recordings column of your magazine as a notable exception, since Martin Mayer is one of the few music critics in America who writes sensibly on a subject which often seems to defy any writing at all.

Now it seems that some trombone-playing editor wants to turn the column into a mixed-media grab bag, and I must protest. After all, the fact that

TV will always be with us doesn't mean that we have to pay any attention to it.

Trombone player, go meddle elsewhere; even a magazine striving to be au courant needs its institutions.

BILL HUEY  
Baton Rouge, La.

TROMBONE-PLAYING EDITOR'S NOTE: B-R-R-R-R.

## Number one cook

Roy Andries de Groot's article in the August issue, *How To Get a Great Chinese Meal in an American Chinese Restaurant*, was very enlightening. As a longtime patron of the Lantern House Restaurant I was not surprised that Mr. de Groot considers Mr. Wong of the Lantern House to be the finest Chinese cook in the United States. However, it was very disappointing that the restaurant was erroneously referred to as the *Lantern Light*.

RICHARD C. HART  
St. Louis, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We know; see Backstage with *Esquire*, page 9.

## Measuring the movie

Peter Bogdanovich's Ten Best Pictures of 1939 seems totally outrageous (Hollywood, August). He refuses to place *Gone With the Wind* on his list. Instead, he rates *Young Mr. Lincoln* as number one. He laments over the lack of recognition John Ford and picture received in 1939. Shouldn't Bogdanovich reflect upon what happened to his *Last Picture Show*?

*The Last Picture Show* was the best film of 1971. When *The French Connection* won the Oscar, justice was mugged like a millionaire in Central Park.

Perhaps, in 1991, some critic will lament over the lack of recognition given *The Last Picture Show*. Perhaps, at another forgotten film festival, someone will be repulsed at the cheap thrills, popcorn sale of *The French Connection*. But I'm sure, whoever the critic might be, he won't exclude *The Last Picture Show* from his Best Films of 1971, as Bogdanovich does to the all-time epitome of the word motion picture: *Gone With the Wind*.

PRESTON L. TUREGANO  
San Diego, Calif.

## Dear Esquire

This is an old-fashioned love letter. I have fallen in love with your format, the quality of your writing, and the quantity of really exciting reading material. I look forward to each issue. Thank you for bringing your stimulating, aware, with-it, thinking, lovely magazine into my life.

MRS. ROBERT E. DUNDAS  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks, we needed that. (Continued on page 195)



## Number One.

Latest U.S. Government Reports show one cigarette is lowest in both tar and nicotine of the 20 best-selling brands.

True is the one.

Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regular and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



## HANGING OUT

### ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

I have lunch in a New York restaurant with five friends, and the talk this summer afternoon in 1972 is of the 1950's political blacklist. One of us has just bought *Thirty Years of Treason*, Eric Bentley's selection of testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and it turns out everyone else at the table has already read the book. We've also read *Additional Dialogue*, Dalton Trumbo's life-in-letters, much of the book concerned with the screenwriter's experiences as a blacklisted artist. There are some who own Robert Vaughn's *Only Victims*, an expansion of the actor's doctoral dissertation, its subject a study of the influence of H.U.A.C. on the American theatre; and someone mentions that critic Stefan Kanfer has been on leave from his chores for *Time* magazine to write a book on the blacklist. So it would seem that once again the subject has heat. Formal, establishment-type heat, that is, because it occurs to me that among my lunch-mates the matter of those repressive days is never far from the surface. Like a bunch of old soldiers, survivors of a particularly bloody battle where many had died, my friends still find easy references everywhere. The wounds resulting from betrayed friendships and blasted careers have left a lot of scars. Of the six at the table, four had been blacklisted: of those four two are actors who had been Unfriendly Witnesses; one, a director, had evaded a Committee subpoena by exiling himself and family to Europe for five years; and one, a writer listed in *Red Channels*, had scrounged a living for more than six years working under pseudonyms and for cut rates. Now, in 1972, everyone works in the open and makes a pretty good buck, but the fearful times of the Fifties are easily recalled.

The Bentley book is opened at random. Page 491. A sworn affidavit by co-operative witness Elia Kazan made in April, 1952. He names names, lists his crimes. "I also made a contribution of \$500 to a woman representative of the committee for the Hollywood Ten. This was in New York. If I am able to recall her name, I will advise you of it, but I cannot recall it at the moment."

Fantastic! I once gave two dollars to a young woman for precisely the same cause, and not only can I, even now, recall her name, but along with a receipt for my two dollars I got a phone number and address. Need I say more? As for the woman who hustled Mr. Kazan for half a Big One, you wonder if he ever did remember her name, and if so did he report said name to the Committee? If not, where is that woman today, and is it possible that on the loose she was instrumental in promoting Major Irving Peress?

After lunch, with an hour before an appointment, I sit on a bench in Rockefeller Plaza. Looking up to a point

somewhat short of a smog-shrouded sun I can pick out the window of an office where I once worked at NBC. April, 1952, at approximately the moment when Elia Kazan was testifying, I ran head on into the blacklist for the very first time, and in that very office. Father of three small children, the youngest born only a week before, I was in the heady position of just beginning to earn a living as a writer of television plays. I'd had three hour shows produced within four months, all for the *Philco-Goodyear Playhouse*. Now, in this first week of April, we were to go into rehearsal with a play called *The Basket Weaver* in which I would also act one of the better parts, better because I'd written it for myself. Cast in the leading part was a New York actor who'd recently been playing important film roles; he liked my play and would fly to New York to do it.

On a Monday—we were to start rehearsal Thursday—I reported for a final casting session and learned that our leading man was suddenly "not



available." What did that mean? Had he reread the play and decided he hated it? No. Was he ill? No. Had he taken a better offer? No. Then, what? Well, if I had to know—and I did—he was "not acceptable." There was a new policy at the network. Cast lists had to be phoned to a number somewhere deep in the bureaucracy, names were evaluated and checked with even more mysterious contacts, and some came back—"not acceptable." A blacklist? Yes, a blacklist.

Outraged, I demanded to see producer Fred Coe, a man for whom at the time I had quite mixed feelings. On the plus side he'd told me he would produce anything I wrote; on the other hand he was from Alligator, Mississippi, still spoke with a rich Southern accent, and having recently served over four years in the Marines I knew all about them. Into Fred's office I stormed and on his desk I pounded. Perhaps I yelled for a full two minutes, and Coe listened silently. When I was finished, he said, "Okay, I agree with everything you say. The blacklist is a disaster. It's totally unfair. It is profoundly un-American.

We are helping destroy a man who has absolutely no recourse. Now, I will tell you something: when I learned of this new network policy, I went to Pat Weaver's office (Sylvester Weaver was the vice-president in charge of television networks at NBC), and believe it or not I made pretty much the same speech you just did. Pat listened, then made me an offer, and I will now make you exactly the same offer. Right on this phone we will call the newspapers and summon a press conference for tomorrow. I will let you use this office, and you can tell the reporters exactly what's going on. At the end of the conference I will roll a carpet from here to the elevator and I will have photographers lining both sides taking your picture as you leave." Coe looked me right in the eye. "You will then get into the elevator," he said. "The doors will close, and you'll never come back." A pause, and then he said, "But you'll be a big hero."

Walter Matthau played the part instead of the blacklisted actor; I loved his performance, even though at one point in rehearsal he loudly proclaimed me a catastrophe as an actor and said I "walked funny." As for heroes, there weren't many around in those days. To my knowledge, playwright Elmer Rice was unique in that respect: facing the same choice when his work was to be featured on a special series, he withdrew the material with a full explanation to the press. Few paid attention at the time, fewer remember Rice's principled stand, and to this day I'm not sure any of his work has been performed on television.

I leave the bench in Rockefeller Center, thinking about the beginning of the blacklist experience in my life, then coincidentally go to meet a man, the writer Walter Bernstein, with whom I identify the end of it all. Not that one can pick a moment and say, "That's when it all ended." No, it didn't happen that way. One just realized around 1958 that it was over, that everyone who'd held out was working again, that there were no more numbers to call or lists to check. But let me tell you about Walter Bernstein.

In the Summer of 1958 I went to Hollywood for several weeks to write a film, and through Walter's good graces was allowed to share a house, rent-free, with him, writer Eliot Asinof and designer Ralph Alswang. If I tell you King Farouk never lived better I would not be lying. A sprawling Beverly Hills mansion with Olympic-size swimming pool and normal-size tennis court, the house was the Los Angeles headquarters of actor Gary Merrill and his then-wife Bette Davis when they were not in their preferred home in Maine. Now, happily, the Merrills were in the East, Gary working full-time on the senatorial candidacy of little-known Maine governor Edmund Muskie. A pal to his

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buddies, Gary asked for no rent but did suggest that Walter collect and funnel nominal sums into the Muskie political coffers. It was rumored that Miss Davis did not hold with squatters, but what she didn't know some three thousand miles away hurt no one. And the pool was a true mind-blower; I could, and often did, jump from my second-story bedroom window right into the deep end.

Ironically, Walter was then a non-person, blacklisted for nearly eight years, and presumably, since his name never appeared once on a home or movie screen in all that time, he was a ruined man. The fact was, Walter was doing great, or as great as a man could do who had to work under assumed names and behind Fronts. For years he'd never been without his choice of jobs, and had even won an award for a television play, for which a sometime actress had obligingly lent her name as the Front. So good was the writing and so successful the show, the lady was offered a film contract by a prominent producer who should have known better, since he too often used Fronts on his own films. Having by now convinced herself that she and not Walter had actually written the script, the lady took the offer, reported to work in a Hollywood studio and was not heard from again. There was talk she'd been done away with when it was learned she could barely write her own name on the contract.

Now, in Hollywood Walter was covertly writing Sophia Loren pictures for Paramount, but neither Miss Loren nor her producer-husband Carlo Ponti was satisfied with this arrangement. They wanted Walter Bernstein signed to a two-year deal, and Walter wanted to work in the open. Paramount was perfectly willing for Walter to hide in a closet (especially a luxurious one), but coming out was another matter. In a meeting with Ponti all the political ramifications were explained. Ponti listened carefully, everyone convinced he didn't really understand either language or circumstances, and then he said, "Who do we have to buy, and how much?"

Actually, Ponti was not far wrong, perhaps just too blunt. By this stage in the history of the blacklist one could "buy" his way out. Certain lawyers were retained who were able to speak to certain Congressmen. It would then be arranged for the applicant to purify himself before H.U.A.C. in secret, executive session. Tired old names, some of them dead, would be named; later, ads might appear in select patriotic periodicals in which the suddenly rehabilitated artist would proclaim his loyalty. Then, hopefully, but not necessarily, the former subversive would appear in person at meetings of the faithful, describe his awful brush with communism, and perform his mea culpa.

But Walter Bernstein would have none of this. Negotiations went on all summer, and finally, to the surprise of the gang around the pool, Paramount proposed that all Walter had to do was attend one meeting with Y. Frank Freeman, then emeritus head of the studio. The worst that Walter could expect was



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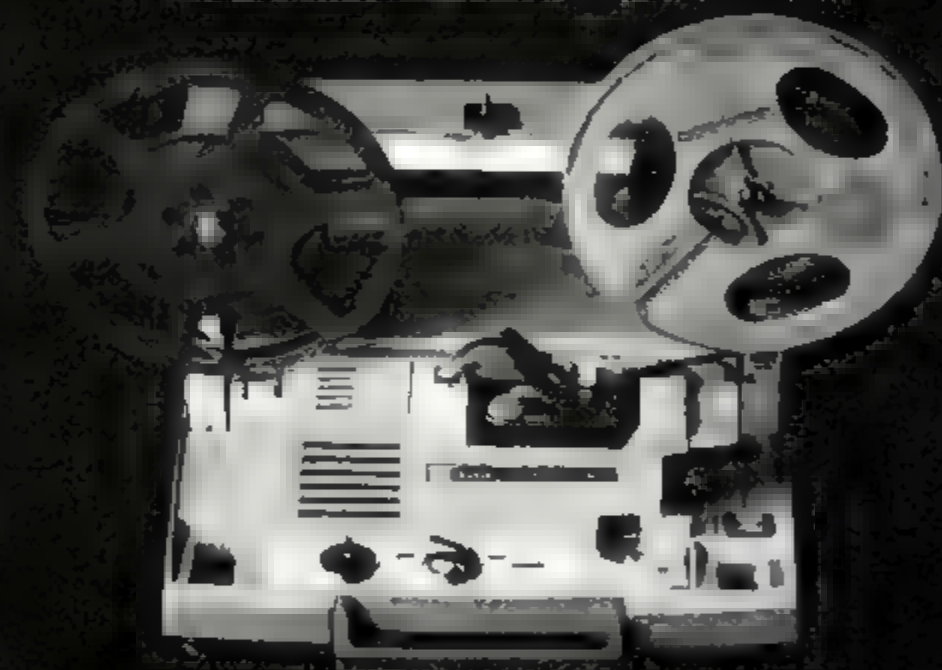
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a stern lecture on Americanism. A vote was taken at the shallow end. Walter would submit.

The late Y. Frank Freeman was a Southern gentleman, courtly and graceful. A student of the Bible, he would sit in the Paramount commissary surrounded by giant photomurals from De Mille's *The Ten Commandments* and hit you with chapter and verse. In every pocket he carried scraps of paper with maxims he'd recently discovered and had not yet committed to memory. Somehow he'd work his latest finds into every discussion. He was a kind and worthy man.

Walter Bernstein is not a Southern gentleman, nor is he a good dresser. On the day of the confrontation with Mr. Freeman presentable clothing was gathered, a subaqueous necktie borrowed from Gary Merrill's closet. We housemates were nervous for Walter but also exuberant, clearly the Time of Trouble was nearing its end. Here's how I remember Walter telling the story.

I went into Freeman's office feeling totally surly but prepared to listen and nod a lot. He was extremely friendly. On his desk was a dossier, in it every petition I'd ever signed, every organization I'd ever lent my name to. He questioned me on each thing, expecting, I suppose, I'd either deny, apologize or just fly. But I didn't do any of that. I just admitted everything. Freeman kept sighing, plunging on. Finally, it's like he couldn't stand it anymore. He got up, began pacing the office, saying he just couldn't understand how an American boy with a education and war record could get mixed up in any of that stuff. I never said a word.

"The office overlooked Marath Street (a one-block semiprivate thoroughfare), and at one point he stood by the window and pointed out, 'That's where they had the picket line,' he said. 'Right there during the Red inspired technicians' strike. I used to stand here and look out and see men picketing the studio whom I'd known for years, men I'd hired when they were youngsters, whom I'd watched grow and develop. They were friends, not just employees, and now they were picketing me. Can you imagine my frustration? They were being used and misled, and there was nothing I could do about it. How many times I wanted to run out there on the street and say, 'Boys, it's all wrong! You can't strike against your studio. Yes,' said Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, 'that's what I wanted to do, but every time I tried to go out and say it, every time Russian-looking men prevented me.'"

Yes, Russian looking men. Is that what it all comes down to in the end? Or how it starts in the beginning? Paranoid fantasies in the minds of frightened men. And all the books now recalling the days of the blacklist. What are they trying to tell us? #

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## JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Austria, smaller than the State of Maine, with fewer people than the City of New York, last year had the second highest growth rate, right after Japan and on a par with France and Holland, among the highly developed countries in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. A Viennese *Kaffeehaus* hon not about the West German *Wirtschaftswunder* was, "The Germans worked for their prosperity look at us!" Actually, the Austrians work too, though one isn't always clear when. Last year, they had one hundred thirty-six free days, including weekends, state and church holidays. Every third day was free. While other countries are debating the four-day week, the Austrians have quietly practiced it. Visitors in London often wonder how some hard-taxed British manage to live the way they do, chauffeured Rolls-Royces, expensive supper clubs, well-staffed country homes. In Vienna, many visitors wonder who works in the capital during the annual ten-week *Fasching*, when Vienna becomes a permanent merry-go-round with brief interruptions between endless tours of *Waltzer*. This year almost two thousand balls, masquerades, *redoutes* and dances were announced, the newspapers publish daily *Fasching* schedules, all local banks, firms, labor unions, guilds, sports clubs, political parties, and police precincts give their own balls. When do the people sleep during the *Fasching*? A good question, often answered "At one's desk, during working hours." People fly in from the whole world to attend the *Operaball* at the State Opera, transformed into a wonderful ballroom, with the help of 50,000 carnations, and half-a-dozen orchestras. This year a box costs 25,000 schilling (\$1,100), and they could have sold every box twice. A whole industry of hairdressers, dressmakers, wine salesmen and companies renting white-tie outfits is kept busy. It's a massive madness, but it works. Last year, the standard of living went up ten percent in Austria. They may not yet be as rich as the Swiss but the Austrians have more fun.

This baroque country where everybody observes such church holidays as Ascension Day or All Saints Day (which is great business for the flower stores) has a Socialist government. Many good Socialists go to church on Sunday. And many bourgeois Catholics voted for the Socialists during the last election. It doesn't make sense, but it isn't supposed to. Politically, Austria is ruled by the unwritten law of dualism (and by a certain amount of duplicity). There is a "red" (Socialist) and a "black" (Catholic) Austria. Traditionally, almost half the populace votes red and the other half black. For a long time the country was run on the principle of "*Proporz*," equal-time-in-politics, when every black official had his

red counterpart, and vice versa. The system died quietly a few years ago, but the Austria genius for compromise remains, and was internationally vindicated when the United Nations elected Dr. Kurt Waldheim, a former communist, as its Secretary General.

Visiting Americans from Washington, D.C. and its political suburbs are often baffled by the bizarre Austrian landscape where Cardinal König, one of the most influential non-Italians at the Vatican—often sounds more progressive than the "red" Chancellor, Bruno Kreisky, a brilliant master politician. The visitors look for the road toward the ("red") revolution, and find none. Actually, many bourgeois Austrians begin to realize that flexible pragmatic Socialists such as Kreisky (or his friend Willy Brandt in Germany) are the best guarantee that the inevitable "leftist" trend in all Western countries is carried out in an orderly fashion, without revolutionary shocks and civil wars. They lead their countries toward social capitalism or whatever



you want to call it. Red Austria has had no major strikes (neither in fact, had black Austria during the preceding era). Management and labor sit down at the conference table and fight out their differences, by more or less sensible arguments. Democracy is no eye-wash, and the press speaks its mind. The economy may be partly based on *Schlagobers* (whipped cream) and *Apfelstrudel*, summer festivals and magnificent ski runs in winter time, but the Austrian schilling, known as *Alpen-dollar*, is a lot harder than the American dollar. I'm sorry to say. My expenses went up ten percent overnight when Mr. Nixon devalued his not-so-Alpine dollar. Some international bankers, who are as baffled by this preposterous situation as the official visitors from Washington, now admit that a Socialist country can be a good financial risk. It was just announced that the Austrians are going to build an automobile tunnel through the *Arber*, which will be one of the longest on earth, almost seven miles long, at a cost of two and

a half billion schilling. All that, and Herbert von Karajan too, though you must go to Salzburg to hear and see him. He is still mad at Vienna where they threw him out as *Operndirektor* in 1964. His loss has been Bernstein's gain. "Lenny" is the most popular musician today in what still calls itself "the world capital of music" for no reason at all.

The rivalry of the world's two most glamorous conductors has split Vienna's music lovers into two bitterly divided camps. After the "reds" came to power, the Kreisky Government designated Rudolf Gamsjager as Vienna's next opera director. Since the days of Gustav Mahler, the *Operndirektor* has one of the most important and most hazardous jobs in Austria, the average director has lasted seven years in Vienna. Gamsjager seemed the perfect choice. He'd been the longtime general secretary of the Society of the Musikfreunde. Karajan is the Society's musical-director-for-life. Gamsjager might be the only man to lure Karajan back to the Opera which he'd dramatically left in 1964, under a "black" regime. Karajan promised to make his comeback with Verdi's *Otello*, in June, 1973.

Gamsjager was sitting pretty. He already had Bernstein's promise to conduct at the Opera. Now he would have both super-stars, glory hallelujah! What would Mr. Bernstein like to conduct under Gamsjager's regime? Why, *Tristan und Isolde*, in the Autumn of 1973, naturally. Why just *Tristan*? Because Karajan happens to do his own *Tristan* this year at his private Easter Festival in Salzburg. Hm. So much for Bernstein. Then Karajan changed his mind, naturally. Instead of *Otello*, he would bring his *Tristan* from Salzburg to Vienna, in June, 1973, a few months before Bernstein's. Pure coincidence. You may note that it's no longer Richard Wagner's *Tristan*, but either Bernstein's or Karajan's. Fine, thought Gamsjager, an optimist, now Vienna's opera lovers would have a delightful choice between two *Tristans*.

But it soon became clear that Bernstein would not do his *Tristan* after Karajan's. In fact, it was reported, in that case he wouldn't conduct at the Opera at all. Poor Gamsjager, now he'd almost lost both super-stars. At that point, the Vienna Philharmonic (the greatest local power in Vienna (which also furnishes the State Opera's orchestra), went into action. They now prefer Bernstein to Karajan. Not for musical reasons or because they are ardent philosemites. But with Bernstein they can give concerts and make lucrative recordings while Karajan makes his recordings with the Berlin Philharmonic, which he's built into the Continent's greatest orchestra today, and of which he is conductor-for-life.

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of the Vienna Philharmonic. And so Bernstein will do his *Tristan* and Karajan's friends have spread the word Karajan will never, never again conduct at the Vienna Opera which, incidentally, he still loves. The big losers are Vienna's opera lovers. No one apparently wants to remember that once upon a time two much bigger superstars, Gustav Mahler and Arturo Toscanini, conducted at New York's Met during the same season or that both Toscanini and Bruno Walter conducted at the same places and respected one another publicly, though not always privately, as I happen to know. Today's super stars fee, they are much too super for that.

No one is very surprised that the oporetta country has a Finance Minister who is thirty-four, looks like a boyish, modern Rodolpho Valentino, and is so telegenic that he seems able to sell the Austrians the most outrageous tax proposals. Hannes Androsch is one of Bruno Kreisky's team of bright young men and supersalesmen of modern socialism. Every time Androsch has bad news for the taxpayers he sweetens them with a *Zuckerl*, a piece of candy. Schoolchildren get their textbooks free; soon university students will pay no tuition fees, and just-married couples (who were not married before and are Austrian residents) get a wedding present of \$650 in cash from the government.

The city of Vienna now prepares its own wedding present for the young generation: a livable big city. It will take time and need patience, they just began to build their subway. "We are always later than we think," a wise Viennese says. "At this age of the computer, we still have the *Hofrat* [Court Councillor] mentality." Anyway, the subway is under construction. Lucky as ever, the Austrian tunnelers got the sort of dividend that the subway builders in New York are not likely to find: a Gothic chapel underneath St. Stephen's Cathedral which keeps the archaeologists in a state of advanced exhilaration. Unfortunately the exhilaration is limited by financial considerations: there is money in the subway budget only for six archaeologists, and some of them had to be summoned from the provinces. No one can tell yet what else the tunnelers are going to find when they go through the Inner City which was once the old *Vindobona*, a Roman army camp. Medieval Vienna was later built on top of it.

The projected subway is part of the great design of making the historical *Innere Stadt*, the Inner City, again what it once was: the medieval trading and living center, a place for a leisurely walk, meeting friends, shopping. Victor Gruen's project provides a large pedestrian zone where people will go by subway or pollution-free minibuses with a top speed of eight miles an hour. Trucks will deliver supplies during certain times before or after the rush hours. As a successful experiment, the City Administration has closed certain parts of the Inner City to all motorized traffic except buses. It is a rare pleasure to walk around Graben, without being

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disturbed by the noise and the exhaust fumes of numberless cars, most of them stalled. That project deserves praise among others. Vienna's Socialist City Administration the waltz capital has traditionally been "red," which may shock some capitalists who come here to waltz—has carried out many unusual projects. Last year, thirteen hundred fine trees, some of them California redwood and Lebanon cedars, and some fifteen hundred years old, were placed under official city protection, and over a hundred thousand new trees were planted. Existing parks will be enlarged, and new ones will be created. The new city plan will make the historical center of Vienna almost pollution-free. There is also a reasonable amount of law and order: women are not yet afraid to walk alone when it gets dark. Elderly citizens, living alone, are visited by volunteers who do their shopping or make their beds. Even the blind people now have a special garden, in the district of Döbling, where bas-relief plates at the entrance inform them about the arrangement of the garden, and signs in Braille tell them the names of trees and flowers. Owing to high city taxes, the City Administration last year had a budget surplus of \$1,310,000, though it provides the citizens with many social services.

The improbable operetta city happens to be the home of the International Atomic Energy Agency and of the United Nations Industrial Development Organization. Both do peaceful—and thus rather unspectacular—but eminently useful things. During several months of the year, the delegations of the Soviet Union and the United States meet in Vienna for the S.A.L.T. talks, the most important international conference ever held which may well decide the future (or unfuture) of mankind. The Viennese don't know much about it, except that the Americans stay at the Hotel Bristol, our old hang-out after the last war, and the Russians in nearby Baden, the lovely resort. The world press doesn't know much more, there have been no significant leaks, and the meetings that took place alternately in the American and in the Soviet embassies were routinely reported by the agencies. Optimists in Vienna predict that the European Security Conference, if and when, may be held here, and why not? There is a precedent. In 1815, the Congress of Vienna (that did a lot of dancing too) gave Europe a new order that lasted ninety-nine years, until 1914. If that success could be repeated, the optimists say that Vienna would really be what it only seems to be. #

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The reappearance of the Russian anarchist, Michael Bakunin, in the contemporary pantheon of the young is signified by a selection from his voluminous if fragmentary writings edited with an introduction and commentary by Sam Dolgoff, and containing a biographical sketch by his friend and disciple, James Guillaume (*Bakunin: Or, Anarchy*, Knopf, \$10). Bakunin is one of his own childhood heroes. In our suburban circle of revolutionaries the fact that he belonged to one of the old Russian aristocratic families only served to enhance our esteem for him, even though, following Swinburne, we looked forward eagerly to the time when the last aristocrat would be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. I expect we assumed that his great services to the anarchist cause would cancel out his noble ancestry, and that he must be in House of Commons parlance paired with some admirable religious like Friar Tuck or Robin Hood. My affection for Bakunin survived E. H. Carr's brilliant biography, which I read when it first came out in 1957. Thenceforth, in my eyes he was a delectable eccentric rather than the serious political leader and thinker Sam Dolgoff still considers him to be. I note with satisfaction that Dolgoff himself was a member of the old IWW (International Workers of the World), and in that capacity has lectured across America. After all, is there not something still to be said for a country whose lecture circuit can accommodate, along with all the crackpot messiahs superannuated politicians and actors, crazed clergymen and journalists and dons, a sometime Wobblie?

One of the episodes recounted in Carr's book which particularly appealed to me was about how Bakunin, Irving along in his carriage, saw some men setting fire to a house. At once, he jumped out, and, without consulting them about their purpose, eagerly assisted in their incendiary work. It showed, it seemed to me, a love of destruction for its own sake that was singularly pure and unadorned. As Bakunin put it himself in a famous declaration: "Let us put our trust in the eternal spirit which destroys and annihilates only because it is the unfathomable and eternally creative source of all life. The desire for destruction is also a creative desire."

Another strong point in Bakunin's favor as far as I was concerned was his detestation and contempt for Karl Marx, with whom he quarreled and disputed in the most venomous way till the end of his life. Marx characteristically retaliated by calling Bakunin a Tsarist spy and informer though without adducing any serious evidence to prove his point. Nor have subsequent researches in the archives of the Tsar-

ist political police, the Okhrana, revealed anything to Bakunin's discredit other than that he occasionally borrowed money from the Okhrana spy who followed him around. This, as it seems to me, was in itself a considerable feat. A lesser man might have cravenly lent the fellow money.

The truth is that Marx, though a Jew, was as much a German as Bakunin was a Russian, and that the hostility between them was due far more to the clash of their national prejudices and attitudes than to the ostensible revolutionary differences dividing them. Marx was delighted when Germany triumphed in the Franco-Prussian War, Bakunin as a young man had been a great Slavophile. As with Dostoevsky, and for that matter Stalin, this conviction that the Slav peoples had a great destiny to conquer and reanimate the decadent civilization of Western Europe was by no means incompatible with worldwide revolutionary aspirations. Molotov's terms for bringing the Comintern into the anti-Comintern Pact,



discussed with Hitler in a Berlin bunker during the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, would have delighted the young Bakunin as much as the old Dostoevsky. "Marx," Bakunin writes with refreshing frankness, "called me a sentimentalist, and he was right. I called him vain, perfidious and cunning, and I also was right." Another perceptive remark, this time in the course of making a comparison between Proudhon and Marx: "Proudhon, when not obsessed with metaphysical doctrine, was a revolutionary by instinct. Quite possibly Marx could construct a still more rational system of liberty, but he lacks the instinct of liberty—he remains from head to foot an authoritarian." How events have fulfilled Bakunin's judgment! In the name of liberty Marx's followers have constructed the most authoritarian regime so far known. It is fascinating to note how these obscure knockabout nineteenth-century ideologues in their sectarian squabbles fought out in advance the controversies and conflicts which were to tear us and

our world to pieces in the century that followed. They provided the farcical curtain-raiser to a spectacular *Götterdämmerung*.

Anarchism is the only political creed which makes any imaginative appeal. I only begin to see in succeeding it automatically invalidates itself. An anarchist revolution is conceivable, but an anarchist regime absurd. This may well be why the Black flag of anarchism is often seen flying side by side with the red flag of communism at student demonstrations. Bakunin himself puts the point well when he writes, "If there is an undeniable fact, attested to a thousand times by experience, it is the corrupting effect produced by authority on those who manipulate it. It is absolutely impossible for a man who wields power to retain a moral man." Ergo, the world always has been, and always will be, ruled by immoral men. The great strength of the Christian religion has been its acceptance of this assumption, and insistence that men must look for their salvation in other terms than the realization of earthly justice and well-being. It was easy for the early Christians, living, as they did, under the Emperor Nero's rule, today, when most religious teachers proclaim the coming of a kingdom of heaven on earth, it is more difficult, and, in consequence, institutional. Christianity is visibly collapsing. By the same token anarchism, without the mystical content that Christianity gives it, becomes mere destructiveness, and worse, again to quote Bakunin on Proudhon, involves a liberation of Satan as anarchy's prince. Bakunin's writings explore these matters with more spirit than cogency. A giant of a man possessed of great courage and panache who in the end wearied of the struggle, reaching the estimable conclusion that "everything will pass and the world will perish, but Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will remain." He was buried in Berne, where, in accordance with Swiss regulations, it is necessary to state the occupation of those interred in public cemeteries. Anarchist would not do, and as Bakunin appeared to live in relative comfort without being under the necessity of earning, he was entered as a rentier, Bakunin, Rentier! It is a splendidly ironical epitaph.

It would be inefficient to think of any one more unlike Bakunin in thought and deed than the late J. Edgar Hoover who presided over the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 1924 till his death this year, and in that capacity was one of the world's leading champions of law and order. Two books about him (*John Edgar Hoover*, by Hank Messick, McKay, \$6.95 and *Chief Hoover*, by Jay Robert Nash, Nelson Hall, \$7.95), both written on the assumption that he was still alive, present no biogriquets for this long record of public service in the eyes of Messrs

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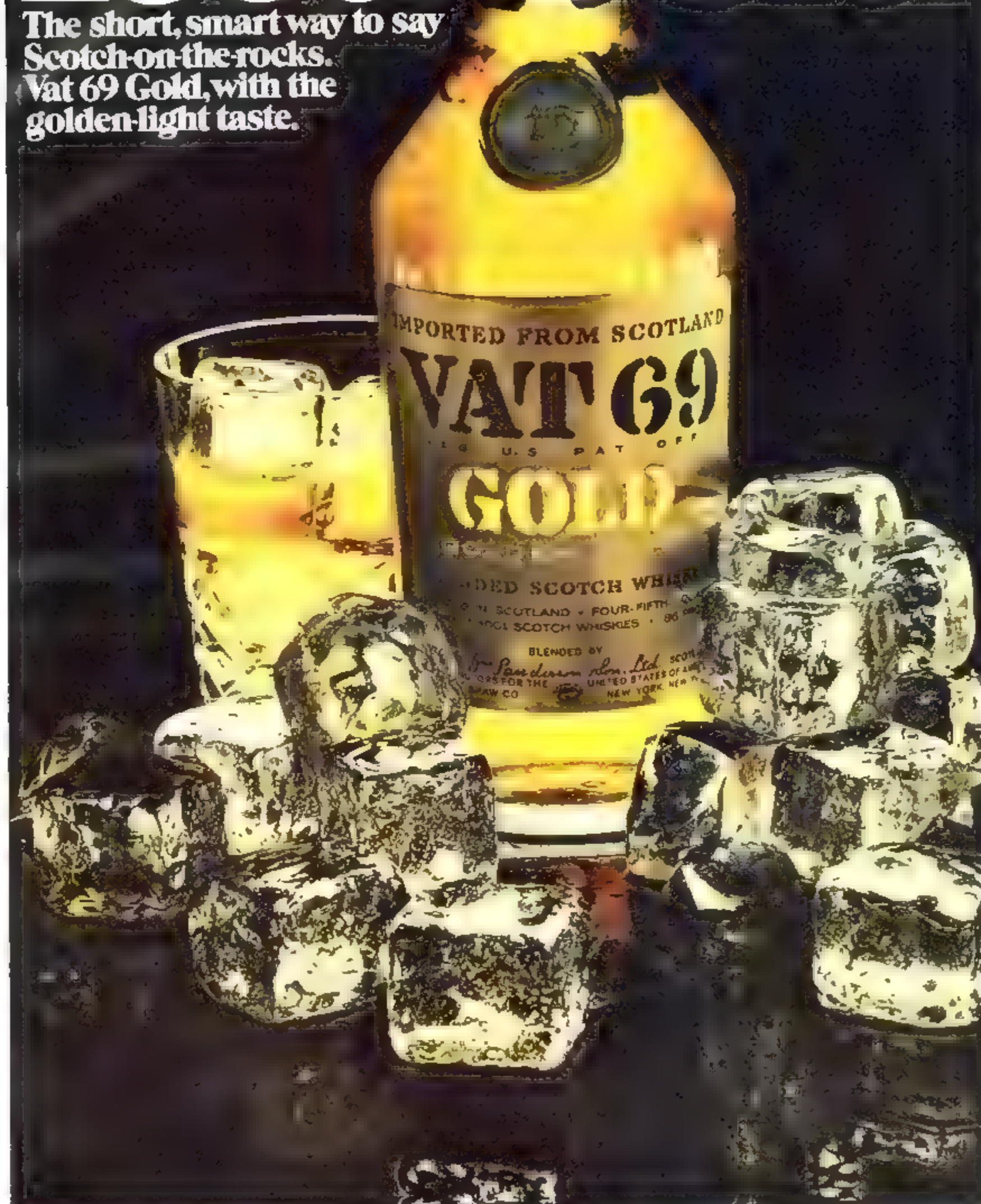
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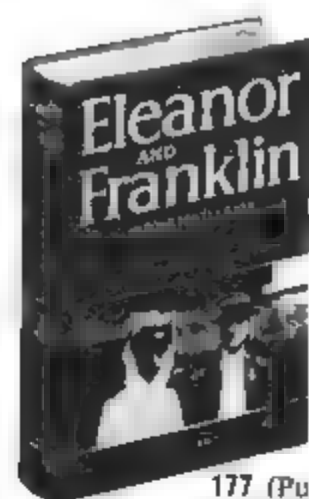


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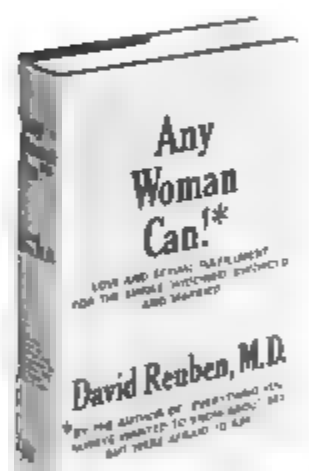


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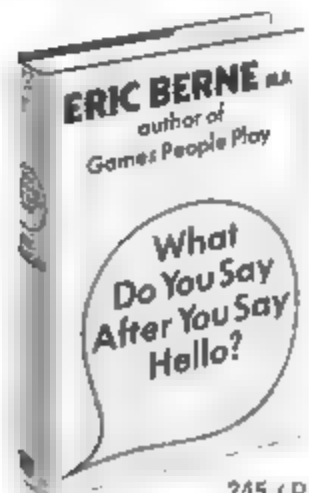
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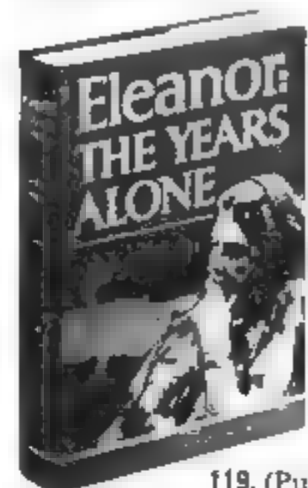
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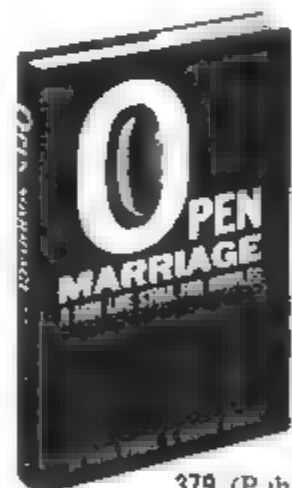
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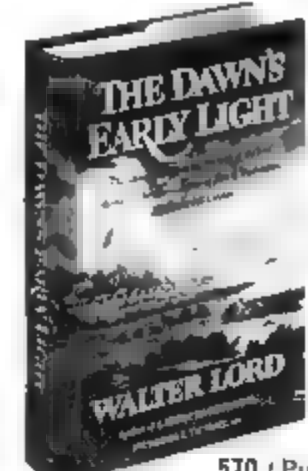
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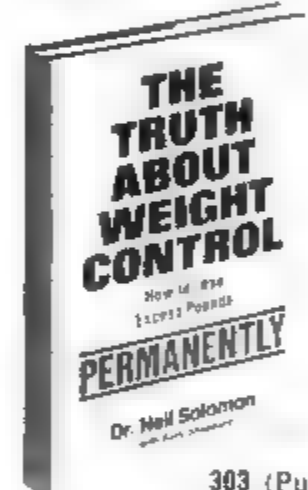


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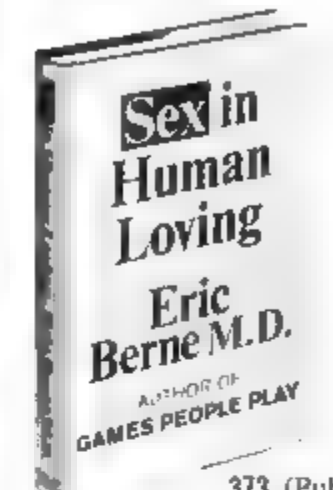
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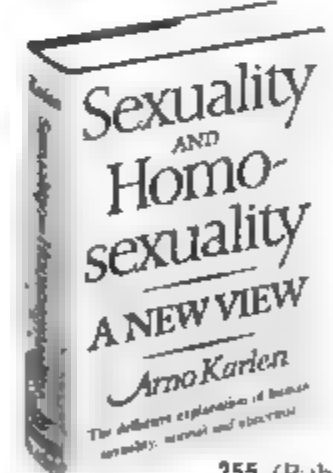
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Messick and Nash, Hoover was an SOB to end all SOB's, vain, incompetent, corrupt, malignant, treacherous, and, according to the former possibly homosexual. How far all or any of their charges can be substantiated, I am in no position to judge, but can only say that the accumulated effect of them on me is to make me feel rather sympathetically disposed toward a man for whom hitherto I have always for some reason felt a vague distaste. As usual in such cases, the authors prove too much. After all, Hoover survived in a highly responsible position through such diverse Presidencies as Wilson's, Roosevelt's, Eisenhower's and Kennedy's. If he had been all the things Messers Messick and Nash say he was, is it conceivable that one or other of these Presidents would not have cracked down on him? It has become the fashion today to hold up to public obloquy and who take on the thankless task of maintaining public order from the humble fuzz to big shots like Hoover. This happens in sick societies, in the same sort of way that sick minds turn against their custodians. Yet when trouble arises, what do the fuzz-haters do but call in the fuzz? This is Bertrand Russell, when some erstwhile followers came and squatted inside his front door, telephoned for the police, who, rather to my surprise, promptly appeared, and frog-marched the squatters away. It would be nice one day to read a serious study of Hoover and his time as head of the FBI. Meanwhile, the pictures in *Catch a Hoover* are to be commended.

One of the best books I have read on life in a contemporary Marxist-Communist society is Leopold Tyrmand's *The Rosa Luxemburg Contradictions Cooperative*, subtitled "A Primer on Communist Civilization" (Macmillan, \$6.95). It is funny, based on Mr. Tyrmand's personal experience of life as a citizen of Communist Poland, and wonderfully acute and perspicacious. For these reasons it is unlikely to be as acceptable as the turgid writings of some owlish New York Times or Washington Post special correspondent. Mr. Tyrmand's basic position is that communism as a way of life is so ludicrous and fantastical in its theory and practice that polemics about it are a waste of time. Its very fantasticality is its strength. If, for instance, the controllers of culture announce that yesterday's genius is today's idiot, there is nothing the consumers of culture can do but shrug and say: Why not? dogmatism being "the natural counterbalance to caprice since either affirmation or negation in the name of idiosyncrasy must be equally right." On this basis, Mr. Tyrmand considers such important matters as how under communism to be a playboy and play around, what the upper class and its *dolce vita* are like, why toothpaste does not clean and what revisionism is. He is obviously a disciple of Tom Wolfe who explores in the style of the master the infinitely rich and variegated manifestations of *Racine*. Chic in its home territory.

I never thought to read another book on F.D.R., but Fims Farr's volume of

that name (Arlington House, \$9.95) held my attention even though there were few new facts and not much new interpretation. What it brought out is the sneer mediocrity of the man, and the manner in which an enormously inflated image of him was presented to the world. A great smiling face like a poster, with nothing behind it, a sort of all-purpose Roastrian exclaiming amenity, and in his wheelchair directing the operations of the most powerful army ever to take the field. Mr. Farr considers the emergence of such a man at such a time a misfortune, but I think it was inevitable. A technological society requires a computer to manage its affairs, and Roosevelt—for that matter, Churchill, too—was the nearest thing to one then available. So much so this the case that Roosevelt's alleged love affair with Lucy Mercer seems as dehumanized as any other of his relationships. If it was adultery, then neon rather than roses.

The Howard Hughes-Chifford Irving affair gave a great deal of pleasure to me and all, taking our minds off such somber matters as Vietnam and Ulster, busing and the floating or sinking point. As a story it had the great merit of being exciting without mattering much. Messers Stephen Fay, Lewis Chester and Magnus Linklater have produced an excellent blow by blow account of what happened (*Harper*, \$10). Unfortunately for them, the story told itself as it went along, and its principal characters like Irving himself, his wife and the glamorous Miss Nina van Pallandt were so forthcoming in their numerous public appearances that there were few loose ends to be picked up and little that remained mysterious. The result is that one has rather a *deja vu* feeling as one reads on. All the same, a fine and expeditious piece of reporting.

We all remember Piaf, and her smoky, alcohol-laden voice piercing us to the heart as we sucked down *an ordinaire* and let the Parisian night get into our heads. Well, after all the newspaper and magazine features, all the profiles on all the media, Mlle Simone Bertheaume's biography (*Piaf*, Harper & Row, \$10) takes us over the course again. Born on the sidewalks of Paris, brought up in a brothel, among for pennies in the streets, etc., etc. As the dust jacket puts it, "With scorching realism the book records her passion for life, her courage, her fatal addiction to alcohol and drugs, her fierce dedication to her art, her many loves," or, as Shakespeare puts it, "With hey, ho, the wind and the rain." #

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It seems curious at first that there could exist 100 sets of loving parents who, for one week in the summer, send their sons to the Joe Namath Football Instruction Camp to learn the path of the straight arrow from the proprietor of three singles bars. And yet Joe Namath makes quite an appropriate director for such sacred studies: pleasure may be his pose, but pain is his experience. His camp has its seat in a Vermont ski lodge, and that is appropriate too, since the tutelary god-ness of the slopes is a bronzed and laughing girl with her leg in a cast.

Kelly-green rubber plaques—each the doll image of a quarterback gripping a ball larger than his helmet—are gummed to the shingles of the lodge's exterior, the only changes in the decor that identify the scholar in residence. Five trips to the operating room separate Joe Namath from his boyhood, even so, his heraldic emblem is still this toy baby El Cid, dead in his cuirass, rides at the head of his company to the final battle and at the flank of his horse the vendors walk hawking their El Cid souvenir dolls with the bobbing heads.

Football is an academy whose pupils grow old too fast in kindergarten and stay children too long in graduate school. Every range of scholarship is in attendance at Joe Namath's football camp. There is the fourth-grader with his hip pads, his \$30 helmet, and his \$155 tuition fee, symbol of a civilization where the Puritan ethic is as expensive a luxury as the Playboy philosophy. There is the high-school senior with his teaching fellowship, who, when he talks about his future education, says, "I've signed with Nebraska." There is also Winston Hill, offensive tackle of the New York Jets. Hill stands as the light at the end of the tunnel all these children are struggling through. He weighs 270 pounds and, in the sprints, can run faster than any halfback in the student body.

And, finally, there's Phil Foglietta, coach of Brooklyn's Poly Prep. To come upon him at work is to return to a thousand unremembered torments and to reflect that Presidents from Theodore Roosevelt to Richard Nixon have grown strong under the lash of the very same words.

"You're supposed to hit it, not dance with it," Phil Foglietta rasps among the tackling dummies. "Head and eyes straight" (slap) "Butt up" (slap). One boy slows the agility drill to ask what it was he was supposed to do. "Don't ask," Phil Foglietta barks. "Do it." You'll be standing on Vietnam Hill and you'll ask what you're supposed to do and they'll show you. The students are paired off to practice pass protection. "Hit him, hit him," the coach cries to one attacker. "You cheat him if you don't. He can learn more from what you do to him than any

coaching we can do."

Yet there is no force in the slaps, no real venom in the taunts. The rasp is only the surface noise on a very old record. Football coaches are remarkably kindly men fixed though they are into the formula of telling little boys to bring up the forearm as hard as they can for improved shock value in blocking.

"I don't want a hard core football camp," Namath the Headmaster has said. "There ought to be a little fun in it." And his assistants find it easier than usual to be kind to the limit of their not altogether ungentle natures; they are not, after all, looking at talent that can be improved by deeply felt abuse. Their students are gallant but somehow dispassionate, a football camp whose students pay to learn is not very easy upon the stereotypes: its black running backs are not fast enough, its Italian linemen not all that aggressive, its Wasp quarterbacks by no means quick learners.

What these children truly care about



is suggested by their questions to Mike Curtis, the Baltimore linebacker. Curtis is a performer so baleful that he has adopted the practice, in his off season appearances, of opening with a few words of self-exculpation for such flagranties in the atrocity line that may have lately been witnessed by anyone present. He had, he explained, hit a fan who had run on the field "because I couldn't take the idea of people getting in my way when I was doing my job." He had clubbed the Miami quarterback in the neck after a play because, Curtis said, his broken right hand was immobilized in a plaster cast covered in foam rubber. He had explained to the referee's satisfaction before the game that "I'd have to club 'em to bring 'em down" and, after all, if you couldn't grab a man, there was nothing you could do but hit him.

Curtis' audience looked upon this monster in his guise as ideal and hastily changed the subject. One student did ask Curtis how he set up to tackle in the open field. "The best way," he an-

swered, "is to look at his belt buckle; he can fake all over the place and you won't lose him." But that would be the only technical inquiry; every other question was journalistic. "Which back is hardest to bring down?" "How many times have you been hurt?" "What do you think of the artificial turf?"

"Who was your idol, as a kid?" "Jimmy Brown," Mike Curtis replied, "but he's not my idol anymore, now that we know a little more about what Jimmy Brown is really like."

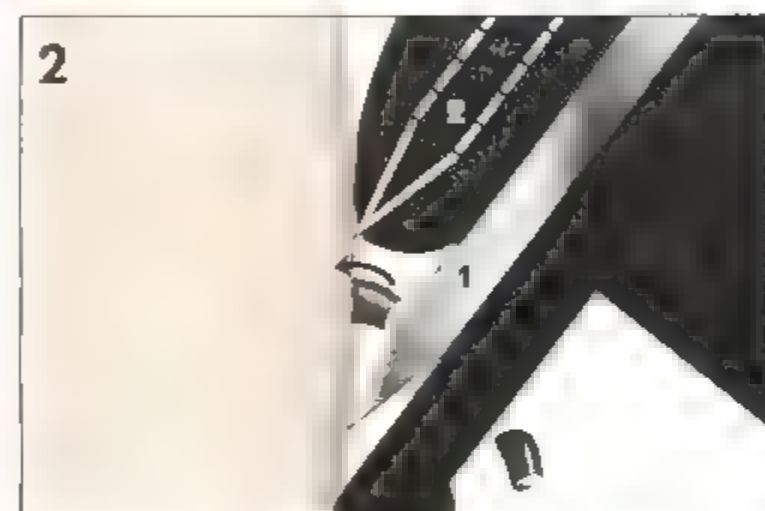
Who is their idol as they are growing up? Of course. Who else? Howard Cosell.

The coaches seem curiously more reverent toward the headmaster than the student body is. These children are a little disappointed in Namath, he does not live on the campus and some of them complain that they don't get a chance to talk to him. Yet he is most faithful in attendance and not just agreeable, but even forward, in offering conversation about the techniques of football. But the students are not football players, as journalists, they care less about Namath's person than his ambience. They want him to tell them how he spends his evenings. Slumprudery, of course, forbids him all such conversation in church; and, if his mere presence is insufficient to keep these children from missing his ambience, it is quite enough to inspire the coaches to overlook a reputation most conspicuous for its insistence on seeming to live outside their creed. The faculty need only look at him to know that he embodies their creed. It is enough to notice that he never moves across the field without running to his place. Coaches have nothing more important to teach than that, and, as for ambience, every other of Namath's vices of self-destruction can go unrebuked so long as the ultimate impulse to suicide can still be seen to shine. The heart of the covenant is self-immolation and Joe Namath is patently suicidal.

Namath is not here to compete, yet he needs no more than a softball game with the townies to turn loose his suicidal impulse. He is on first, Winston Hill singles, stops at first, and then looks up with sudden alarm to see the quarterback whose protection is his livelihood scurrying around third and plunging toward home. Joe Namath might have been carrying the World Series check on his back; the townies were still looking for the ball as he hurled himself across the plate, the knees dismissed from his mind.

The inning over, Winston Hill walked back to talk with John Dockery, the Jet cornerback, who is the camp team's manager. Joe Namath was taken out of the game. Here was an occasion without meaning to anyone else, but for Namath it was enough, that it was

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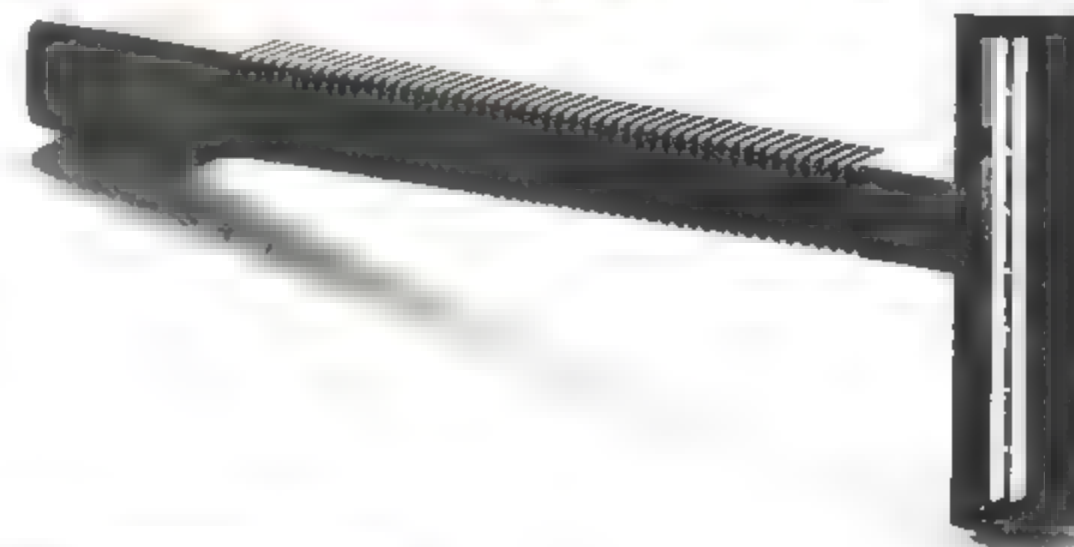


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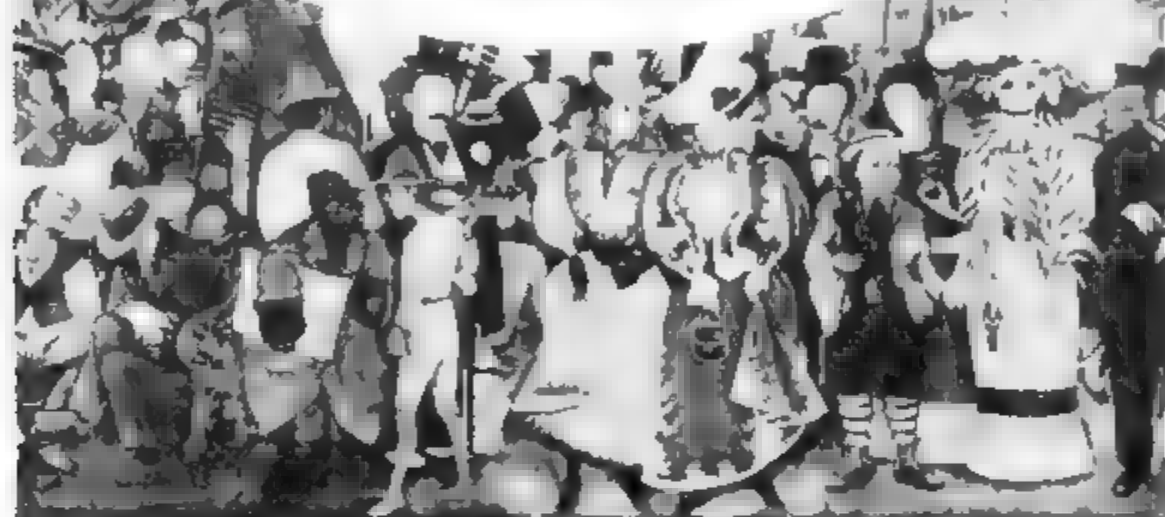
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a game, and someday, in some game—  
more likely inconsequential than not—he  
will break down for good in just this  
sort of casual, reckless flight. There's  
by this time no way by which he can-  
not be hurt, and yet there is no way  
that he can imagine himself being hurt.  
Here stands this character of football  
straight and true, and of all persons  
to holy martyr is that crooked-back  
hedonist Joe Willie Namath.

"What would he have been if it  
hadn't been for these knees?" John  
Duckett asked afterward. Someone  
else one supposes, someone altogether  
impressive as a piece of machinery. But  
not Joe Namath. There is, said April  
Linares, a poem to be made on the bird  
that has but one wing. And Joe Na-  
math reminds us how poetry is the sub-  
ject of any other poem about anything  
else. He is most mortal in his mor-  
tality, what is there to the legend of  
Joe Namath that is so important as  
this fragility? The record is a thing  
of fragments, only five full seasons  
altogether, one World's Championship  
another year in which he gained 400  
yards passing but in between all too  
few times that he dared any confidence  
that he could still, over his inverse.  
In to us have kept him out of all but  
four of the last 23 games on his team's  
schedule, and even these were injuries  
irrelevant to anything but the assess-  
ment of his character. He broke his  
wrist in 1970 passing against the Bal-  
timore Colts (a game already lost).  
He tore his right knee again tackling  
a linebacker after a fumble in an ex-  
hibit on that did not even count. His every  
moment upon the stage suggests that  
it could be the last, and when he leans  
over, applies the pressure of his hand  
to the center's butt and begins his ex-  
istence, we look upon the highest pride  
there is, the dignity of the sewer rat  
turning from the wall.

Here with his students, he is infi-  
nitely aware of the opportunities for  
getting hurt. He passes the ten-year-  
olds at the gym. "Get you head  
a little further away when you hit,"  
he says. "You got trouble if it's too  
close." He watches a quarterback  
"There's something wrong," he says.  
"We got to figure it out. Let's see how  
many steps you're taking. That's it.  
Here." He takes the ball and flees back  
like some deer from the hunters, one  
seems to understand that nature had  
some purpose in the creation of Mike  
Curtis, there's no hero without his  
peril, no beauty without its beast.  
"See," says Joe Namath, "it's just five  
steps. There's no way you can take  
seven steps going back and not get  
killed."

No one has ever so struggled to come  
this close to counting all the innocent  
always a quarterback can get him-  
self into trouble. His students run a  
pass pattern, the quarterback takes the  
requisite steps, turns, and throws, and  
is proud to see the pass is caught. But  
Joe Namath says, "Don't look just at  
him. You got to always look around.  
You got to see everything. Suppose  
he's covered, who you going to throw  
to? Suppose (continued on page 11)

Americans are now spending hundreds  
and even thousands of dollars a year on insurance with only  
the foggiest idea of what they're getting.



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difference between writing a check  
for life insurance on the one hand  
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THE TRAVELERS



## RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

For some years now there has been a great gulf between the rulers of America and the people over whom they rule, and every fourth year television makes the gulf inescapably apparent. The rulers of America are deeply and incessantly fascinated by politics, and the people are not. In 1962, the candidates for President fell into this gulf with a shocking jolt. Millions of Americans were deeply offended to find that customary and cherished entertainments had been preempted to clear time for political broadcasts. The reaction was especially strong when the candidates arranged to take over for political messages the last five minutes of the half hours normally occupied by, say, Lucille Ball. Now, politics is a strange and nervous business, in which you cannot afford to get people angry. The political leaders, the newspaper editors, the academics all found it impossible to accept the appalling notion that even on a once-every-four-years basis much of the public would be outraged by the intrusion of politics on their lousy entertainment, but the evidence of it was all around, and even the most politically minded quickly backed away from the use of extensive prime-time television periods as a carrier for political argument.

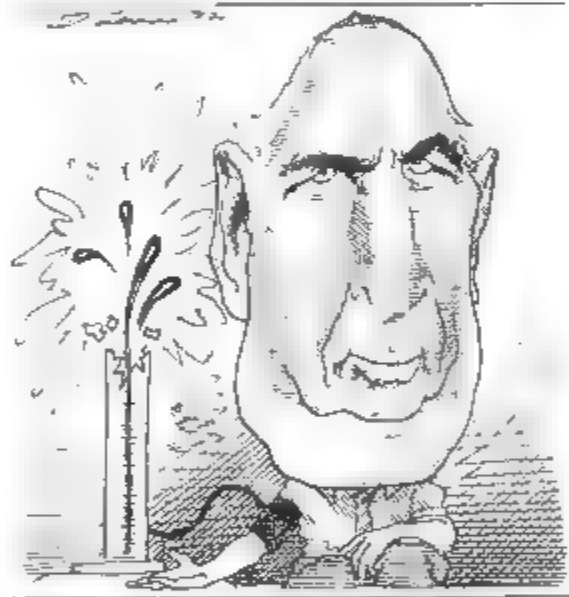
Television being perceived as essentially a medium for advertising, the politicians went to that profession for guidance. The Eisenhower campaign wound up in the hands of Rosser Reeves, a smart, aggressive copywriter and agency boss who was a Southern Republican and a chess nut at a time when both these attributes were very peculiar. Reeves had been listening to Eisenhower's speeches, and told his friends that they resembled him of a story about the Vermont farmer who was out on the edges of a meeting that had been attending for half an hour to an exhortation by Calvin Coolidge, when a friend came up and asked him what the speaker had been talking about. "Dunno," the farmer replied, "he ain't said."

Reeves volunteered to pull from the Eisenhower speeches what he thought the candidate was saying, and to reduce each message to the sixty-second time dimension of a television commercial. He was given first a green light, then money to spend, and finally a copy of the candidate's time in a studio, and he produced a series of commercials that are still the locus classicus of the genre—"ordinary people" supposedly discussing some aspect of contemporary society that bugged them, followed by the candidate saying earnestly that when he got to the White House he would certainly do something about that. The spots George McGovern used in the 1972 primaries were cut from the template Reeves had made for Eisenhower twenty years before, sub-

stitute one man for the other, "Republican" for "Democrat" as the description of the antagonist, and "Vietnam" for "Korea" as the name of the unpopular war, and the Eisenhower spots could have been run during the McGovern campaign, with nobody the wiser.

The advantages of the commercial approach to politics were considerable. One minute slots could be bought cheaper (though not very much cheaper) than five-minute pieces, they did not interfere with people's enjoyment of expected programs, and they got "the message" across in more easily memorable form. They were also vulgar and intellectually shoddy, but surely no more so than shaking hands, kissing babies and putting on a hard hat with one's own soft hands.

At this distance in time it seems clear enough that Eisenhower in 1952 could have sat on a front porch and refused to campaign at all, and would still have polished off Stevenson. But such matters are never entirely sure at the time, and it became part of the



folklore of American politics that the noise of the one-minute spots had triggered the general's landslide. In election after election, fortunes were spent to present the candidates to the electorate in one-minute wedges between the gasoline ad and the station break. A millionaire whose name nobody could then pronounce or can now remember beat astronaut John Glenn for a Democratic Senate nomination in Ohio; actors backed by big money and clever production techniques won a governorship and a Senate seat in California. John Lindsay, touted as the harbinger of a new breed of "telegenic" political personalities, became the first Republican Mayor of New York since Fiorello LaGuardia, propelled thence by a heavy television campaign bankrolled by Nelson Rockefeller, who never got money back or value for it, and remembers.

Emphasis on television sapped the human vitality of political campaigns. Because the tube brought the candidate into the voter's home, offensiveness acquired a high premium. In

Anglo-American politics, insult had always been one of the great weapons, and one of the sources of happy recollection as the wheel came round again. Told by an enemy that he would die of the pox or on the gallows, John Wilkes said that would depend on whether he embraced his opponent's mistress or his principles. John Randolph compared the word "honor" in the mouth of Daniel Webster to the word "love" in the mouth of a whore. Carter Glass, with reference to Huey Long, noted that the people of Rome had once elected a horse to their Senate, and asked his auditors to note how far superior they had been to the people of Louisiana, for they at least had sent the whole horse. Told that Clement Attlee was a modest man, Winston Churchill replied that he had much to be modest about. This sort of thing, which has kept politics interesting and human for centuries, does not go over well on television, as the repeated failures of Don Rickles demonstrate. And Rickles needs only a thirty percent share of audience to make out, while a politician needs fifty one percent.

Politics and "the media" share an entertainment function: they create "issues." Nobody should underestimate the power of a newspaper or television service to insert something—anything—into the consciousness of an audience. Some years ago strangers driving cars in central Indiana found themselves facing three-eyed beasts they had never known existed, because *The Indianapolis Star* had become convinced that lots of automobile accidents resulted from the fact that pastel-colored automobiles blended into the landscape during daylight hours. The paper launched a great if geographically constrained crusade to get car owners to install a light in the center of the forward grille. Within eighteen months nearly half the cars in the Indianapolis metropolitan area—and no cars anywhere else in the whole country—were equipped with this extra. Similarly, New York City became extremely exercised last winter about the care of the severely mentally retarded in state "training schools" simply because one ABC reporter had made the cause his own.

Politics, as Reeves proclaimed, is more like advertising than like news: it's a feedback business, in which success comes most often to those who know what the public wants to hear. Still, Henry George and Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan and Franklin Roosevelt, like *The Star* and Gerardo Rivera on Channel 7, raised the consciousness of the electorate in various directions; there are footsteps that could be followed. But if campaigning is to be concentrated in purchased sixty-second TV spots, experiment becomes too expensive, and social

(Continued on page 78)

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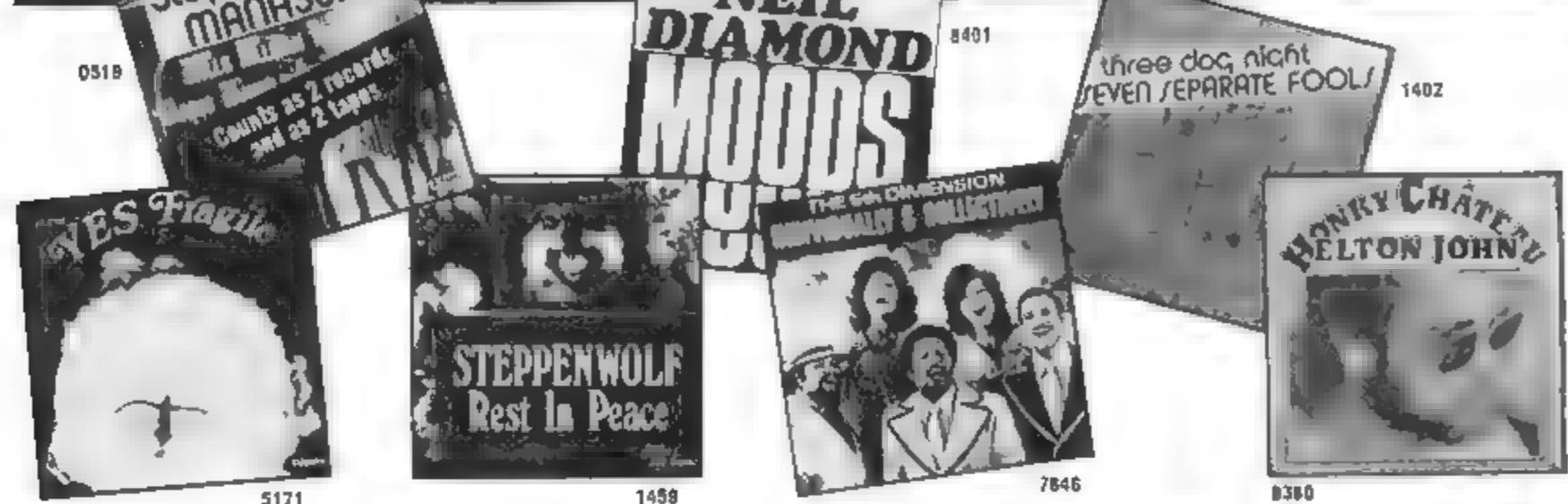
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## RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club



## FILMS

### THOMAS BERGER

I am always in the market for a film (or novel, play, advertisement or even cereal box instruction) that really tells how something works. *The Candidate* does that superbly. Robert Redford plays a young reformer sort who is persuaded by the backroom boys to run for U.S. Senator from California against the incumbent, one of those white-haired square-jawed, moss-backed types who speaks exclusively in platitudes. The credible thing about this picture, made from an intelligent screen play by Jeremy Larner and directed in spades with wit by Michael Ritchie, is that Redford's public utterances are mostly clones from the other side, mostly but not entirely. Within the conventional verse of discourse, Redford is a better man, and therefore we are allowed to see scintillating of him in private while being denied that for his opponent. He is the son of a former governor, an experience which naturally soared him to politics and re-enters his life only after the specialists assure him he is certain to lose and thus is free to air his convictions—that impossible dream of the politician.

After a grueling campaign, replete with the necessary compromises, rallies, rapid debates, and visits to ladies' garden parties and a Watts street corner (on which a radical character, leaning a huge leg asks the candidate what he will do for the annual Redford's advisers had he is gaining in the polls and has a serious chance to win. More compromises ensue, though not so many as to "convert" him. I think, except by some infantile gauge, the realities of power being what everybody knows they are.

*The Candidate* with a cast that includes Bo Diddley as the incumbent, Peter Boyle as Redford's principal adviser, and the great Melvyn Douglas as the former governor. His weak performance. A director, when George Meyer should be cut out, he plays to perfection the part of a spiteful fellow who, while washing his hands in a mens room, recognizes it is Redford who stands a needless captive at the nearby arena, and wishes him.

*Frogs* is the title of another current motion picture, and I went to see it because for one thing I am pro-amphibian and for another I am mildly fascinated by the apparent taste of some sections of the moviegoing public to be appalled by what they see on the screen. Allegedly, anyway, the ads always boast of terror, horror, violence, and in this case advised "If You're Squeamish, Stay Home." On a Friday night at prime time, in the first run Manhattan theatre in which I saw *Frogs*, this advertisement proved effective. Hardly anybody else was there. Perhaps the advertisements should speak rather of the revolt of the creepy, crawly things against Western civilization; this being the substantive statement of the

need one, of the film.

A pictorial message seems essential to the horror picture. In its name, then, the beastliness is always point proving. "That gigantic bastard of yours killed a little girl, Dr. Frankenstein! Only God could make an anthropoid. Q.E.D."

The damage in *Frogs* is done not by frogs, who rather serve as protuberant yet witnesses to the mayhem wrought by their cousin lizards and a variety of reptiles, who wipe out a crowd of human beings by one means or another, some of which are quite sophisticated, not simple fangwork. It is such cunningness as knocking over bottles of asphyxiating pesticides, which seem to have no effect on them but drop a green rain in a second.

Most of *Frogs* is and probably should be grossly satirical. It is quite another kind of film than *The Candidate*, telling you nothing about a politician's waste of all energy, one of the primary facts of which is that your average frog is

often better than his material. There is also some attractive nature photography and some justly hideous shots of the various types of defecation flung about the landscape by the only animal who laughs (I believe what a nyctala does is something else), blunders, drinks from aluminum cans, and has a long history of maligning serpents.

Marjoe Gortner believes it or not is the name of a real man. He is now in his twenties, but at the age of three he became an ordained minister of one of those faiths which practices the laying on of hands, instant miracles, Jesus-belling, etc., and at four he performed a marriage. This service was recorded in color film of poor quality and is spliced into the documentary entitled *Marjoe*.

At the age of fourteen Marjoe abandoned the father who, as agent for his art, pocketed all the proceeds thereof. He actually ran to, rather than away from home, meeting a woman on a California bench and making of her a surrogate mother. Some years later, arriving at an age when a man must think of squeezing an income from the world, he returned to the evangelical circuit with an updated style combining traditional revivalist techniques with those of Mick Jagger, who is himself really a kind of Holy Roller.

But by now Marjoe had turned cynical, agnostic, and chicane, shaking down the suckers at collection time, peddling photographic records of his private and former-band-mate prayer riffs, and, in his other, presumably authentic character, hanging out at pot parties and laying airline stewardesses.

So by his own account, in this picture I began halfway along to wonder about what he intended to do for a profession after the movie was released in the nation's heartland, which is to say, to any other audience than the swimmers who pique up at the theatres near Bloomington. I also thought it cruel of Gortner to produce this unavailing revelation, exposing not so much himself as the confessed con man having had the best of everything as his victims.

I am still of the same opinion and should be willing to call Marjoe a second-rate bid for a series of considerations, one no doubt sentimental, maybe even a lie—that the truth will make you free—another probably generous, to the effect that the kind of person who faints in ecstasy when touched by Marjoe's hand might very well swoon through the film, immune to the mockery, and finally, that which really explains my inability to condemn this movie artist is his genuine charm, in whatever role. For no good reason, he seems to me a good man.

But he is leaving *looper*-religion. He would not be an actor or rock singer. He that sits out so among you let him rest the first stone. \*



the natural prey of most snakes that share its habitat. That sort of arrangement is what the term 'ecology' used to refer to before it joined 'hopfully' in the lexicon of the means of misinformation. However, *Frogs* has its moments, an amphibian hops through the sticky ring of a birthday cake and Ray Milland performs the role of an authoritarian patriarch with journeyman address, proving that a real pro is



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Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 86-100 proof  
James Watson Distillers Co., Louisville, Kentucky

## PRESENT STOCK

DAVID M. ROYCE

The idea that blacks and other minorities might somehow be inferior to whites in terms of IQ keeps sprouting anew, only to be copiously jumped upon by hoards of the wrathful and indignant. Much of the trouble started in 1969 when Dr. Arthur R. Jensen, an educational psychologist at the University of California, published a long and scholarly article in the *Harvard Educational Review* suggesting that the lower median scores of blacks and low-income whites seem to be attributable to genetic differences in learning patterns between social classes and races. Exciting even more opposition are the suggestions and recommendations of Nobel Laureate William Shockley, who recently proposed giving monetary bonuses to low IQ parents who submit to sterilization.

"At a bonus rate of \$1,000 for each point below 100 IQ," Dr. Shockley declared, "\$50,000 put in trust for a 70-IQ moron of twenty-child potential might return \$250,000 to taxpayers in reduced costs of mental retardation care." What particularly bothers physicist Shockley's critics is the fact that his theories are based in part on his evaluation of an Army preinduction

test. He claims to have found that, for each one percent of Caucasian ancestry, the IQ of each black testee goes up one point above the average black IQ.

The response to all this has been forthright. Dr. Edward C. Scanlon, a clinical psychologist, for example, has called Dr. Shockley's theories "fascist." Dr. Scanlon said that in his experience as an Army psychologist, he found white officers tolerating cheating on the tests in proportion to the whiteness of the testee's skin.

Among others opposed to Dr. Shockley's "incentives" is Dr. Jane Mercer, an associate professor of sociology at the University of California in Riverside. Dr. Mercer has been created by an official of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights with presenting some of the strongest documentation to date that environmental and social factors significantly affect IQ scores. She devised a complex method of taking these factors into account and found that they completely cancel the average 15-point IQ deficit commonly attributed to minority children by standard tests. Moreover, she came up with the shocking finding that fully 75 percent of those children who were labeled "educable mentally retarded" in California

actually had normal mental capacities that had been obscured by cultural and social factors not taken into account in standard tests. Obviously, what she feels is needed most right now is not a sterilization incentive, but a plan to take into account a cultural correction factor in evaluating the scores of IQ tests that will avoid tragic pigeonholing of children with normal potentials in "dull" or "retarded" categories from which they may never emerge.

Psychologists have dreamed for years of a test that would measure mental capacity without cultural and environmental bias—a test that would yield consistently reproducible results regardless of race, education, mood, anxiety, motivation and so on. Astonishingly, a test with many of these attributes has recently been unveiled by a Canadian psychologist, Dr. John Ertl, director of the Center of Cybernetic Studies at the University of Ottawa. The test is administered by a computer and takes about three minutes to complete. The testee need not know how to read, write or even speak. He need only look into a flashing light while the computer analyzes his brain wave responses before ranging up a score that is virtually "culture free" and unaffected by any

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## The Story of Zizanie.

You may have heard of Jean Honoré Fragonard, a master painter of the French Romantic Period. But did you know he was also a master perfumer, member of the renowned Fragonard family of French perfumers?

One day this great artist was painting the portrait of a certain important Duke. During the sitting, the Duke complained that things were not going well with his current mistress.

Fragonard's answer was to present the worried nobleman with his latest fragrance, saying 'Si vous adoptez cette fragrance, vos problèmes d'amour n'existent pas!'

The name of that fragrance was Zizanie. And the results were all that Fragonard predicted. From the very next morning, the grateful Duke told all who would listen about the remarkable powers of Zizanie. And the

success of Zizanie was assured.

This all actually took place in the south of France more than 200 years ago. And today, Zizanie is still being made in the famous French perfume district at Grasse—precisely as it was made when Fragonard first formulated it. Until recently, Zizanie was only available to those actually visiting the Fragonard estates at Grasse. But now it is being introduced to the United States. (You won't find it in every store but if you have a nose for adventure, you will find Zizanie.)

After reading its history, you won't be surprised that Zizanie is the world's most expensive men's fragrance. Is it worth the price? Just remember what Fragonard told the illustrious Duke—so long ago, when romance was still considered an art form.

*\*If you wear my fragrance, all your love problems will disappear.*



*The Zined for Moments by Jean Honoré Fragonard, 1782, oil on canvas, 100 x 120 cm (39 3/8 x 47 1/8 inches)*



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And it still makes the best ones  
Wool's got life.  
It belongs in yours.

# It's got life.



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The Woolmark label  
in these clothes means they've  
passed a battery of tests in  
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fiber content, color-fastness, etc.  
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sewn-in Woolmark label.

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## Mavest

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momentary stresses.

Dr. Ertl knew that a new test was sorely needed when he himself scored a near-moronic 77 on a standard I.Q. test when he applied to graduate school. (Since then his I.Q. has been firmly established at an impressive 140.) Now, after twelve years of research, he has come up with that new test. It employs a "neural efficiency analyzer" consisting of five basic parts: a pair of electrodes embedded in a football helmet to pick up brain waves, a device to amplify the waves, an oscilloscope on which the waves can be visually monitored, a flashing light to stimulate the brain, and a computer to analyze the efficiency with which the brain processes the light flashes. The subject dons the helmet and looks into the light, which flashes at random intervals of from one half to one and a half seconds. The computer averages the responses from roughly two hundred flashes and then exhibits the numerical score on a visual readout.

A normal score is anything between 120 and 140. The number is an expression of milliseconds (thousandths of a second) the average time needed by the brain to respond in a particular way to each light flash. So, the lower the number the better the score. The best score so far was 85 milliseconds, clocked by a belly dancer who speaks ten languages and has a master's degree in political science from Stanford. The lady in question scored an I.Q. of 186 on a standard I.Q. test.

Tests on thousands of subjects show that the analyzer scores correlate well with standard I.Q. scores. But there are exceptions and these are important. The analyzer has already "discovered" a number of very bright children who had erroneously been labeled "dull" or "retarded" on the basis of conventional I.Q. scores. They have since been taken out of classes for slow learners and placed in regular classes where they are making good progress.

Equally important, the Ertl test is bound to have profound impact on the racial and cultural components of the I.Q. controversy. Preliminary studies with the new test device have already given support to Dr. Mercer's contention that the fifteen points by which blacks and other minorities usually fall behind whites in I.Q. performance are chimerical—wholly the product of cultural bias built into the conventional tests. Dr. Ertl and his colleagues, along with another independent researcher, have failed to find any statistically significant differences in average I.Q. among representative groups of black, white, Mexican, Indian and Asiatic children tested with the analyzer.

While Drs. Mercer and Ertl attempt to increase the I.Q. of I.Q. testing, another researcher has come up with some findings that suggest we may one day be able to increase I.Q. itself with sex hormones. Dr. John W. Money of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine recently reported a high incidence of high I.Q.'s among individuals who, due to malfunctioning of the adrenal gland, had been exposed to an excess of androgen, the male sex hormone, prior to

birth. Among a group of seventy such individuals, both male and female, he found 12.9 percent with I.Q.'s of 130 or higher. In the general population, only 2.2 percent have intelligence of this caliber. Dr. Money also located and tested an additional ten individuals—females who had been exposed before birth to a synthetic drug which, like the androgens, also had a masculinizing effect. Six of the ten had I.Q.'s above 130, and none had an I.Q. below 100.

A larger sample must be studied before any final conclusions can be drawn, but there are many possible implications of these preliminary findings. For one thing, they suggest that mental deficiencies could be linked with low or nonexistent levels of androgen during critical periods of fetal development. They also suggest a possible means of correcting such deficits, provided they could be detected prior to birth. (Coincidentally, Dr. Ertl believes his brain-wave test could be used to gauge the mental capacity of the unborn. Intense light flashes or audio tones could be pulsed through the abdominal wall of the mother and the baby's responses picked up by ultra-sensitive external electrodes. The test, in fact, is already being used on newborn infants.) Finally, there is even the possibility that the normal child could be endowed with superior intelligence through prenatal androgen treatment. Females, however, will be at a disadvantage here due to the masculinizing effects of the hormones.

There are some people of the opinion that man will never have sufficient intelligence to manage his own increasingly complex problems and must eventually, therefore, make way for the computers. A group of computer maintenance engineers, on strike against Honeywell, apparently don't agree. According to a recent issue of *Computerworld*, the engineers allegedly used their knowledge of a Honeywell computer system to sabotage it by telephone, insisting that man still has the upper hand. Arrests have been made, and the accused have been charged with preventing Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Honeywell communications computer from printing out data at twenty-five terminals in Westchester, New York, for a full month. None of the blocked data was lost, but Metropolitan was reduced to using a human messenger service.

According to the charges brought against them, the strikers ingeniously telephoned all the computer terminals and, using special tape recordings of computer commands, threw things out of phase so that when the real computer made its own calls it couldn't get the precise response it needed before proceeding to print out data. A clerk stationed in one of the offices overnight eavesdropped on one of the fake computer calls and tipped off the Westchester district attorney's office. The suspects were apprehended shortly, allegedly with tape recorder in hand, making the calls from their union hall while no doubt having a good laugh for themselves and mortals everywhere. ■

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Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

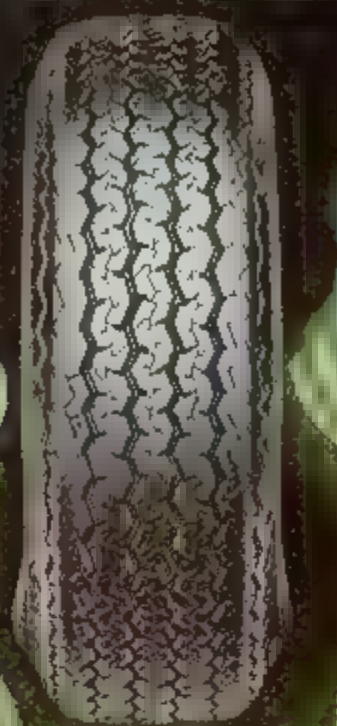
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## The Outperformer



## WOMEN NORA EPHRION

A boy and a girl are taking a shower together in the bathroom. How to explain the significance of it? It is a Friday night in June, the first night of the tenth reunion of the Class of 1962 of Wellesley College, and a member of my class has just returned from the bathroom with the news. A boy and a girl are taking a shower together. No one can believe it. Ten years and look at the changes. Ten years ago we were allowed men in the rooms on Sunday afternoons only, on the condition the door be left fourteen inches ajar. One Sunday my freshman year a girl in my dormitory went into her room with a date and not only closed the door but put a sock on it. (The sock—I feel silly remembering nonsense like this—but I do—was a Wellesley signal, meaning Do Not Disturb.) Three hours later she and the boy emerged and she was wearing a different outfit. No one could believe it. We were that young. Today boys on exchange programs from MIT and Dartmouth live alongside the girls, the dormitory rooms lock, and some of the women in my class—as you can see from the following excerpt from one letter to our tenth reunion record book—have been through some changes themselves.

"In the past five years I have 1) had two children and two abortions, 2) moved seriously into politics, working up to more responsible positions on bigger campaigns, 3) surrendered myself to what I finally acknowledged was my lifework—the women's revolution, 4) left my husband and four children to seek my fortune and on the way 5) fallen desperately, madly, totally in love with a beautiful man and am sharing a life with him in Cambridge near Harvard Square where we're completely incredibly happy doing the work we love and having amazing life adventures."

I went back to my reunion at Wellesley to write about it. I'm doing a column, that's why I'm going, I said to New York friends who were amazed that I would want anything to do with such an event. I want to see what happened, I said to my class to the college. (I didn't say that I wanted my class and the college to see what had happened to me, but that of course was part of it, too.) A few years ago, Wellesley went through a long reappraisal before rejecting coeducation and reaffirming its commitment to educating women, that interested me. Also I wondered how my class, almost half of which has two or more children, was dealing with what was happening to women today. On Friday evening, when my classmate and I arrived at the dormitory that was our class headquarters, we bumped into two Wellesley juniors. One of them asked straight off if we wanted to see their women's liberation bulletin board. They took us

down the corridor to a cork board full of clippings, told us of their battle to have a full-time gynecologist on campus, and suddenly it became important for us to let them know we were not what they thought. We were not those alumnae who come back to Wellesley because it was the best time of their lives, we were not those cardigan-sweatered, Lily Pulitzer matrons or Junior League members or League of Women Voters volunteers, we were not about to be baited by their bulletin board. We're not Them. I didn't come to reunion because I wanted to be here to write about it. Understand?

Wellesley College has probably the most beautiful campus in the country, more lush and gorgeous than any place I have ever seen. In June, the dogwood and azalea are in bloom around Lake Waban; the ivy sports new growth onto the collegiate Gothic buildings, the huge maples are obscenely loaded with shade. So idyllic, in the literal sense—an idyll, before a rude awakening. There was Wellesley, we were told, and then, later,



there would be the real world. The real world was different. "Where, oh where are the staid alumnae?" goes a song Wellesley girls sing, and they answer, "They've gone out from their dreams and theories. Lost, lost in the wide, wide world." At Wellesley we would be allowed to dream and theorize. We would be taken seriously. It would not always be so.

Probably the most insidious influence on the students ten years ago was the class deans. They were a group of elderly spinsters who believed that the only valuable role for Wellesley graduates was to go on to the only life the deans knew anything about: graduate school, scholarship, teaching. There was no value at all placed on achievement in the so-called real world. Success of that sort was suspect, worse than that, it was unserious. Better to be a housewife, my dear, and to take one's place in the community. *Keep a hand in.* This policy was not just implicit but was actually articulated. Dur-

ing my junior year, in a romantic episode that still embarrasses me, I became engaged to a humorless young man whose primary attraction was that he was fourth in his class at Harvard Law School. I went to see my class dean about transferring to Barnard senior year before being married. "Let me give you some advice," she told me. "You have worked so hard at Wellesley. When you marry, take a year off. Devote yourself to your husband and your marriage." I was incredulous. To begin with, I had not worked hard at Wellesley; anyone with my transcript in front of her ought to have been able to see that. But far more important, I had always intended to work after college, my mother was a career woman who had successfully indoctrinated me and my sisters that to be a housewife was to be nothing. Take a year off being a wife? Doing what? I carried the incident around with me for years, repeating it from time to time as positive proof that Wellesley wanted its graduates to be merely housewives. Then one day, I met a woman who had graduated ten years before me. She had never wanted anything but to be married and have children, she too had gone to see this dean before leaving Wellesley and marrying. "Let me give you some advice," the dean told her. "Don't have children right away. Take a year to work." And so I saw. What Wellesley wanted was for us to avoid the extremes, to be instead that thing in the middle. Neither a rabid careerist nor a frantic mamma. That thing in the middle: a trustee. "Life is not all dirty diapers and runny noses," writes Susan Connors Chenoweth in the class record. "I do make it into the real world every week to present a puppet show on ecology called *Give A Hoot, Don't Pollute*." The deans would be proud of Susan. She is on her way. A doer of good works. An example to the community. Above all, a Samaritan.

I never went near the Wellesley College chapel in my four years there, but I am still amazed at the amount of Christian charity that school stuck us all with, a kind of glazed politeness in the face of boredom and stupidity. Tolerance in the worst sense of the word. Wellesley was not alone in encouraging this for its students, but it always seemed so sad that a school that could have done so much for women put so much energy into the one area women should be educated out of. How marvelous it would have been to go to a women's college that encouraged impoliteness, that rewarded aggression, that encouraged argument. Women by the time they are eighteen are so damaged, so beaten down, so tyrannized out of behaving in all the wonderful, outspoken ways unfortunately characterized as masculine, a college committed to them has to take on the burden of repair, of remedial educa-





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tion really. I'm not just talking about vocational guidance and placement bureaus (which are far more important than anyone at these schools believes) but also about the need to force young women to define themselves before they abdicate the task and become defined by their husbands. *What do you think? What is your opinion?* No one ever asked. We all graduated from Wellesley able to describe everything we had studied: Baroque painting, Hindemith, Jacksonian democracy, Yeats—yet we were never asked what we thought of any of it. *Do you like it? Do you think it is good? Do you know that even if it is good you do not have to like it?* During reunion weekend, at the Saturday-night class supper, we were subjected to an hour of dance by a fourth-rate Boston theatre ensemble which specializes in eighth-rate Grotowski crossed with the worst of Marat Sade. Grunts. Moans. Jumping about imitating lambs. It was absolutely awful. The next day a classmate with the improbable name of Muffy Kleinfeld asked me what I thought of it. "What did you think of it?" I replied. "Well," she said, "I thought their movements were quite expressive and forceful, but I'm not exactly sure what they were trying to do dramatically." *But what did you think of it?*

I am probably babbling a bit here, but I feel a real anger toward Wellesley for blowing it, for being so damned irrelevant. Like many women involved with the movement, I have come full circle in recent years. I used to think that anything exclusively for women (women's pages, women's colleges, women's novels) was a bad idea. Now I am all in favor of it. But when Wellesley decided to remain a women's college, it seemed so pointless to me: why remain a school for women only unless you are prepared to deal with the problems women have in today's society? Why bother? If you are simply going to run a classy liberal-arts college in New England, an ivory tower for \$3,900 a year, why not let the men in?

Wellesley has changed. Some of the changes are superficial: sex in the dorms, juicy as it is, probably has more to do with the fact that it is 1972 than with real change. On the other hand, there are changes that are almost fundamental. The spinster deans are mostly gone. There is a new president, and she has actually been married. Twice. Many of the hangovers from an earlier era—when Wellesley was totally a school for the rich as opposed to now, when it is only partially so—have been eliminated: sit-down dinners with maids and students waiting on tables; Tree Day, a spring rite complete with tree maidens and tree plantings; the freshman class banner hunt. Hoop rolling goes on, but this year a feminist senior won and promptly denounced the rite as trivial and sexist. Bible is no longer required. More seniors are applying to law school. "They are not as polite as you were," says history professor Edward Gulick, which sounds promising. Yet another teacher tells

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# Mattingly & Moore

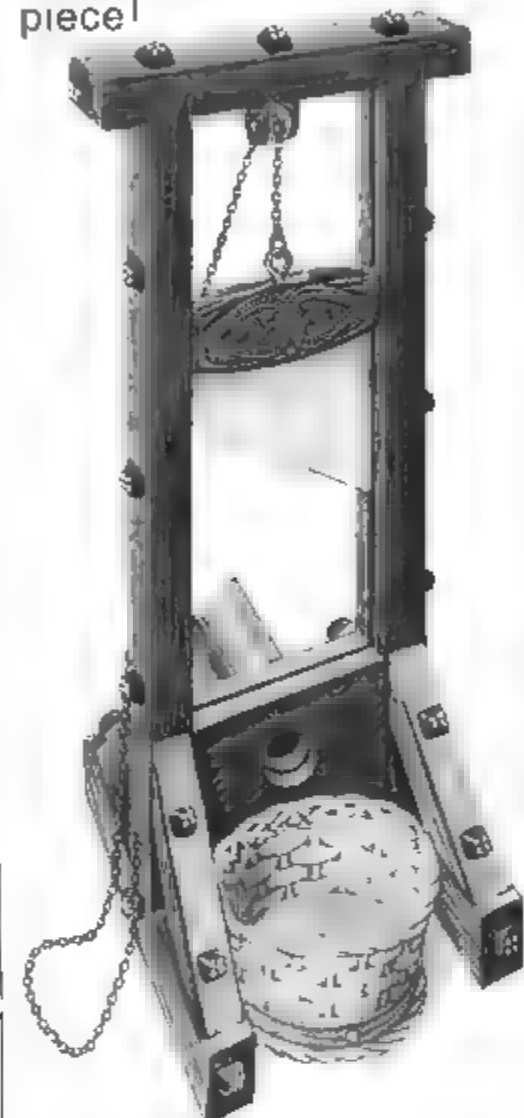
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me that the students today are more like us than like the class of 1970. The graduation procession is an endless troupe of look-alikes, cookie-cutter perfect faces with long straight hair parted in the middle. Still, there are at least three times as many black faces among them as there were in my time.

And there is the graduation speaker, Eleanor Holmes Norton, a black who is New York City Commissioner of Human Rights. Ten years ago our speaker was Santha Rama Rau, who bored us mightily with a low-keyed speech on the need to put friendship above love of country. The contrast is quite extraordinary. Norton, an outspoken feminist and mesmerizing public speaker, raises her fist to the class as she speaks. "The quest on has been asked," she says, "What is a woman? A woman is a person who makes choices. A woman is a dreamer. A woman is a planner. A woman is a maker, and a molder. A woman is a person who makes choices. A woman builds bridges. A woman makes children and makes cars. A woman writes poetry and songs. A woman is a person who makes choices. You cannot even simply become a mother anymore. You must choose motherhood. Will you choose change? Can you become its vanguard?" It is a moving speech, full of comparisons between women today and the young blacks of the 1960's; midway through, a Madras-jacketed father, absolutely furious, storms down the aisle, collars his graduating daughter, and drags her off to tell her what he thinks of it. She returns a few minutes later to join her class in a standing ovation.

As for my class, two things are immediately apparent. The housewives, who are openly elated at being sprung from the responsibility of children for a weekend, are nonetheless very defensive about women's liberation and wary of those of us who have made other choices. In the class record book the most common expression is "Women's lib notwithstanding," as in this from Janet Barton Mostafa. "I'm thrilled to find women's lib to the contrary notwithstanding, that motherhood is a pretty joyful experience. Shakespeare will have to wait in the wings a year or two." You cannot even simply become a mother anymore. You must choose motherhood. "I steel myself against coming," one of the housewives said at reunion. "I was sure I was going to have to defend myself." Neither she nor any other housewife will have to defend herself this trip; we are all far too polite. Still, it is interesting that the housewives—not the working mothers or the single or divorced women—are self-conscious. Which brings me to the second trend: the number of women at reunion who are not just divorced but proudly divorced, wearing their new independence as a kind of badge. I cannot imagine that previous Wellesley reunions attracted any divorced women at all.

On Saturday afternoon, our class meets formally. The meeting is conducted by the outgoing class president, B. J. Diener, the developer of Breck-

One Dandruff Shampoo. She has brought each of us a bottle of the stuff, a gesture some of the class think is in poor taste. I think it is sweet. B. J. is saying that the college ought to do more for its alumnae—hold symposia around the country, provide reading lists on selected subjects, run correspondence courses for graduate-school credits. I find myself involved in a debate about the wisdom of all this. I hadn't meant to get involved, but here I am, with my hand up, about to say that it sounds suspiciously like suburban clubwomen. As it happens, I am sitting in the back with a small group of fellow troublemakers, and we all end up waving our hands and speaking out. "It seems to me," says one, "that all this is in the same spirit of elitism. We've tried to get away from since leaving Wellesley." Says another, "Where is the leadership of Wellesley when it comes to graduate-school quotas for women? If Wellesley is going to stand out and be a special place for women, it should be standing up and making a loud noise about it." One thing leads to another, and the Class of 1962 ends up passing a unanimous resolution urging the college to take a position of leadership in the women's movement. It seems a stunning and miraculous victory, and so, giddy, we push on to yet another controversial topic. That morning, graduation exercises had been leafleted by a campus group urging Wellesley to sell its stocks in companies manufacturing products for war; we think the class should support them. President Diener thinks this is a terrible idea, and she musters all her Harvard Business School expertise to suggest instead that we ask the college to vote its shares against company management. Hands are up all over the room. "The whole purpose of Wellesley's investment is to make money," says one woman, "and I for one don't care if they want to invest it in whorehouses." The motion to urge the college to sell its war stocks is defeated 30-8. The eight of us leave together, flushed with the partial success of our troublemaking, and suddenly I feel depressed, and silly. We had come back to make a little trouble, but like the senior who won hoop rolling and denounced it, we all tend toward tiny little rebellions, harmless nips at the system. We will never make any real trouble. Wellesley helped see to that.

And the nonsense. My God, the nonsense. At reunion, most of the students are gone and classes are over for the year. All that remains is a huge pile of tradition. Singing on the chapel steps. Fruit punch and tea in the afternoon. Class cheers and class songs. On Sunday morning, the last day of a hopelessly over-scheduled weekend, the reunion classes parade down to the alumnae meeting. Each class carries a felt banner and each woman wears a white dress decorated with some kind of costume insignia, also in class colors. My class is holding plastic umbrellas trimmed with huge bouquets of plastic violets and purple ribbons. The Class of 1957 is waving green feather dusters.

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I can pretend that I have come back to Wellesley only because I want to write about it, but I am really here because I still care. I still care about this Mickey Mouse institution. I am foolish enough to think that someday it will do something important in the women's movement. That I care at all, that I am here at all, makes me one of them. I am not exactly like them. I may be a better class of dumb—but we are all dumb. This college is about as meaningful to the educational process in America as a perfume factory is to the national economy. And all of us care which makes us all idiots for wasting a minute thinking about the place. ✱


The class dismissed for the morning, he set himself to pass drill with Dockery. Quite early on he stepped back, his heel caught a hole; he stumbled a moment, and you sensed he felt a pain—not because he wined but because he looked about for any witness who might have noticed. He threw just long enough to deprive any observer of the suspicion that he may have straved too near the thin margin that divides him from the remainder of his wounds. "I guess that's enough," he said. "Have they got the water on?" He drank "Boy I needed *that*," The responsive laughter was complicit, everyone knows how Joe Namath spends his nights. It is important that he make strangers think he is damaging his body with whiskey—otherwise they might begin to surmise that he is destroying it for a religion that they know is only a game. #

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# TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

International travel has always been a great teacher of art, archaeology, anthropology, architecture, geography, history and gastronomy, but for visitors abroad this year the curriculum has been extended to cover economics and international finance. The dollar and pound crises were what did it, and some of the lessons have been extremely unpleasant in the learning.

For more than a quarter of a century, the American tourist has been king, and his fine green dollars and his traveler's checks were his royal charter. Then the dollar, less robust the past few years, really fell ill and the international traveler has constantly been reminded of its malaise. Like other visitors to Europe this year, I was made aware of the fact that hoteliers had become something less than the elched genia hosts, especially when encountering their guests at the cashier's window, and the greetings of shopkeepers for old customers were noticeably less cordial than in the golden years. Sometimes they refused to accept traveler's checks and even U.S. currency for purchases, insisting on the cash of their own particular realm.

But neither rudeness nor Yankee bating were responsible for the changed attitudes. Many hotels and shops had previously been hit by drops in the value of the sliding dollar between their acceptance of the cash or traveler's checks and the time they deposited them in their banks. Dollar devaluation hit the traveler all along the way. International air fares which had been reduced only a few months before were revised upward again in terms of the dollar. Some group travelers who had already paid for their tours were forced to pay surcharges to take care of higher hotel rates, and individual travelers often found their bills increased at least as much as the decrease in the value of their dollars in terms of the local currency. Some hotels, notably in the Caribbean, took advantage of the general confusion by raising their rates considerably more than the amount of the dollar depreciation. Happy exceptions to the generally difficult situation were Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, which use American currency, and Mexico, which announced with a joyous *olé!* that the peso was pegged to the dollar and so would continue to be worth eight cents U.S. no more and no less.

But elsewhere the value of the dollar dropped an average of about 10 percent. Rising prices and increased taxes abroad added another 5 percent or so, therefore international travel this year cost an average of about 15 percent more than in 1971. The most expensive country for an American to visit right now is probably Japan, where devaluation of the dollar in terms of the yen alone accounts for an increase of about

17 percent in the cost of his trip.

Since all indications point to a continuation of the confused currency situation, the lessons learned by travelers these past few months should be useful well into the foreseeable future. Here are a few of the most valuable.

1. Don't let yourself get caught with out local currency over a weekend. Hotels, restaurants and shops are especially reluctant to change dollars or to accept traveler's checks when they can't get them to their banks in a hurry, before a possible drop in value. If they do accept your dollars or traveler's checks, it will be at the lowest rate necessary to guard them against sudden depreciation. On several currency crisis weekends this year American travelers abroad found it next to impossible to change their dollars or to cash traveler's checks until reopening of the banks on Monday morning. Some older travelers said it reminded them of the 1933 bank holiday, when President Roosevelt closed all the banks and people stranded without cash had to bor-



row money or live on credit. One snug harbor in this fiscal storm was American Express, whose offices continued to cash its traveler's checks at whatever was the most recently quoted rate of exchange.

2. For similar reasons, be sure you have enough local currency to pay your hotel bill, if you're checking out over a weekend, or arrange to pay most of your bill before bank closing on Friday.

3. Break your long-term habit of changing your money or cashing your traveler's checks at your hotel; go instead to a bank or licensed money changer. Banks are far less convenient, true, you often have to stand on line, true, their limited office hours are a nuisance, the tellers are often less than jovial, and usually there's a certain amount of red tape, also true. But so many hotels, restaurants and shops are giving such low rates of exchange these days that it is well worth the inconvenience if you are exchanging any considerable amount of money.

Example: The British pound is currently being quoted at slightly more

than \$2.45. But most London hotels will charge you \$2.55 for every pound you pay and should you want to reconvert your pounds into dollars at the end of your trip, they'll give you only \$2.40 for every pound you turn in. That's a spread of about 6 percent. British banks, on the other hand, will charge you only \$2.48 to \$2.50 for the pound, and they'll buy them back at about \$2.40, a spread of about 3 percent. You'll get the same rate at London Airport, where the exchange offices are actually branches of the local banks.

Three years ago, when the dollar still had all its muscle, hotels charged a spread of only about 1½ percent on dollar exchange and banks charged about ½ percent, and at these low rates it wasn't worth the trouble to go to a bank.

4. Since the traveler loses with every transaction, try to estimate what your expenses will be in each country, then change the necessary amount of money all at once or two or three times at most.

5. Buy some of your traveler's checks in small denominations, so that you won't have to change a lot of money if you've underestimated your expenses slightly and need some currency to take care of airport taxes and other small items before you leave.

6. For the same reason, carry with you a fair number of five-dollar and one-dollar bills. The dollar bills are especially useful for tips, before you've had a chance to change your money, and when you're trying to come out even on your foreign exchange as you leave a country.

7. Before you leave home, buy at least a small amount of the currencies of the various countries you're going to visit. Then your rate of exchange will be no worse than it is at the time of the transaction. True, it's possible that the dollar might possibly improve while you're abroad, and so you might get a better rate along the way. But the trend of the dollar has been generally downward, and anyhow you're probably not out to make money on foreign exchange but rather to enjoy your trip with as few financial headaches as possible.

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If you're worried about the dollar's sliding further while you're abroad, consider the possibility of buying foreign currency traveler's checks. American Express is now issuing traveler's checks in West German marks, Swiss francs, British pounds and Canadian dollars. They began selling deutsche mark checks this past April and Swiss-franc checks a couple of years ago, and they say that they've been selling a lot of traveler's checks to Americans in these two currencies—a reflection of the general unease over the dollar's situation. Deak & Co. issues traveler's checks in Swiss and French francs, deutsche marks, Japanese yen, British pounds, Italian lire and Austrian schillings, in addition to its U.S. dollar traveler's checks. The American offices of Thos. Cook and Barclay's Bank issue sterling checks, and the Bank of Tokyo yen checks. Not only would the purchase of foreign-currency traveler's checks protect you against further erosion of the dollar's value, but you might well find that some places abroad will accept Swiss-franc, deutsche-mark or yen checks when they're reluctant to handle dollars. Sure, but true.

My authority for a good deal of the foregoing is Nicholas L. Deak, president of Deak & Co. A sixty-six year-old international banker who wears conservatively cut banker's grey suits and whose hair is also banker's grey, Mr. Deak, a Hungarian-born U.S. Army veteran, is a man to listen to when he talks about international finance and foreign exchange. He heads one of the world's largest currency exchange operations including the Petrica Company, oldest foreign-exchange dealer in the Western Hemisphere, which Deak took over in 1953, and his company also owns banks in Switzerland, Austria and New York State.

"The Swiss franc enjoys the highest respect of any currency in the world today," he told me, "followed by the deutsche mark and the Japanese yen. That's why traveler's checks in these currencies are so easily negotiable."

He said that the beating travelers are taking on their currency conversions abroad could very well worsen America's balance of payments deficit.

"Last year about 7,200,000 U.S. tourists spent about \$4,000,000,000 overseas. This year the number of tourists is expected to increase another half million. But if we add that 50 percent spread that so many hotels, shops and restaurants abroad are taking out of their foreign exchange transactions, forgetting about the increased number of travelers, you'd see that this alone could increase their expenditures by \$300,000,000. Add to that the devaluation of the dollar, averaging about 8

percent, and the 4 1/2 percent "swing" in the dollar's value now permitted under international agreements, and the increase could well total another billion dollars.

"Certainly more European and Japanese visitors should be drawn to the U.S. by the increased value of their currencies in terms of the dollar, but that very increase will enable them to spend fewer dollars while they're over here, so our balance of payments will still suffer."

Peak rates Tokyo, Paris and Brussels as the three most expensive cities for Americans to visit, and conversely, Portugal, Yugoslavia, Spain and Austria except for Vienna as the best buys for the traveler. He said that all countries are cheaper for the traveler as soon as he leaves the capital city.

His rating of the cheapest and the most expensive places is contradicted by recent studies conducted by the Union Bank of Switzerland and the *Financial Times* of London which however often contradict each other. Deak excepted Vienna from the rest of bargain Austria. But the Union Bank rates Vienna with Copenhagen, Helsinki, Luxembourg, Madrid, and Amsterdam among Europe's cheapest cities. Its figures were compiled before the dollar devaluation, but the price ratio among the various cities remains the same, and you can add about 10 percent to get a more accurate estimate of present prices. The Swiss bank estimates that a steak, vegetable and potatoes in Athens cost about \$1.08 before the devaluation and a hotel room \$32, while in Vienna the steak ran about \$1.90 and the hotel room \$27. And just to give you a comparison, the bank estimated that the steak and trimmings plus service would cost an average of \$10 in a good New York restaurant, \$5.50 in Chicago, \$4.80 in Montreal, \$6 in Rome or Paris, \$2.55 in London and only \$1.40 in Bogota, Colombia.

As a matter of fact, Bogota would appear to be the traveler's best bargain for many items. For instance, a double room with bath and breakfast for two, including service, at a Hilton hotel or the nearest equivalent, is figured by the bank survey at only \$18.50 in Bogota, compared to \$33.80 in Rome, \$35 in Chicago, \$57 in Paris, \$44 in London and \$51 in New York. And the movie that costs \$5 in New York or Chicago can be seen in Rome for \$2.41, Paris for \$2.18, London for \$1.65, Athens for 60 cents, and Bogota for 41 cents.

For comparison purposes, the bank has lumped together costs of laundry, dry cleaning, barber shops, beauty parlors, public transportation, telephone, postage, newspapers and movie theatre admissions as miscellaneous services and given them index numbers based on 100 for the price level in Zurich. New York, naturally, tops the list with a price index of 262 and Bogota is at the bottom with 44. In between are Chicago with 182, Sydney 172, Montreal 168, Paris 121, Rome 110, Tokyo 102, Vienna 99, London 98, Athens 66, Lisbon 73 and Madrid 66.

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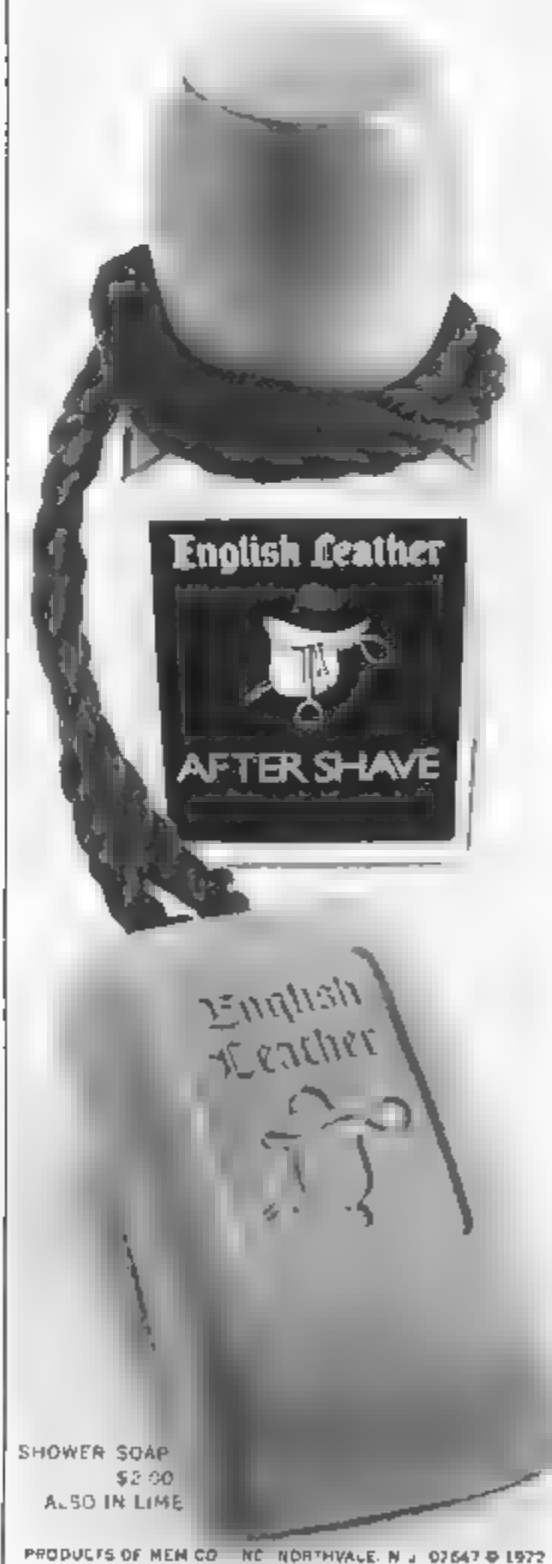


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The *Financial Times*, on the other hand, estimated the cost of five nights at a hotel, two evenings out each time for a week, 100 liters of petrol—which translates out as about 26 gallons of gas—and two bottles of whiskey. The newspaper gave London an index figure of 100 and rated all others accordingly. Both the Swiss bank and the London newspaper surveys agreed on the fact that New York is the most expensive city on earth for most items. It drew an index figure of 173.4 on the *Financial Times* survey, and the cheapest city was Moscow with only 41.8. The next most expensive places, with their index numbers, were Caracas 141.3, Mexico City 139.1, Paris 131.7, Brussels 127.6 and Washington 127.4.

Cheapest places after Moscow according to the *Financial Times* were Belgrade 51.8, Dublin 64.4, Hong Kong 72, Madrid 73.9 and Amsterdam 74.1. Joining London in the middle bracket were Düsseldorf, Montreal, Teneban, Copenhagen, Lisbon and Sydney.

For me, at least, the ratings held some surprises. I've always found Mexico City to be relatively cheap, and on the three visits I made to Moscow I found it to be quite expensive. That's if you change your money in the USSR at the legal rate—\$122 for the ruble. Perera will sell you all the rubles you want for about 30 cents, but you're not allowed to take any rubles into the Soviet Union. The *Financial Times* indicates that Belgrade's hotel rooms are the cheapest, running about \$1120 a night. The only other places where you can get a Hilton-type hotel room for less than \$12 a night, it says, are Moscow and Madrid.

The survey hits New York again as the second most expensive place on earth to go out on the town. It figures that an average night's last for four would cost \$243.70, second only to \$251.65 for Caracas. By contrast, four Comrades could get bacchus on vodka and balalaika music in Moscow for only \$30.90. But if the Comrade picking up the tab were a construction worker, he would be hit for more than his weekly paycheck, which averages \$32. A New York hard-hat clerk grabber, on the other hand, would still have something left from his average weekly earnings of \$278.25. After his deductions were deducted, however, I strongly doubt it. Cheapest place to be a pay-joy of the western world, according to the survey, is Dublin, where an evening out for four would cost only \$67.80. It would be a few cents cheaper in Hong Kong, but that's not the West.

Hong Kong is also the cheapest place to kill yourself if you're a chain smoker, because the best locally made tipped cigarettes are only 17 cents a pack. But if you're swearing off go to Stockholm, where the price of \$110 a pack will help to firm up your resolution. Should you prefer to drink yourself to death here, for Amsterdam, where Scotch is \$4.30 a bottle, and if you're taking the pledge, do it in New Delhi, where the *Financial Times* says the same bottle would set you back \$26. It might be even more expensive in Bombay, where

I've got state prohibition.

For many years now I've been plotting a project published by Doubleday and modestly titled *Ruben Joseph's World Without Money: Currencies and Things Going Wrong*, and trying to figure out a basis for new currency conversions on tables for our 1973 edit on with the dollar and pound betting a dollar over the place is driving me crazy. But working with the book over the years has given me a certain philosophical detachment about money. I mean, what's happening to the dollar doesn't seem so catastrophic when you consider the fate of other currencies. Take the French franc, for instance. Right now the French are acting a bit superior about the strength of their franc, which for years was the six currency of Europe, and, if you take a quick look at the financial tables of the past half century or so, you'd imagine that they have a lot to feel superior about. Way back in the days of World War I, no less, the franc was worth about 20 cents. And what's it worth now? Still about 20 cents, right? But—a small detail—back in 1960 the French exchanged their old francs for a new franc at the rate of 100 to one, so over the years the franc really dropped 99 percent of its value in relation to the dollar which itself is worth billions in terms of its purchasing power of fifty years ago.

Revising the currency book every year, until the dollar started its present gyrations I had few corrections to make in the European pages as currencies remained stable. But many South American countries were a constant headache, continuing inflation so appreciated the money that their pages were outdated by the time they got off the press. The Brazilian cruzero was especially bad. It fell rapidly and constantly until the Brazilian government declared a whole new ball game a couple of years ago by issuing new cruzeros at the rate of one hundred of the old ones to one new cruzero. (He was even worse. Its peso fell so low that the Chilean government dropped it altogether, issuing a new unit of currency, the escudo, at the rate of 1000 pesos for each escudo.)

I've just found an old copy of the 1962 edition of my currency book, and comparing its figures with those quoted by Perera today gives a good picture of what has happened to various currencies over the past decade. Back in 1962, for instance, the British pound was worth \$2.80 compared to the present \$2.45 or so. The West German mark has jumped from about 24 cents to 31 cents, the Swiss franc from 23 cents to 26 cents, the Dutch guilder from 21 cents to 31 cents. Ten years ago your dollar bought 340 yen, now it will get you only about 308; it bought 625 Italian lire in 1962, now it's good for about 580 lire. In a few instances, though, the dollar has actually gained in relation to other currencies. Ten years ago it bought 216 Israeli pounds, now it will get you about 420, the dollar was worth 60 Spanish pesetas in 1962, it's good for 64 today. So the news can't all be bad. ♦

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However, girl will positively allow no more than this with the exception of one (1) passionate good night kiss of the type called French. At the end of seven days or by the weekend (whichever comes first), girl will regretfully announce that her mother in Hackensack, North Dakota, is dying and she must go home. Also, since customer is irresistible, girl would not trust herself to ever come back to this office, a fact which is more tragic for her than he will ever know, and she hopes he will at least treasure the memory of what night have been \$150 plus salary at office.

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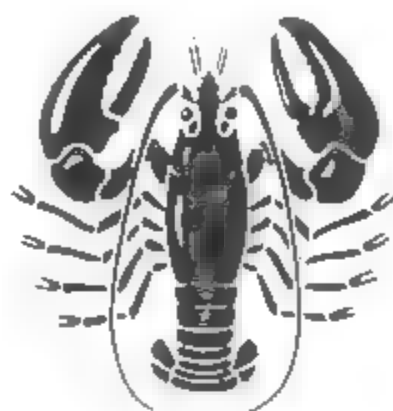
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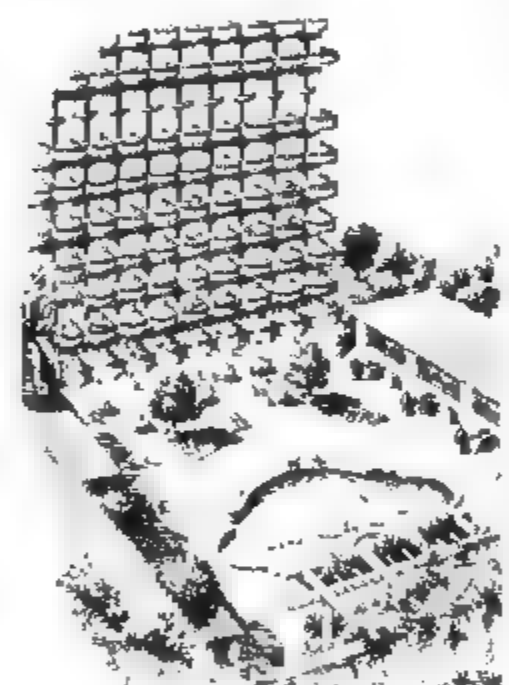
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## LETTER FROM BERLIN ACBERON WATCHE

President Nixon's famous détente with his slightly bloodstained hosts in the Kremlin has brought very little comfort to the 124,000-000 Europeans outside Russia who've been behind the Iron Curtain—or even to dissidents among the 180,000,000 Europeans who are thrown together inside the Soviet Union. At present the Nixon initiative seems to have given a terrific boost to the self-confidence of the KGB, the secret police force which has played such an important part under various names, throughout Russian history.

Until recently the KGB has been under something of a cloud in Western intellectual circles, with only a few stalwarts on *The Times* and its sister paper *The Sunday Times* of London prepared to put in a good word for them. Abashed, the KGB was making a fair show of effacing itself from the scene, retreating behind protestations of legality and righteous indignation about people trying to undermine the great Socialist achievements.

Now that President Nixon, taking refuge from his problems in Southeast Asia, has chosen to put the stamp of respectability once again on Moscow's empire, the KGB is holding its own little field day. All the dissenters released in the last few years are being rounded up again, with new pressure being put on many of Russia's most talented writers. Bulat Okudzhava, the balladeer and novelist, his friend the novelist Vladimir Maksimov and many others who have never been troubled before.

Jews bear the brunt as usual. A good barometer of the KGB's self-confidence used by British Soviet watchers is the fate of one Mr. Vladimir Markman. Markman was serving in the KGB when arrested for striking an officer who had made him the victim of an anti-Semitic harangue. Charges were dropped when he threatened to use his trial to describe in detail the anti-Semitic traditions of the Soviet Union. Since then he has been out of prison when the weather is fair, inside when it is foul. At the time of writing he is locked up again, accused by the press not only of having links with the Zionists but also with having assisted the Nazis in the mass extermination of the Jews (as a boy of eight when the war ended). The KGB, as I have said, are having themselves a lull.

In Prague, where ideological purification has been reaching new heights, there is considerable resentment that the West appears to be closing one of the very few remaining avenues of escape—the hijack. After the Lod Airport massacre in Israel, European pilots of the International Federation of Airline Pilots understandably take a dim view of hijacking, and are not prepared to distinguish between people who merely wish to get somewhere and those who are planning a massacre to make some obscure political point.

Ten Czech nationals who hijacked a plane from Marienbad, in Western Czechoslovakia to Weiden, West Germany, were disappointed to find themselves arrested and treated like rock scorpions on arrival. If Nixon's détente really gets under way, it looks as if the only way out of Russia for the poor people left behind by the tide of history will once again be inside a vodka bottle.

Similar charges to the ones normally made against the KGB are now being made against the Vatican by the niece of the late Cardinal Tisserant, who claims that the Vatican's Secretariat of State has stolen twelve suitcases of her uncle's documents in order to suppress their publication.

This could be exciting enough, but what really has Italy by the ears is that the papers are said to contain certain extraordinary allegations. Cardinal Tisserant was always a blunt and outspoken man. On his death last February at eighty-seven he was Dean of the Sacred College, having spent the last half century in the spider's web of Vatican intrigue. A French magazine claims that the diaries reveal how Pius XI was murdered by the father of a person close to Masson, who administered poison by injection.

Italian politics have taken an altogether livelier turn with the emergence of Signor Giorgio Almirante, extreme right wing leader of the neofascist Italian Social Movement. No sooner had he appeared as a force to be reckoned with than he made a speech in Florence which appeared to favor physical violence. Libel writs against left wingers who accused him on posters of being a "killer and torturer of Italians" have been rejected by two courts, and now relatives of men killed in the massacre of Naples in 1944 have brought charges against him alleging his complicity in the crime. At the time, Almirante was a senior official in the Fascist Ministry of Propaganda.

The French have been in a similar upheaval because President Pompidou chose to pardon the French war criminal Paul Touvier, a leader of the French Gestapo in Lyons, while pressing Bolivia for the extradition of Klaus Barbie, alias Altmann, head of the German Gestapo in the same town. Touvier has been found guilty of torturing and summarily executing French partisans. Until now, France has been in the best position for smoothing over sensitive ties left over from the last war, being able to point out that almost as many Frenchmen died fighting for Hitler on the eastern front in the second part of the war as died fighting against him in its first year. Now the Germans are absolutely furious, alleging preferential treatment for French mass murderers, and the general feeling is that France should start reequipping the

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Ireland saw a test case fought in the  
 Dublin High Courts which might have  
 a profound influence on the eventual  
 outcome of the Ulster conflict. Contra-  
 ception is legal in the Republic of Ire-  
 land. This is a fairly considerable part  
 of the northern majority's reluctance to  
 join it. And London watched breath-  
 lessly while Mrs. Mary McGee, a twenty-  
 seven-year-old housewife, sued the  
 Dublin Post Office and the Customs and  
 Excise Service over the seizure of con-  
 traceptive material in the post. She has  
 a history of cerebral thrombosis in labor.  
 At the time of writing the case is  
 still in dispute, but there is a feeling  
 that resistance to contraception may be-  
 come part of the Irish struggle with  
 condoms, joining the folk mythology as  
 a sort of totem symbolizing Protestant  
 freedom or Protestant brutality, accord-  
 ing to taste.

A homely episode in British history  
 ended with the Duke of Windsor's  
 death, when newspapers vied with each  
 other in an orgy of hypocritical regrets.  
 Of course, they all said, we are quite  
 different today. What a shame, they all  
 said, that the Duchess had never been  
 permitted to be known as Her Royal  
 Highness. Yet the very close relative of  
 the Duke was not asked to the funeral.

His nephew, Lord Harwood. The rea-  
 son? Lord Harwood was liveried. The  
 miracle is that they allowed the Duke  
 of Windsor to be present at his own  
 funeral.

A much gloomier occasion was the  
 death at only fifty-two of Lord Egrem-  
 ont, better known as Harold Macmillan's  
 private secretary, John Wyndham.  
 Wyndham's natural exuberance took  
 many strange forms. When feeling ex-  
 ceptionally ebullient in Downing Street,  
 late at night, he used to telephone the  
 sleeping head of the British Intelligence  
 Services at his London villa. This man's  
 morality is so secret that the Prime  
 Minister himself, when asked on the  
 subject, said: "I have no idea." Mr.  
 Anthony's snooty Wyndham down the  
 telephone: "Villain! I know your se-  
 cret!"

These calls were eventually traced by  
 the Intelligence Service to No. 10  
 Downing Street, where they caused  
 John an embarrassment. Wyndham's other  
 famous remark was: "Some people  
 are born extremely rich and others are  
 born extremely clever. I happen to have  
 been born both." In England, however,  
 the feeling is that nobody can do both  
 rich and clever, because the State takes  
 a heavy toll in death duties. The nor-  
 mal thing is to give everything to your heirs  
 at least seven years before you die. In  
 the last months of his life, friends were  
 surprised to see Wyndham buying na-  
 tions of farms in Sussex to add to his  
 already enormous holdings. In his  
 last illness he had discovered a loophole  
 in the Estate Duty Law which al-  
 lows a forty-five percent reduction of  
 death duties on agricultural land. Even  
 if you have only owned the land for a  
 few hours. Many people may still be  
 born both rich and clever in modern  
 England, it is a much rarer achieve-  
 ment to live in that happy state. #

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 could become everyone's. But those who join  
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 who not only relish our gin for its taste. But  
 for the notion that its discovery is theirs alone.  
 Besides, raging success would hardly  
 be fitting for a gin so bound up in British  
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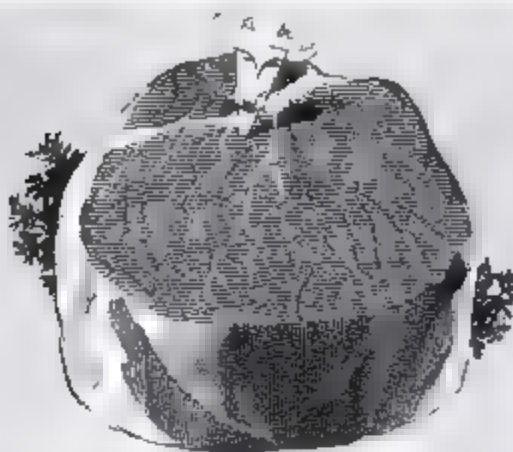
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## RECORDINGS

(Continued from page 42) researchers employed by the advertising men to "position" products in a market will also be used by politicians seeking the right positions. Thus in 1972 one finds the extraordinary situation of a President who has imposed wage and price controls and a challenger whose emotional armamentarium is that of the New Deal both proclaiming a need to free the people from the shackles of big government. This is what advertiser-proved social research says most people want, and in a campaign relying on national television to carry the message, candidates like networks will give the people what they want.

Unfortunately, reliance on advertising techniques lowers still farther an already slight public interest in politics. One of the wisest comments ever made about advertising was that customers do not select their brands, brands select their customers. Most viewers of a commercial for an anti-dandruff preparation let the message roll off them, but people who think they have dandruff pay attention. Political commercials make politics like all the other things on television a viewer has trained himself to ignore, and except for the true believers or dedicated disbelievers the citizenry grows bored.

But the worst disservice television has done to politics in America is its reduction of the great event that comes after the campaign: election night. It is hard for anyone under thirty-five to realize what a great party election night was in the days before we trusted public-opinion polls and computerized projections. People bet on elections as they bet on horse races, from pure difference of opinion, and as the inevitably contradictory raw tallies piled in through the night the alternations of gloom and cheer for different partisans produced new waves of betting. People stayed awake, hour after hour, following the election results as they would follow any sporting event. There were bonfires and booze and fistcuffs, and all the fun of fighting off fatigue in the company of one's fellowman. A good election night was an event remembered for years, a kind of sacrament of the society shared by much of the citizenry. Now Walter Cronkite elects a President by eleven o'clock, and everybody goes home unfulfilled.

I am not, I think, being trivial about profound questions or (worse) profound about trivial ones. Even in this era, when governments take a third of all the national income to support their activities, politics touches life only infrequently, television, for most people, touches life every day. That politics would be profoundly influenced by television was inevitable; but the rituals and sacraments of politics, which are important over the long run to maintain a democratic society—however unimportant in fact the result of specific elections may be—need not be prostituted to the cleverness of the crazy competitive system that produces and promotes the television picture. #

## HOW DOES THIS BOOK START?

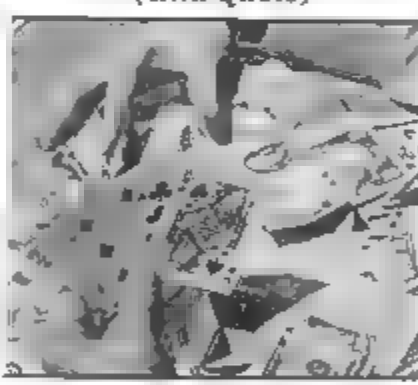
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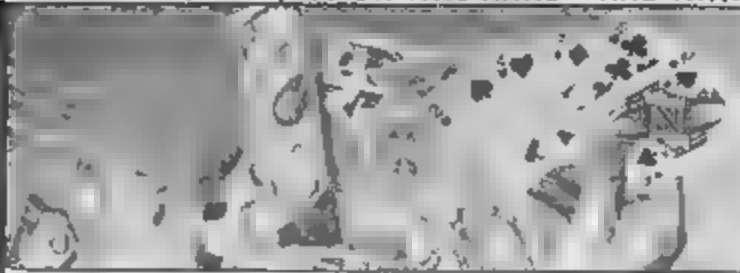
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## FICTION

### THEODORE SOLTYKOFF

The English psychiatrist Jean Riviere once conjectured that all artists work largely through the feminine side of their personalities. Granted its reductiveness and perhaps even some reverse sexism, the point is worth thinking about. The writer, for example, stays home with his feelings and fantasies while the other men go off each morning to hammer away at their piece of the practical world one that doesn't interpose on or care about their feelings about it. What the writer creates and nurtures is within himself, his work being a slow process of developing a "germ," as Henry James liked to put it, of consciousness, mothering it, as it were, into life. It is little wonder, then, that writers tend to experience the creative process in much the same way that a woman speaks of being delivered after a long pregnancy, and one could trace a suggestive set of parallels from the initial planting of the seed to the final stages of labor, including analogous feelings of elation, uncertainty, nausea, touchiness, dreaminess, fierce cravings, and, in the later stages, hardness, possessiveness, anticipation, mounting pressure, anguish, transportiveness, peace, emptiness, depression.

This involvement with producing something in one's innards can have a threatening effect on the male writer's masculinity. This seems to have been particularly true of American writers. American men generally tend to live on less easy terms with the feminine side of the personality than European men do, the latter having been more exposed to a civilizing wisdom that relates sensitivity and virility rather than holding them nervously apart (a wisdom that the younger generation here has somehow discovered on its own). This uneasiness may partly explain why a cult of masculinity has flourished so abundantly in American fiction as a kind of defensive reaction to the nature of the work itself. The prototype in this respect is Hemingway with his heavily self-publicized macho activities, his penchant for depicting soldiers, boxers, hunters, fishermen and their simple codes, his hard-boiled attitude toward experience, his spare, emotionally unreflected style and his mystical writing of himself as a force of honest manual labor and of grace under pressure as though a novelist were something of a cross between a carpenter and a fighter. All of this over a century ago, and yet the one book by Hemingway that seems now to have been psychoanalytically gripped by him is *The Sun Also Rises*, whose hero's superior sensitivity is so unrelated to his sexual want.

The young American fiction writer who was starting out twenty-five years ago would likely have taken under the influence not only of Hemingway but of a general pattern of literary conditioning that identified fiction with mascul-

ine aggression and tough-mindedness. Dreiser, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Farrell, Wright, Steinbeck, Wolfe, Henry Miller were all writers who radiated a strong masculine force, bent as each was on naming large veins of native experience and on developing a heavy-duty style that could swing their ore up into the light. The power of their influence is immediately apparent on the next generation of writers such as Mailer, Jones, Bellow, Aiken, Styron, who picked up the tradition of a muscular realism and a good deal of the Hemingway stance, their imaginations closely attached to immediate social phenomena, their prose maintaining the directness, punch and proportion of a hardheaded view of the persons and things of their particular province of experience.

These generalizations, rough and leaky though they be, are offered to suggest why the solid masculine talent became the model it did for the professional fiction writer in America. I can think of some other reasons as well: the frontier spirit, the influence of American journalism, etc.—but I want to get on to my point that this model has been breaking down pretty rapidly in recent years, along with the taboos that helped to support it. The example at hand is Philip Roth, whose transformation from the cool, steady realist of his first three books to the blue-eyed devil of *Portnoy's Complaint* and *Goodbye, Columbus* has led him now to write a short and devastating book about a literature professor who turns into a female breast. *The Breast* being, among other things, a fable of bisexual recognition in all of its strangeness, torment, and possible use.

Actually, Roth has been stealing up on this theme for a long time, since *Goodbye, Columbus*. Both *Letting Go* and *When She Was Good* bear an undercurrent of despair that grows out of Roth's preoccupation with the power of women to control their male lives by a kind of moral one-upmanship that attaches his virtue, proves his humanity, to his willingness to satisfy her needs, however unending or corrupt those may be. But this mechanism reads a socket in the man's plug into a complicated set of vulnerabilities to the woman's commands and desires. In *Letting Go* Roth focuses on the moral center, and *When She Was Good* on the emotional one. With *Portnoy*, the injury becomes more basic and desperate. Portnoy's fear of being both a way of getting into the intimacy and also a mark of loss, gives the depressive position of the young man, free in all the ways that matter to Sade's Portnoy's apocalyptic, some of which have been God-forsaken by her husband. Hence Portnoy's compulsive masturbation, which he performs about the same way with a woman as he does with his fist or with several substitutes in be-

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tween, is his way of maintaining the original Oedipal fund of excitement and guilt, each supplementing the other. So, too, are his other emotional habits, his sense of his worth, his work as a noble public servant, even his identity as a Jew, all tied up with his mother. Add them up and you get a pretty heavily feminized element in his character, which is another reason or two why he clings so much to his penis.

In this admittedly reductive view of Roth's intentions, it's only a short distance, particularly as the fantasy flies, from the Portnoy that we leave squirming in his impotency on Spielvogel's couch to David Alan Kepesh, who comes to one day in a hospital to discover he has been transformed into a female breast. There are quite marked similarities in their temperaments and problems. Kepesh is another high achiever from a strenuous and somewhat hysterical Jewish family who has cultivated, reasoned, and gentled himself into the professional class and classiness. He has had his various sexual flings, his stormy marriage, but now he has chosen proportion and dignity once and for all, and he has his life pretty well under control: the orderly satisfactions of teaching—along with the chance to safely indulge his taste for the "extreme" in the writings of Kafka, Gogol, Swift, and the other metaphysical co-

medians—and a sensible relationship with a luscious and stable girl. Still, certain problems have cropped up, a marked decline of his sexual interest in Claire, and then a strange red blush at the base of his penis, which is soon accompanied by an exquisite erotic sensitivity, his potency is more than restored, though he notices that in the moanings and clenchings of his ecstasy he seems to himself more like a woman than a man. But having been confirmed by his recently completed analysis in his life strategy of "putting one foot in front of the other," he tries to take these strange turns of events in stride. In sum, Kepesh might be Portnoy five years later. Dr. Spielvogel's work being done, the inner tumult reduced to a manageable nervousness, the vanity to a certain finickiness, the winking replaced by a cool wit; the depressive ties to Jewishness, family, and especially to women all loosened and made manageable by a little gap that has been opened between impulse and act known as reason, and the swamps of the id, at least the more marjinal of them, reclaimed by a solidified ego. The terms of the reality principle having been clarified, accepted, and internalized, Kepesh is all set for the well-adjusted life and then reality turns him into the grotesque image of his deepest fear (and desire): six feet and one

hundred fifty-five pounds of blind, immobile, and maddeningly tactile flesh in which all of his newly found "strength of character" and "will to live," to quote his analyst, are buried intact and put to this ultimate test.

It's no idle stroke that Kepesh's large and all-important nipple—through its milk ducts he is able to maintain communication of sorts with the world—has been made from his penile tissue. This shortly leads him to discover, as he is being washed, the one physical activity and pleasure that is left to him. Indeed, his first stage of life as a breast is marked by a frenzy each time his nipple is touched by his nurse and then, more purposefully, by Claire, which soon escalates into a consuming desire to arrange intercourse with both of them. What now passes for his "head" has become one libidinal power house which his superego struggles to contain, and a crisis ensues that is a far more intense version of Portnoy's perpetual debate between how much he wants sexually, and, after all, has coming to him, and how little he can afford himself. As Kepesh demands of his psychiatrist, Dr. Klinger, who has come back into the picture to help him adjust: "Why shouldn't I be rubbed and oiled and massaged and sacked and licked and fucked, too, if I want it, why shouldn't I?" (Continued on page 178)

# The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France.

This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz. She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married. When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white—the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her. And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

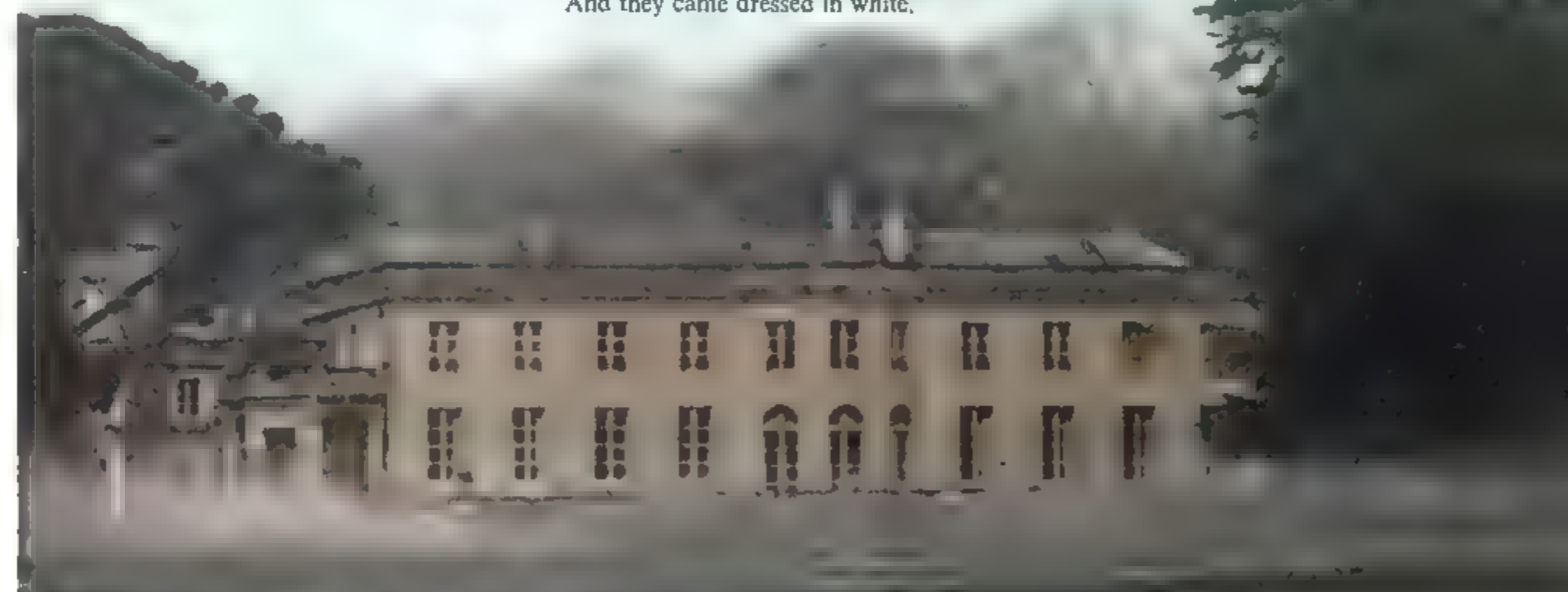
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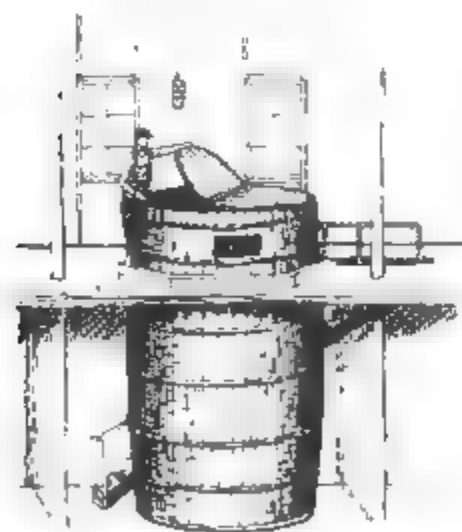
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BY DROP

no other whiskey achieves such rare, sippin' smoothness. And why our labels will always read: Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.

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## NOT A WORD ABOUT BOB AND VERA

Called to arbitrate between a director and a producer I suppose I would be inexorably prejudiced against the latter, particularly inexcusable in my case because so far I have personally had very little trouble with producers at the studios they might be representing, most of our relations having been more than friendly. Nevertheless, that has by no means been the case with many other directors: the history of movies being fairly littered with unrealized or compromised projects done in what is commonly referred to as "a front office." Therefore, whereas I approached Frank Capra's recent autobiography, *The Name Above the Title* (Macmillan paperback, Bantam paperback) with considerable partiality I opened the last published *Movie Man* (*Dead O'Seiznick*) (Viking) as close to an autobiography as we shall ever get from the late producer—with at least comparable degree of suspicion. If Capra's book is the voice of the director and is the most entertaining and best remembered ever written by an American filmmaker, the Selznick collection is as clearly the producers', and the two books take back by back throw a revealing light on the mysteries of these two often conflicting positions, the functions of which are so frequently confused in the public's mind.

To be fair about this, I've also had several enlightening encounters with Mr. Capra, who is as disarming in person as he is in his book, whereas I never met David Selznick. On the evidence of S.N. Behrman's all too late introduction to *Movie Man*, however, and from the testimony of me, who were closely associated with Selznick, he was apparently a more than charming person insofar as I am thinking particularly of George Cukor. Let me cite two scenes: pictures under Selznick's aegis when, after two years of preparation and some weeks of shooting in their eighth and final reunion, him with another director to keep an actor happy. The movie was *Love Me, Love My Dog* and though the two never worked together again, Cukor's affection for Selznick has not dimmed to this day. Similarly King Vidor, who regrettably quit Selznick's production of *Dead O'Seiznick* has also remained a partisan. A man who could command loyalty even after such traumatic separations must surely have been a considerably more than negligible force.

This is abundantly confirmed by the memoirs and letters, some 1,000 pages long and for years in a Hollywood agenda, which Mr. Rudy Behrman has carefully selected, researched and edited into a most valuable book. Cukor also has lengthy autobiographical sections intelligently pieced together from various sources. A man who, over the years, increasingly controlled the aspects of the films he produced, after to the credit of his associates but just

as often to their greater glory—Selznick epitomized what was best and sometimes worst in that unique assigned capability.

Pror to *Love Me, Love My Dog* which was both his making and his undoing, Selznick had been an exemplary partner in the working process. He consulted closely with his directors and writers on casts and scripts, editing and advising them at every step of the way. He also allowed the director to make the film. With the great financial responsibility of the Margaret Mitchell best seller things began to change, and he started to insist on an even closer supervision: he wanted to observe and approve each scene before the camera turned. This ultimately became not just unhelpful but deeply debilitating for his directors, and the source of many a disagreement. The director tended thus to become a valuable craftsman on a Selznick picture rather than a creator, and the quality of the work suffered from the lack of a cohesive style and personality. *Love Me, Love My Dog* finally



by, of four directors, *Dead O'Seiznick* seven. That the films were as successful and as effective as they nonetheless were is Selznick's greatest vindication, but in the long run they were not as sound artistically as many of those films on which Selznick had functioned more conventionally. Cukor's *Destiny*, *At Eight*, *Little Women*, *What Price Hollywood?*, *David Copperfield*, William Wellman's and Ben Hecht's *Nothing Sacred*.

After *Love Me, Love My Dog*, too, Selznick stepped into an odd and dangerous trap: he felt it necessary to top himself. This he equated to a large extent with size and, increasingly, with cost. Projects were inflated out of proportion until at last an intimate live story like *A Farewell to Arms* became a Selznick super-production that beyond recognition. Of course this was way of thinking he never let top himself and he knew that it was a part of his sickness.

It is not significant that the three films Alfred Hitchcock directed for Selznick—*Rope*, *Suspicion*, *The*

*Picture*—are also Hitchcock's least personal and least interesting American films. *Notorious*, which began as a Selznick project but which he sold and was not involved with actively as producer, is also significantly, by far the best of that series. During these same years, away from Selznick, Hitchcock made *Saboteur*, *At a Dark Place*, *Foreign Correspondent*, *Suspicion*, among others, all key films in his career. A strong director like Hitchcock simply could not function at his best under the kind of authority Selznick imposed. Vidor got so did John Huston (for *Farewell to Arms*). Others less successful and not. After *Love Me, Love My Dog*, Selznick never again worked amicably with a major director. In some way, the work was always either second rate or a compromise between two opposed temperaments.

"One man, one film." This is precisely what Capra championed and made to work, often against heavy odds. Ultimately, Selznick probably believed this too, but he considered *Love Me, Love My Dog* the final plunge and actually directed the pictures. He had therefore, always to rely on others to bring his visions to fruition, and, unfortunately, there is simply no way to direct films by remote control, no matter how manipulable the director: one has to be out there, under fire, making the decisions as the problems arise, choosing the set-ups, directing the actors, making the work through the force of one's personality. To do, finally, Selznick never did.

No matter what the literary source, Capra's films are his. The same signature can be counted from *It Happened One Night* through *My Darling Clementine* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* to *12 Angry Men* and even the relative failure of *Pogroms of Moscow*. But who is the author of *Seven Years' Itch*, *My Darling Clementine*, *Portrait of a Lady*, the last *Front Street*, *Arms*? Selznick clearly predominates out where is his hand? Is it his camera work, his direction of actors, his casting? In the final analysis, Selznick's productions were collaborative and they cannot possess either the same intensity or the same personal authority of those films in which the director was the final arbiter. Selznick wrote memos of instruction, often incisive and acute, but he was an armchair general. Capra wrote no memos: he did the work. He not only made the decisions, he carried them out. At its essence, that is the difference between a director and a producer, as well as the reason why the movies are not a writers', not a producers' but a directors' medium. He makes the film. You cannot extract success to paint a picture at some point he has to hold the brush.

Selznick's genius—and there can be little argument on this—was in his command, his showmanship as well



••Homeward Bound••



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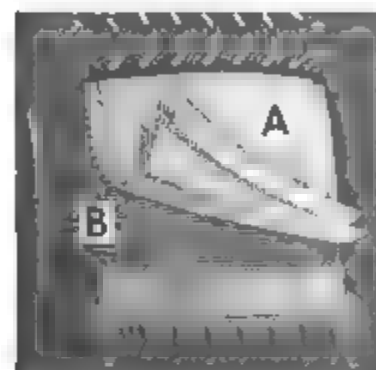


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as in his has a good taste. He brought Hitchcock to America, as well as Ingrid Bergman, he discovered Vivien Leigh and Jennifer Jones, established Cukor as a major director, to various degrees guided the careers with intelligence and passion, as he did with Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten and many others. He encouraged Cukor's instincts about Katharine Hepburn and he promoted *Go with the Wind*, *Rebecca* and *Duel in the Sun* into record breaking successes. His contribution to American movies was important and, in its way, invaluable but he was not an artist. He never went all the way.

Capra was and did. For better or worse, his pictures are undeniably his own. But the two careers—Capra's and Selznick's—are not really comparable after all though both achieved their greatest successes during the Thirties and just before the Second World War, and both were to moviegoers recognizable names that assured them of a considerable degree of quality. Capra takes his books title from this fact—*The Name Above the Title* was his—it was *Frank Capra's* picture and the possession was apt. David Selznick's similar billing was less so. Watching a Capra film, we are indeed in the presence of one of his obsessions, fantasies, dreams, with a Selznick film we are in the company of a talented executive, influencing others less, and sometimes more talented than he. The two are not the same, but read both books, they are an education. +

### NIGHTWALK

*Cracking my neck at tea noon  
The muscles jump like something  
Caught in my throat. If I were*

*To pump up and down I would  
Spin like an eggbeater whipping  
The elements. As it is I feel*

*Here wondering if the moon is  
Moving or not. Concentrating  
Surface the sex, the burnt*

*Edged close below a stone  
Too dense to burn yet too hot  
For these tired parts to handle*

*The hand is in conspiracy  
Shadows reshape themselves on  
A closing border, dark things*

*Move into their depths. I can  
Hear the rabbits in their cages  
Cuddling against the wire*

*I wonder about the noise of this,  
For something very terrible has  
Taken place, some shift in the*

*Earth beneath my feet. In front  
Of the house and facing outwards  
I am sinking into the ground*

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# What is the New Impotence, and Who's Got It?

by Philip Nobile

*We're glad you weren't afraid to ask...*

"Oh, Jake," Brett said, "we could have had such a damned good time together." *The Sun Also Rises*

Jonathan "You know it. When you think of what he's got to dip into, any guy with a conscience has a right to turn soft. Am I right, Louise?" *Carroll Knowledge*

**W**oman the eternal receptacle. Man the immutable rod. Woman the trusty scabbard. Man the terrible swift sword. It was ever thus. But from the looks of recent revolting developments, it may very well be otherwise now. The tool of man's long, hard thrust through history is presently being recalled. Jim Brown, Sonny Corleone, Strom Thurmond and honorary-homosexual Frasier the Lion (God rest his randy soul) apart, *homo faber* has seen better days. For impotence, in all its works and pomps, seems to be plainly and lamentably on the rise. No reliable statistics support this assumption. Scientifically, nobody can make the charge stick. Impressions are all we have to go on, yet Kinsey's 1.3-percent occurrence of erectile impotence in males under thirty-five doesn't appear to stand up in the oversexed Seventies.

For instance: A 1970 *Psychology Today* poll reveals that slightly over one-third of its male readers "have had difficulty achieving erection." "It's a flood," says Ann Welbourne of New York's Community Sex Information telephone helpline. "You get the feeling that every man in the city is impotent or suffers from premature ejaculation." Four out of the five sexologists in a *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* (October, 1971) round-table report that impotence is most definitely increasing; their diagnosis worsens with the news that this disorder is spreading among previously immune non-Caucasian machos and that making out as we know it is imperiled by "a growing disinterest in copulatory activities on the part of the younger generation." Sandy Frazier, a Harvard senior and *Lampoon* humorist, confesses that 1972 was "one of the driest years in history" for Harvard men who, he observes, are turning away from their sisters and toward self-abuse in great numbers. What, then, is slower than flowing blood, less powerful than a derailed locomotive and unable to leap anything with repeated bounds? It's the title of Dr. George L. Ginsberg's paper in last March's

*Archives of General Psychiatry*—it's "The New Impotence."

The tall, heavysset and inordinately dear Dr. Ginsberg appears to have been cloned from a youthful Dr. Masters. He's the type of imperturbable psychoanalyst who wouldn't flinch if you told him you just performed an unnatural act on your mother-in-law's corpse and want to show him movies of it. As Associate Director of Psychiatric Service and Psychiatrist-in-Charge at the New York University Hospital, Ginsberg is in an imperfect position to be ripping off another sex abnormality. So when he makes the far-out case for a new kind of impotence against the grain of the analytic community, you listen. His argument is brief and commonsensical: the sexual expectations of the American middle-class woman have evolved in the past twenty years, easing virginity into retirement and elevating orgasm to beatitude. Such deviations were bound to affect the war between men and women. "We suggest that these cultural changes have consequences in the structure and manifestation of neurotic phenomena. By breaking the former ecologic balance in society, a disequilibrium has been created, leaving its mark on the male partners of these new women. Our observation of a group of impotent young men suggests that this cultural trend must be considered as a significant etiologic factor in order to understand their disturbing and anxiety-producing impotence. While impotence has always existed, it now takes on an additional form." Four case histories with similar scenarios illustrate Ginsberg's hypothesis: the male invariably perceives himself a mere sex object in the eyes of his liberated mate. "There is a reversal of former roles," Ginsberg notes, "the role of the put upon Victorian woman is that of the put-upon man of the 1970's." Unconscious transmutations of feminine revenge by an aggressive manner and overassertiveness may enhance a man's castration anxiety with consequent fear of the vagina.

Sitting in his bare white-walled office hard by the psychiatric ward of the University Hospital, Ginsberg gladly elaborates on his controversial discovery which Albert Ellis, irrepressible dean of American sexology, deems "misleading." How does the so-called new im-

\*Coauthors with Ginsberg were Dr. William A. French and Dr. Theodore Shapiro, both of Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

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potence differ from the old Kinseyan impotence? In the absence of comparative data Ginsberg wisely refuses to defend the notion of a higher frequency. "There were many men with problems of potency who did not seek help," he admits. But when they did, according to Ginsberg, they usually fit the classic old-impotence picture of a veteran husband tiring of his veteran wife. This traditional strain, which still coexists with the newer form, is no big deal to its carriers. "The married man of fifteen years feels a relative lack of anxiety because he fantasizes that his problem would go away if he had a different partner." Whereas, the young fellow today knows he has to put up or shut up.

Although Ginsberg fingers liberated women for upsetting the sexual appreciat, he really does not blame them for the new impotence. That would be like blaming Cesar Chavez for the rising price of lettuce. Women should expect a decent erection and a half-decent orgasm in congress. If men fail to provide the where-withal, they can scarcely escape sanction. More often than not the new impotence originates in the man's head rather than from any explicit request of his lady. "This is not a question of women's lib," insists Ginsberg, "but rather the way a man perceives it, that social pressures were perceived by the man as his having to perform some demand that he was not ready to satisfy."

While Ginsberg's findings sound plausible there is considerable doubt whether he has actually come up with an entirely novel pathology. "Impotence is impotence is impotence, as Gertrude Stein said about roses," comments Dr. Martin Shepard who is experimenting with a group therapy approach (cheap) to the problem. Dr. John O'Connor, an associate professor of psychiatry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, who did some administrative level work with the Sexual Therapy Program at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, disputes the historicity of his cross-town colleague. For Ginsberg's archetype of the all right grey-flannel ass man of the Fifties going limp after the revolution wants for distinction. "This guy probably didn't do too well then either," O'Connor supposes. "He might have shown up impotent later on when he got married." Dr. Ellis won't even buy the contention that the per-capita impotence index is ascending. He thinks Ginsberg has it all wrong. "If more men play baseball now than they did before, you would have more of them complaining, 'I can't hit the ball.' Ginsberg isn't watching the sample. He's not realizing that more men are bailing. The Kinsey data showed college-level males thirty years ago were largely masturbating. Now if a hundred men are bailing today as compared with twenty men thirty years ago, then you're going to have more of them showing up with coital problems. There will be more impotent males because there are more in the total sample of fornicators, but proportionately fewer of these fornicators would be impotent because they are more knowledgeable, practiced, and adept. So I'd say the incidence of impotence has really decreased."

Impotence can be a pretty doozy psychogenic affair. Purely physical impotence is associated with multiple sclerosis, syphilis, diabetes, injury to the lower spinal cord, drugs, etc. Analysis affords some insight into the causes, but any given case may have a constellation of contributing factors whose connections are hidden from view. Since no two individuals will react to the same set of circumstances in exactly the same manner, there is no strict impotence profile. In general, however, perfectionists and worrywarts are more likely to

be victimized than relaxed individuals. Extroverted personalities are less prone to this disorder than passive ones. A pervasive performance anxiety fertilizes the field for impotence better than any other trait. A man who is constantly egged on by unsuccess does not usually make light of bedtime disasters. "Fears of performance, regardless of original psychosocial focus, are rapidly transferred to sexual concern because it is as easy to remove sexual functioning from its natural physiological context," Masters and Johnson write terrifyingly in *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. From a single experience in erectile failure may come permanent loss of erectile capacity.

According to the canons of psychoanalysis, the ultimate source of impotence lies behind the tributaries of character in the Oedipal muddle of childhood sexuality. Either mother dominance or father dominance can gum up the proceedings by depreciating the boy's image of masculinity or by forcing it down his throat. A persistent castration complex, perhaps stemming from early warnings against masturbation, will also do the trick. Dr. O'Connor of Columbia has begun to isolate certain familial patterns—as opposed to a unique traumatic event—as possible catalysts in impotence—coldness and the lack of affective touching in the home programs restraint, a death in the family when the boy is especially young may damage his trust in people and prevent him from relating well later on. "ALD sex," O'Connor adds, "is a form of human relations."

What's old-fashioned, new-fangled, or downright neurotic impotence is no simple determination with this complicated etiology. Take the case of Ralph Freid, a pseudonym for a thirty-year-old professor on the faculty of a ranking Southern university. Freid was a prolific but not obsessive teen-age *shuttopper* and kept up the pace in college with nary a blemish on his scorecard. As a graduate student in the late Sixties he rented an off-campus room in the apartment of a beautiful blonde mother of two little girls. Suspecting there was a husband around the house somewhere, he moved in with good faith and only clean thoughts. Was he in for a surprise. "Around nine o'clock the first night, she knocked on my door and asked me if I wanted some tea. So we had some tea and we talked. She told me she was divorced and that her husband was out of town. Then she put on some music and asked me to dance. She got physically aggressive during the dancing which encouraged me to make sexual advances toward her. I kissed her and held her. We sat down on the couch and kissed some more. Then she suddenly unzipped my fly, pulled out my penis and started to engage in oral intercourse. I had an orgasm almost immediately which kind of embarrassed me. After that we went to bed in my room and two hours later we had intercourse. We did it once or twice again in the early morning. I had never been with a woman who was so eager to perform various sexual acts. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. It was fantastic."

The daily schedule at Freid's own garden of delights consisted of an a.m. roll in the hay and a p.m. roll in the hay. The libidinous landlady would offer up her dewy charms during his morning shave and be lying lasciviously naked between his covers upon his return from a hard day's work at the library. Her kisses were always soul and her culture vigorously French. After three weeks of unbridled polymorphous perversity in the clutches of this insatiable divorcee, Freid involuntarily retreated. His exhausted member no longer obeyed internal summonses and outside agitation was a complete flop. Freid was flaccid in the middle of the American dream.

A visit to the landlady's doctor ruled out any physiological cause. The doctor winked at Freid and prescribed a vacation from the love machine. So he packed his bags and left. Despite medical assurances and a couple of dry runs where the system checked out okay—although the girls loved going all the way—Freid still wasn't sure he was in the clear. Six months passed before he was able to banish the specter of perpetual detumescence with a woman who would eventually become his wife. From their first intercourse five years ago to their several hundredth to date, Freid has put her a perfect game. He is a happy, potent man.

Which category is Freid? New impotence because he shrunk before a liberated woman and was reduced to gigolo status? Or old impotence because his pushy father robbed him of self-esteem to the point where he dreamed his dashing dad was sleeping with his girlfriends? Who knows? The answer doesn't seem that crucial.

The actual condition of impotence is a son of a gun to define. Sexologists have not settled on precisely which penile maladjustments deserve the name. Masters and Johnson exclude those manifestations where either erectile or ejaculatory competence is maintained regardless of undesired side effects. For example, some men can sustain an erection without being able to complete the sex act in the vagina—ejaculatory impotence—where others can ejaculate but do so too hastily—premature ejaculation. Dr. David Reuben's definition is looser and more manageable. "Impotence," he half-kids in *Everything you always wanted to know about sex*, "is a penis that won't do what it's told." There are manifold varieties of such disobedience, each with its own peculiar existence. Primary impotence afflicts those few infirmities who have never once creased the skins of woman or man in the case of homosexual. Secondary impotence, by far the larger category, covers every gentleman who has gotten his foot inside the door, so to speak, on at least a single occasion, although for one reason or another the rate of his subsequent entrances has fallen off. Masters and Johnson mark twenty-five percent the cut-off point. If a man flunks the coital test one out of every four chances, he can be considered among the secondarily impotent. Intermittent impotence, owing to booze, fatigue or the blahs, is the universal condition of mankind. Folk medicine is the best curative in this regard. When the stock market fell two years ago, Dr. O'Connor was visited by three private brokers. "When the Dow Jones average goes up," he told them, "the penis will too."

The power shortage is expressed in five principal ways.

1. *Erectile impotence* means a fellow can't get off the ground no matter what attention is paid to excitation. This type is quite rare. For almost all save the primary impotent can raise themselves sufficiently for masturbation or for a sporadic go at intercourse.

2. *Ejaculatory impotence* is a l windup and no delivery. Try as he might the man cannot gain release despite the firmness of his erection. This again is an uncommon complaint. Masters and Johnson saw only seventeen examples in eleven years. Although some psychiatrists state ejaculatory impotence is difficult to remedy since it symbolizes a deep-seated anger toward women, Masters and Johnson have cured the fourteen cases that stuck through their two-week therapy program in St. Louis.

3. *Selective impotence* involves curious arrangements whereby a man can engage in normal relations with one woman but not another (a prostitute but not a wife) or in one circumstance but not another (in the

light but not in the dark). The "madonna complex," for instance, inhibits a husband from defiling his wife in lust, yet he will have no hesitation about playing dirty with a whore.

4. *Retarded ejaculation* fails the basic criteria for potency—stiff erection and ejaculation in the vagina. The fault resides in the length of time necessary to complete the act—sometimes many hours. A man with this sort of response often ends with no ejaculation and/or no erection.

5. *Premature ejaculation*, that is, ejaculation just before or just after entry, plagues men more than any other instance of impotence. Quickness in the draw is picked up from prostitutes, in early masturbation and in teen-age sex where speed is of the essence. The frustration linked with this so-close-yet-so-far-away mode of intercourse counsels despair. Freid is rumored to have suffered from premature himself. How else can one explain, Dr. Edwin Hirsch gossips in *Intimacy and Fidelity*, Freud's low regard for the sex instinct in the following statement? "It—the sex instinct—is capricious, easily upset, often clumsily carried out, and not very pleasurable. Above all, however, it avoids all associations with feelings of tenderness." Since premature ejaculation is merely a question of slowing down the arousal mechanism which is already in tip-top shape, the odds for overcoming it are good. The acclaimed Masters and Johnson "squeeze technique" can be practiced in the privacy of your own home. Basically, when the man feels he's about to lose control, the woman squeezes the head of the penis between her thumb and first and second fingers. This measure temporarily halts the ejaculatory rush and eventually teaches discipline. Masters' and Johnson's cure rate here is 97.8 percent.

The historical debate over premature ejaculation—when premature and when not?—puts the subject of impotence in vivid relief. Kinsey, for example, testily dismissed the whole concept, reproving sexologists for their ignorance of mammalian behavior. If the primates do it fast, he wondered, why should man? It would be difficult to find another situation in which an individual who was quick and intense in his responses was labeled anything but superior and that in most instances is exactly what the rapidly ejaculatory male probably is, however inconvenient or unfortunate his qualities may be from the standpoint of the wife in the relationship. But we've come a long way from the fabled Forties. Masters and Johnson stand the heartless Kinsey on his head. Not only do they accept the notion of premature ejaculation, but they are notoriously soft on female orgasm. For them a man ejaculates prematurely "if he cannot control his ejaculatory process for a sufficient length of time during intravaginal coitus to satisfy his partner in at least fifty percent of their coital connections." Surely this is heartlessness as well. Kinsey's ideal dashman becomes Masters' and Johnson's hoped-for long-distance runner. The woman of today may receive a better break on paper, but she certainly isn't getting similar deserts in bed. If there is no new impotence in the clinics, there's a new impotence on the mind.

The game of sexual politics has shifted the previous imbalance of power. Where to and for better or worse is yet to be determined, of course. But some sudden sympathy for the dislocated male person wouldn't hurt.

\*Masters and Johnson's prescriptions can be a downward-spiraling affair. For example, suggesting a St. John's Wort of the Tri-nag for the first time to a New York doctor that subjects to the drugs as a cure for the first time, is a big problem after some. A study that came out of the New York drug rehabilitation center shows that some people who are treated for the first time, after a single intercourse, time from 5 to 10 minutes.



Through no fault of his own he was born into the empire and now must live through the Balkanization of the masculine mystique. It's a rough passage for potency. Sandy Frazier flops back on his regulation ragged dormitory couch in Dunster House and giggles about the time a "Gloria Steinem look-alike" he had been admiring safely from afar asked him for a date. He remembers wondering, if the grand opportunity came to pass, *not* "Will she or won't she?" but "Could he or couldn't he?" He's thrown away the boy-girl script he memorized in knee pants. "For eighteen years I just knew what to do with women," he remarks wistfully of *temps perdus*. "You pick her up at the door, she's nice-looking, dressed up. You are dressed up. You go out on a date and then you start doing piggy things at the end. That's cool. That's the way women used to be. But now they might make the first move. I never thought that women were supposed to have a good time. The only reason I thought women were supposed to enjoy it was because they were being oad. Now all these cultural givens are no longer givens, and it's terrible. You've got to improvise every time."

Poor Frazier. He can't hang loose without faking it. "You can't fake a hard-on," screams a disappointed female in *Oh! Calcutta!* That's okay. Frazier is faking a soft-on. "I think the one thing that works with me is the kind of attitude I'm taking right now. To go out with liberated women and just parody it. I had one session where I sat and listened to these chicks talk about their hair for forty five minutes. A girl said to me one time that I was always doing those sexist dates like taking girls to football games. 'It's not true,' I said. 'In high school I used to take my girl friend to watch hairdressing. That's the only way I get by to fool around with them. The fact is I only have a certain number of cultural tools and I just don't know how to make new ones.'"

Who does? If Midge Decter is right, liberated women have unwittingly greased the skids for co-inter-revolution. Decter, literary editor of *World* magazine and, like her husband Norman Podhoretz, a tough cookie on all matters under the sun, argues that the ultimate destiny of the sisterly push and shove toward sexual equality has got to be maidenhood. (*Toward the New Chastity, The Atlantic*, August, 1972.) She doesn't think girls are built to back the open-admissions program foisted on them by the Zeitgeist. Instead of setting women free from ob activity, the new freedoms made them better objects. And what is a girl to do in this "chaotically limitless and therefore unmanageable realm" of fearless sex? That's the dilemma. "For the problem of her having been left to the operations of her own lust," Decter writes, "is that young girls do not lust in any way that gives proper drive or guidance to action." Women flail about for the big and tiny O's the world owes them but the trip is a bummer. "They undertook the obligations of an impersonal lust they did not feel, but only believed in; they set out in quest of a pleasure whose dimensions did not match their own and whose attainment was a willed accomplishment; they rendered up to the realm of active choice that about which they felt little genuine inner pressure to choose." Menable words.

The beginning of erotic wisdom, as Decter implies, lies below the belt. What women don't have, they should not flaunt. The same restrictions apply to men who, as a class, are being forced to recognize the shocking finitude of their penises. You say, if the Omnipotent wanted us to have more potency (both male and female), He would have created more efficient equipment for the task. Indeed the design appears badly

botched. Augustine exonerates Him in *The City of God* and cites original sin as the cause of genital perturbation. He speculates that before the Fall, Adam was master of his blood supply and Eve, presumably, mistress of hers. Erections in Eden were not involuntary but willed in accordance with Adam's preternatural state. When our first parents ate of the forbidden fruit, they blew the gift of imperfectability which included the guarantee of sexual paradise with every ride in the saddle. Despite the tarnished quality of our inheritance, however, there's plenty of room for improving its employ.

First commandment: *Know thy anatomy.* In sim, the penis is its own man in intercourse. Granted a bare minimum of stimuli and an unthreatening environment, the penis is off to the races. The vagina, on the other hand, is the tortoise of the erogenous zones. Although fluid may appear in the neighborhood as soon as 30 seconds following initial stimulation, the blood accumulation in the surrounding pelvis—the *sex ne quon* of female orgasm—takes several minutes to hours. This is what Decter was getting at when she said women do not experience a whiz-bang lust in the gut. When the vagina and adjacent areas are engorged to the gills, watch out. A woman's orgasm is longer and more intense than any man's. Since the clitoris is the seat of her sensation, she can have not one but multiple orgasms with or without the penis and before or after the male organ has done its singular duty. Thus the penis is dropped from its super-starring role in the sex act. The conquering hero doesn't have to conquer any more. Instead of bruising the male ego, this discovery removes the phallic burden from the man and permits a repertoire of potencies. Meteorists on both sides like to imagine, however, the most pleasurable orgasm for the woman is the one in concert with the beloved phallus.

Second commandment: *Love thy lover as thyself.* Although neither sex can promise the other potency, each can promote a healing touch. Only a clitoris-worshipping feminist would throw out the penis with the wash. Tenderness allegedly has a miraculous effect. Dr. Reuben's surefire method of coaxing the phantom erection out of hiding is to have the woman gently cup her breast and bring her nipple to the man's mouth, if that fizzles, fellatio is the next plateau, last but not least she should nudge his head in the direction of her moans veneris in preparation for the supreme oblation. "The idea that this woman eagerly wants him to do what he may have even been afraid to suggest is overwhelming." Perhaps Reuben is placing too much stock in male fantasies. What does psychiatrist Mary Jane Sherfey, author of *The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality*, reply to Reuben's chauvinist optimism? "If she's a nice girl and has half a brain in her head, she'll get him over it in short order," Sherfey concurs. "I should say, it takes a girl who has some experience with men and isn't afraid of mother." Even Germaine Greer waxes sympathetic in the agony of existential impotence. "But the thing is anyway, that I'm enough of a whore if it won't stand up. I just find out what will make it stand up and sooner or later there's something. I don't kind of say, 'Hey, eh, well, that's pretty terrible, that's pretty boring. I'll get a cab.'"

There is also the possibility, which nobody except Dr. Martin Shepard diagnosed, that maybe *this* man shouldn't be lying with *this* woman. Sexual incompatibility can be a tonic. Sex used to be a less casual affair. You had to love a woman before you slept with her. Now you're supposed to get it up for almost anybody. But even bull elephants (*Continued on page 218*)

# The Kane Mutiny

by Peter Bogdanovich

OK, *Citizen Kane* is a great movie, but does Orson Welles deserve all the credit? Pauline Kael and John Houseman say no. Herewith, another view.



In an international poll taken in 1962 by the leading film quarterly, *Sight and Sound*, Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* was ranked above such masterpieces as *Greed* and *Potemkin*, the vote placing it first among all the great films ever made. The same magazine took a similar poll ten years later and though other films on the list had changed, *Kane* once again came first. In fact, this year another Welles film, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, was also included in the top ten of all time, and Welles was voted the greatest director in movie history. Back in 1963, Jean Luc Godard succinctly expressed the sentiment of most contemporary directors: "All of us will always owe him everything."

Personally, I don't think *Citizen Kane* is the greatest movie ever made. Welles himself has made better films. Of course, this is a matter of opinion, but that *Kane* represents an important landmark in film history is not really open to dispute. When the shooting script was finally published last year (by Little, Brown) as a lavishly illustrated \$15 volume, the task of writing the 50,000-word introduction in what must surely remain a standard book in its field was given to Miss Pauline

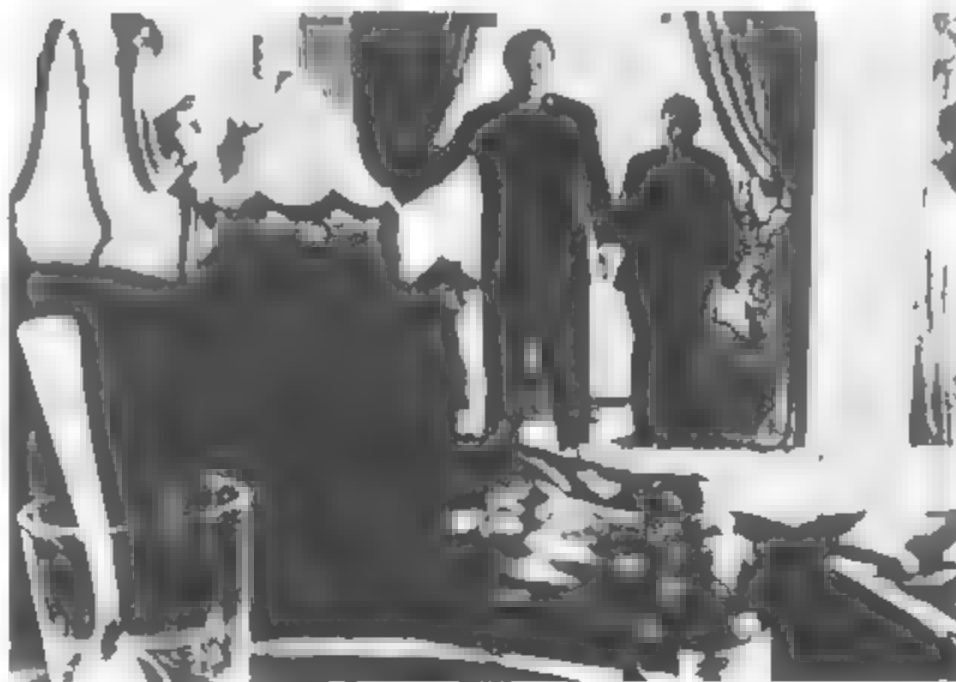
Kael. This might have been considered as an exciting and difficult challenge to be met with respect, if not for the subject, at least for the facts pertaining to it. Miss Kael made peculiar uses of her opportunity. What she produced (it was first printed some months before in *The New Yorker*) is so loaded with error and faulty supposition that it would require at least as many words as were at her disposal to correct, disprove and properly refute it. Very little has been done about that.

In film magazines there have been one or two short pieces. Andrew Sarris disagreed angrily in *The Village Voice*, and, in *The Observer* of London, Kenneth Tynan wrote, uneasily, "The Kael version leaves too many queries unanswered." This is putting it mildly. Ken Russell (in *Books and Bookmen*) was more forthright: "All directors are the same, she screams, they always steal the poor screenwriter's credit. . . ." It has not escaped Russell that, over the years, Miss Kael has been writing against those of her fellow critics, like Sarris (and he is now in the majority), who believe that when a film aspires to the level of art, the man in charge of its making, the director, must be held re-

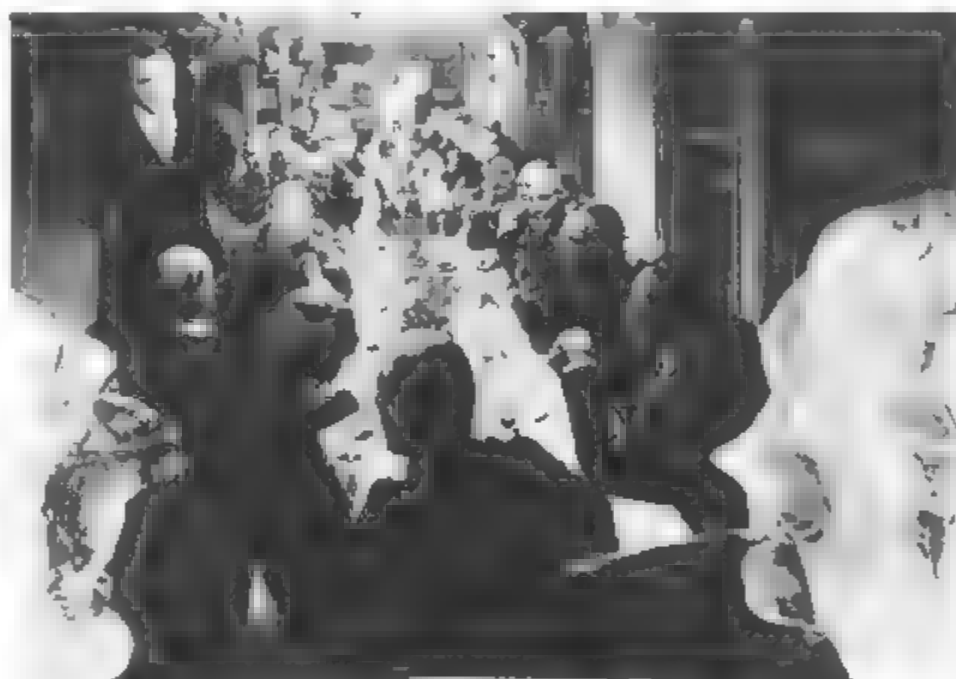


## Bogdanovich on details of the Welles technique:

Depth-of-Focus Using more light than is normal combined with a stopped-down wide-angle lens, camera-man Toland was able to give Welles what he wanted in this scene in which Susan is reading Kane to have attempted to take the pill bottle and glass she used as sharp, in the foreground as the figures disappear in the background. The drama of the scene was thus concentrated most economically in one shot.



The same technique was employed in this shot from the party sequence in order to keep the neoclassical sculptures in the foreground and the people at the end of the table in equally sharp focus much clearer on a big screen than in this small still. The light from the lights was so intense that the set decorator had constantly to replace the melting sculptures.



responsible for the rest, and praised or blamed accordingly. Miss Kael would have it otherwise. By taking a great film of his (*Kane*) and seeking to prove that a great film of his (*Kane*) was actually the creation of an out-time screenwriter, Herman J. Mankiewicz, a member and product of the old Hollywood system, she clearly hopes to demolish this idea forever.

Welles was a shrewd choice. He's somebody people love to attack, anyway. Whether he deserves all that kicking around is another matter of opinion. It may easily be argued that he brings it on himself, and just as easily that it's not only in Hollywood that the price of real stature in a man is the eager venom with which others try to cut him down. For over three years now I've been working on a book about Welles, not so much striving for new aesthetic evaluations, but, quite simply, trying to put down what can be documented as the truth about his career to date as a film maker. Not an easy job, but, nearing the end of it, I think I can state with some authority that Ken Russell does not

exaggerate when he calls Miss Kael's attitude "Heida Heiderish and Ledaia Parsanish." Strong words, but, unfortunately, Miss Kael does indeed manage to reach the level of tired gossip-mongers when she claims that Mankiewicz, the credited coauthor of the *Kane* script, was blackmailed into sharing credit with Welles' "Evidently strong words and the bitter fact is that in the publisher version of his own film, Welles stands accused of being, in effect, a liar and a thief. Well, either he is or he isn't."

Miss Kael passes on a particularly scabrous anecdote from screenwriter Nathanael Johnson, who, she says, told her Mankiewicz had once told him that Welles had offered a \$10,000 bribe to Mankiewicz to leave his name off the screen. To speculate that Johnson, an able scolarist, may feel, as so many others do, justifiably bitter about the degree of credit directors are often given at the writers' expense would probably be playing Miss Kael's guessing game. But Johnson's reply to her when she asked him if he actually believed this piece of gos-

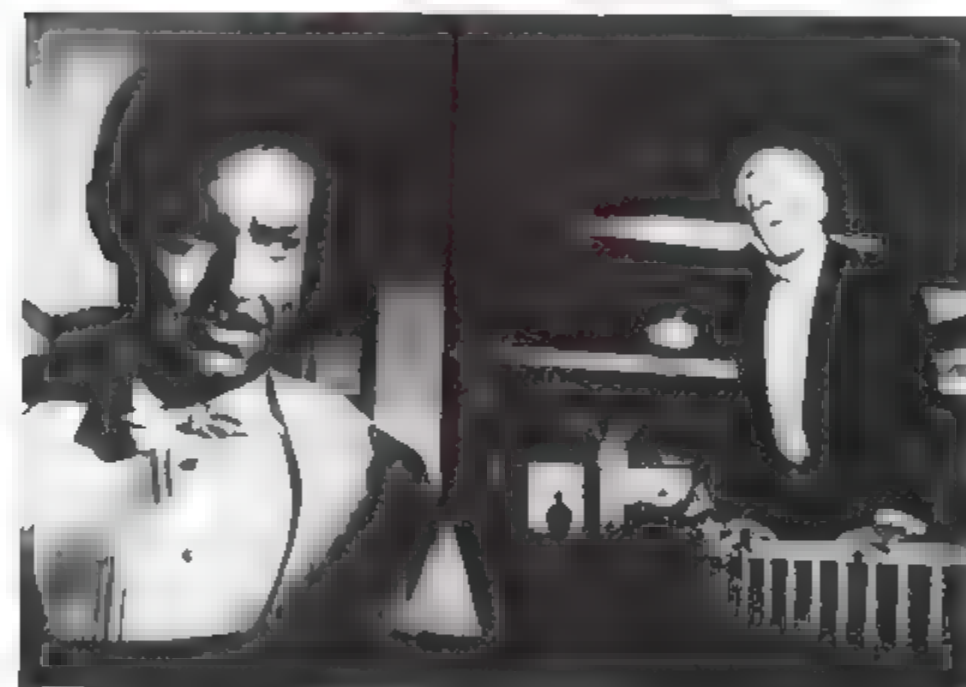
sip speaks for itself. Said Johnson: "I like to believe he did." italics mine. Miss Kael leaves this ugly little rumor on research, and on the record.

As far as books are concerned, this has been a bad year for Orson Welles. His ex-partner John Houseman, his publisher *Random House*, and Simon and Schuster. Written with great urbanity, it presents a portrait of Welles calculated to impress you as a fair and friendly view of an unstable egomaniac, a sympathetic picture of a cynic, the subject. This is accomplished with the highest skill. Only careful reading tacked on in many cases, and a little research, reveals what I believe to be the truth, not only about Welles but about Houseman.

But we'll get back to Houseman later since he is most certainly involved in Pauline Kael's righter indignation with Welles for supposedly not giving other writers their due. Incidentally, she would seem to have no compunction about doing the same thing herself. The Chairman of the Critical Studies Program at



Depth-of-Focus, another version of Welles' technique. It is a technique which is achieved with lights and lenses. Toland used the same technique in the scene where Kane is reading to Susan. The scene is split into two separate shots, the shot of Kane's opponent, Ross (Gittes, Ross) is catching up to the shot of Kane. The two shots are then combined in the lab so that Kane appears to be speaking to each other.



The same split-screen technique was used in this scene in which Kane gives his old friend Jed Leland (Joseph Cotten) Joseph Cotten. Welles, on the left, was filmed at one time Cotten and Everett Sloane as Bernstein in doorways center at another. The two shots were again combined in the lab so that Welles and Cotten appear to be speaking to each other.

UCLA. Dr. Howard Suber, who conducted a seminar on *Citizen Kane* in 1969, did very thorough research on the film and its various extant drafts. Because, at one point, they were to collaborate in writing the prefatory material to the published screenplay, Miss Kael had full access to this material. She takes full credit for whatever use she made of it, and gives none at all to Dr. Suber.

What upsets Suber, however, are Miss Kael's conclusions. "After months of investigation," he told me, "I regard the authorship of *Kane* as a very open question. Unfortunately, both sides would have to be consulted, and Miss Kael never spoke to Mr. Welles, which, as I see it, violates all the principles of historical research." True enough, in preparing a lengthy introduction to *Citizen Kane* which was less a critical assessment than a purported history of the making of the film, Miss Kael did not trouble to obtain, even a brief statement from the director-producer-coauthor of the picture. She only quotes Welles from other



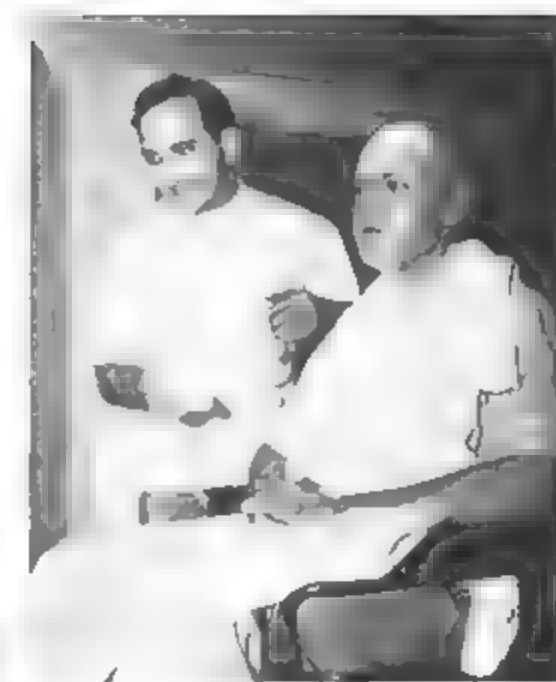
Welles' makeup for Kane's various ages was as elaborate as any ever used in a movie. Often he would arrive at the studio at 2:30 a.m. to be ready and on the set by 9. Maurice Seiderman, who accomplished the job so brilliantly, was not in the makeup men's union and, though Welles was able to push through his employment on Kane, Seiderman was still barred for years from working on other films. Not generally known is that Welles was almost as heavily made up for his scenes as a young man as he was for the older ones. He told me, "I could hardly move for the tarsets and the fish-skins on my face. Norman Mader wrote once that when I was young, I was the most beautiful man anybody had ever seen. Yes! Made up for Citizen Kane!"



During the daily makeup marathon with Maurice Seiderman, whom Welles



would often spend the several hours it took dictating revisions in the script.



called "one of the two or three great makeup men of our time" (seen here building the old age character), Welles



Young man



Middle aged man



Old man

unspecific sources, laying special emphasis on his general denigration of Mankiewicz's importance to the picture.

OW: Mankiewicz's contribution? It was enormous.

That comes from the tape of an interview I had with Welles in 1969. The following quotes were all tape-recorded well before the Kael articles were published. Welles had agreed to talk to me for a book after I managed to persuade him that because so much of what has been written about his working life is based on empty legend, it was time to try to get it right at last. Many of my early questions had to do with remarks of his quoted in newspapers and magazines. Some, he said, were misquotes, others sheer invention. I have only his word for this, but having been through my own share of interviews lately, I must say that there is often a very sizable gap between what is said and what is printed. Welles once told me that since

the advent of the talk shows, there isn't much point in giving joint interviews any longer because on TV you can at least be sure what you say is what reaches the public.

PB: You want to talk about him: Mankiewicz?

OW: I'd love to. I loved him. People did. He was much admired, you know.

PB: Except for his part in the writing of the Kane script. . . . Well, I've read the list of his other credits. . . . Even Miss Kael has to admit that most of this list is, in her own words, "embarrassing."

OW: Oh, the hell with lists—a lot of bad writers have wonderful credits.

PB: Can you explain that?

OW: Luck. The lucky bad writers got good directors who could write. Some of these, like Hawes and McCarey, wrote very well indeed. Screenwriters didn't like that at all. Think of those old pros in the film factories. They had to punch in every morning, and sit

all day in front of the typewriter with these terrible "writers' buildings." The way they saw it, the director was even worse than the producer, because in the end what really mattered in making pictures, of course, was the man actually making the pictures. The big studio system often made writers feel like second-class citizens, no matter how good the money was. They laughed it off, of course, and provided a good deal of the best fun when Hollywood, you understand, was still a funny place. But basically, you know, a lot of them were pretty bitter and miserable. And nobody was more miserable, more bitter and more . . . than Mank. . . . A perfect monument of self-destruction. But, you know, when the bitterness wasn't focused straight onto you—he was the best company in the world.

This is a fair sample of Welles' feeling about Mankiewicz as expressed in many interviews we did, taped in various parts of the world in 1969, 1970 and 1971.

During one session we got to talking about the scene in Kane between Bernstein (played by Everett Sloane) and the reporter (Bela Lugosi).

OW: That was all Mank. It's my favorite scene.

PB: And the story about the girl. "One day, back in 1866, I was crossing over to Jersey on a ferry. There was another ferry . . . and a girl waiting to get off. A white dress she had on. . . . I only saw her for a second, but I'll bet a month hasn't gone by since that I haven't thought of that girl."

OW: It goes longer than that.

PB: Yes, but who wrote it?

OW: Mankiewicz. And it's the best thing in the movie. "A month hasn't gone by that I haven't thought of that girl." That's Mankiewicz. I wish it was me.

PB: Great scene.

OW: If I were in hell and they gave me a day off and said what part of any movie you ever made do you want to see, I'd say that scene of Mank's about Bern-



Pauline Kael's contention that Toland influenced Welles' lighting of Kane and all his subsequent films is easily disproved by a look at some photographs of Welles' early stage productions, which used chiaroscuro in a similar often identical way. Compare, for example, the dramatic use of a single light source in this shot from the Thatcher Memorial Library sequence in *Citizen Kane*.



to this photo of the funeral oration scene in Welles' 1937 Mercury Theatre production of *Jahus Caesar*. Reviews of the time often commented on the bold lighting in all Welles' stage presentations and, in fact, this so impressed Toland when he saw one or another of them that he came to Welles and asked to photograph his first film.



Bernstein, played by Everett Sloane, tells the reporter (Bill Alland) about his memories of Charley Kane and other events in his life in this scene which Welles says Mankiewicz wrote and which he also calls his favorite in the movie. Mankiewicz was less impressed when he saw it: "You shouldn't have two Jews in one scene," he said.



Kane, with Bernstein's sad assistance, signs over control of his newspapers to Thatcher (George Coulouris, left) who was his guardian and whom he has always despised. Richard Barr, who was executive assistant on Kane, told me this was one of several scenes he actually saw Welles write in their entirety. Miss Kael contends that Welles did not write one word of the picture.

stem. All the rest could have been better, but that was just right.

Of course, since Mankiewicz is dead, it is impossible to ascertain his definitive opinion of the movie, but it's interesting to compare Welles' affectionate gratitude for the Bernstein reporter scene with Mankiewicz's own reaction to this sequence (and to some others) during the shooting of the film. A memo dated August 26, 1940, from Herbert Drake, Mercury Productions' press agent:

"RE: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ / RE CUT STUFF HE SAW

"1. In Bernstein's office with Bill Alland. Everett Sloane is an unsympathetic-looking man, and anyway you shouldn't have two Jews in one scene.

2. Dorothy Comingore as Susan Alexander Kane looks much better now so Mr. M. suggests you re-shoot the Atlantic City cabaret scene. [Miss Comingore had been carefully made up to look as badly as possible.

"3. There are not enough standard movie conventions being observed including too few close-ups and very little evidence of action. *It's too much like a play,* says Mr. M." [Italics mine.

Contrary to what Miss Kael would have us believe, Mankiewicz was more than a little concerned about the Welles version of the screenplay. Charles Lederer, one of the best and wittiest of screenwriters and an intimate friend of Mankiewicz's, described it to me: "Manky was always complaining and sighing about Orson's changes. And I heard from Benny Hecht, too, that Manky was terribly upset. But, you see, Manky was a great paragrapher—he wasn't really a picture writer. I read his script of the film—the long one called *American*—before Orson really got to changing it and making his version of it—and I thought it was pretty dull."

Miss Kael turns this incident into a key event—the direct cause of the fracas which very nearly led to the film's being suppressed. Hearst's mistress was the ac-

tress Marion Davies—a good portion of Miss Kael's attacks on the film are aimed at those places where it departs from the real Hearst-Davies story—and Mankiewicz asked Lederer, who was Miss Davies' nephew, to read his script and tell him if he thought the principals, particularly his aunt, would be angry with him about it.

Miss Kael writes that after reading it, Lederer was extremely concerned, as a result of which the Hearst lawyers were finally called in. "That," Lederer told me, "is one hundred percent, whole-cloth false." He did not, as Miss Kael claims, she never bothered to check with him, give the script to Miss Davies: "I gave it back to him. He asked me if I thought Marion would be offended and I said I didn't think so. The script I read didn't have any flavor of Marion and Hearst. Harold McCormick was the man it was about." McCormick, the Chicago millionaire, divorced his first wife, Edith Rockefeller, and married Ganna Walska, whom he tried to push into prominence as an opera star.

Kane divorces his first wife—the niece of an American president—and tries to make Susan Alexander an opera star. Miss Kael barely mentions this obvious parallel, and the weight of her piece pivots it down. It should be clear that the story of the Chicago millionaire and his fairly untalented wife contributed more to Kane's personal story than did Hearst's backing of the delightful screen comedienne Marion Davies often was.

Lederer went on: "Also I knew Marion would never read it. As I said, it [Mankiewicz's script] was pretty dull—which is not to say that I thought the picture was dull. Orson vivified the material, changed it a lot, and I believe transcended it with his direction. There were things in it that were based on Hearst and Marion—the jigsaw puzzles, Marion's drinking—though this was played up more in the movie than in the script I read, probably because it was a convenient peg for the girl's characterization. You see, Manky had just been out to the ranch [San Simeon, which became Xanadu in the movie] and *Continued on page 180*



# Lonesome George

by Jules Loh

*What does the spirit avail if the flesh is in a wheelchair?*

Two days after the 1968 election George Wallace held a breakfast for his campaign staff. It was a curious gathering. It wasn't the usual post-election loser's wake at which all feel sorry for one another and lament the fate of the Republic. None in that group had expected Wallace to win the Presidency with his third-party effort, or even come close, and neither did Wallace, and nobody wept. Mostly they just sat around with their coffee and cigarettes, talked in low voices, laughed a little, softly. It was more like a gathering of bleary-eyed revelers the morning after one of the wildest binges in American history, which, politically speaking, was precisely what the campaign had been. If anybody there felt any remorse most especially George C. Wallace himself, it was not because the Republic was doomed but because the party was over.

"What are you going to do now, George?" somebody asked.

"Aw, I don't know." He managed a thin laugh. "Maybe I'll sit under the Confederate statue and play checkers. I really don't know what I'll do now," he said, his voice trailing. "I s'pose that I'll practice a little law, something."

Those who knew George Wallace, who had followed him through that campaign and others and knew what made his juices flow, knew he could never settle down to the humdrum of a law office. Those who knew him knew the next thing he would do would be to run again for governor of Alabama. Not because he wanted to be governor again, that prospect plainly bored him. The uninspired record of the several Wallace administrations shows he has no instinct to govern. George Wallace's instinct is to run. As surely as the mockingbird could be counted on to sing the last song to strike its ear, Wallace could be counted on to run for governor simply because it was the next available race to run. "If he ever had to stop running," said Bucky Watson of Clayton, Alabama, one of Wallace's old hometown cronies, four years ago, "he'd die."

Run Wallace did, lastly, noisily, with all stops out, as it must be with him, and scarcely had the last twanging banjo note from that campaign faded away, it seemed, than election year '72 was at hand and Wallace was back again on the hustings in the Presidential primaries "sending 'em a message." The fateful outcome of that adventure is fresh in memory.

Some say that Wallace, mercifully spared of life if not limb, has, at fifty-two, a long career of campaigning ahead. Did not Franklin D. Roosevelt campaign

from a wheelchair before a microphone and win repeatedly? By now that analogy has become as wearying as it is misapplied.

Yes, in the course of his many campaigns Wallace has taped many TV speeches. Yes, they have presumably been effective. But anyone who has seen and heard them, and has also seen and heard the same man on the stump, knows that the one was done out of dutiful necessity and the other out of sheer joy. Cage George Wallace in an antiseptic TV studio with only a cold red light to talk to? You might as well cage the mockingbird.

It is a truism that politicians are sustained by an insatiable lust for the power and prestige of high office, the election campaign, at times exhilarating but more often merely exhausting and often demeaning, is the unavoidable high price of reaching the goal. Surely that was true of Roosevelt. In the case of George C. Wallace, however, there is ample evidence that the process works in reverse, that the goal is "with more spirit chased than enjoy'd." It is the campaign itself that sustains Wallace. The high office that may or may not rest it is the unavoidable sentence he must serve, a time of inquisition until the next campaign. A perspicacious Alabama journalist has said of Wallace, "He's never quite so alive as when he's out on the road again running for something. Each time, it's like his own little personal Easter."

Victory or defeat seems to be antithetical for Wallace. The night he won the governorship of Alabama by the greatest landslide of votes ever recorded in his state's history, it was suddenly discovered that he was not present at the victory celebration. Someone finally found him late that night sitting alone in a downtown diner eating a hamburger. On election night 1968, the culmination of the most ambitious political adventure of his career in which he very nearly caused constitutional chaos by sending the Presidential election into the House of Representatives, Wallace watched the returns alone at his home. Members of his family casually came and went, but the only other person around for Wallace to chat with about the outcome of his great national crusade was an Associated Press reporter with laryngitis. A few weeks after that election, Wallace told an interviewer for the weekly *Montgomery Independent* that he was actually relieved that he didn't get enough electoral votes to hold the balance of power. If he had, he would have had to bear a measure of responsibility for the Presidency.



Illustrated by Paul Degen



For George Wallace, to be a politician—indeed, to be alive—is to be a campaigner. Not a philosopher of government, not a theoretician, not even, when you get down to the burlap, a power broker. What you see is what you get, a pure, unadulterated, one-hundred-percent *campaigner*. “Naw, we don’t stop and figger,” Wallace told his biographer, Marshall Frady, “we don’t think about history or theories or none of that. We just go ahead.”

Example. During his 1968 campaign for the Presidency Wallace drew predictable whoops of approval by promising to raise the income-tax exemption from \$600 to \$1,000 “to he’p us ordinary folks.” In Dallas, before an audience of especially responsive ordinary folks, he impulsively raised the figure to \$1,200. The screams were even louder, stirring his juices. Next day, at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, Wallace couldn’t resist upping the ante to, what the hell, \$1,500. The applause shook the rafters.

To one who has for ten years watched Wallace “just going ahead” in his unique, hehety splat, whoop-it up, cornpone-and-lasses, Southern-fried style, running the only kind of campaign he knows and loves, who has watched him orchestrate his applause with whatever ploy seems to work, wisecrack at hecklers and make them his foils, dodge eggs and tomatoes and peace medallions and hippie sandals, who has watched him plunge into a crowd, any crowd, every crowd, in order to be suckled by it, to caress the sun burnished flesh and smell the toil-honest sweat of his adorers—and ultimately to be laid low reaching in a crowd for an outstretched hand that held a pistol—the sad but inescapable conclusion is that Bucky Watson probably was right. The bullet that struck his spinal column at Laurel, Maryland, on May 15 may well have written the epitaph of George C. Wallace, campaigner.

“I need to get up next to people, touch them,” Wallace often remarked. Anyone who ever watched him in a crowd, saw the sparkle in his eyes and the color in his cheeks, would put that down as perhaps the one and only example of a Wallace understatement. His need for the adulation of the throng—not from a distance but right in its midst, where he could touch and be touched—seemed rather an addiction.

It was ever thus. Nine months after his inauguration as governor in 1963, a long time for him to go without a fix after that heady campaign, he drove eighty miles from Montgomery to Clayton one night after work, and eighty miles back, when he got word that the Samson High School band was going to form a W at half time in a football game with Clayton High and sing *For He’s A Jolly Good Fellow*.

The trip was the shot Wallace needed. From the moment he arrived in his year-old Chevy, borrowed \$20 from his driver, bought tickets for himself and his wife (“No, no, let me pay, I insist, it’s for the school”), and stepped through the gate, he was besieged by worshipers. This was his turf and these were his friends, the people who twice had sent him to the legislature and had elected him their circuit judge, and they were unrestrained in their adoration of him as their governor. A woman rushed up and threw her arms around his neck. “God bless you George, I pray for you every day.” “Thank you, Ruth,” he whispered, “thank you for saying that.” Young and old, they grabbed at him, tugged at his clothes, shouted his name. He answered most of them by name in return and clasped every outstretched hand with both of his. He signed every wrinkled scrap of paper thrust at him by jostling youngsters, autographed the white boots of the cheerleaders, the bass drum of the band. Invigorated, he

scaled the crossbeams at the rear of the grandstand as his wife watched in horror, reached the microphone and said, “It sho’ is good to be home and see all you folks. Y’all come up to Montgomery sometime and visit us. You’re always welcome.”

On the drive back to Montgomery Mrs. Wallace, utterly drained, curled up in the back seat and slept. Her husband, utterly rejuvenated, sat on the edge of his seat with his arms on the backrest in front and talked all the way home.

His addiction to mass adulation seemed to grow more intense over the years with each new campaign, each new crowd. The crowd belonged to him and he to the crowd, and this was as true in Kenosha or Cicero or Cambridge or Flint as it was in Birmingham or Selma or Clayton. Engulfed in a mob, George Wallace became a person transported, savoring every delicious moment. “If we didn’t move him along,” one of his bodyguards once remarked, “he’d never leave.” Leaving, Wallace frequently clutched the last proffered hand and dragged it with him all the way to the car, letting go only at the last moment. In Tallahassee, a bodyguard snatched him up by the belt just in time to save him from plunging off the speaker’s platform reaching out for hands. Once in Mobile, mingling in the crowd at a Junior Miss pageant, he spun around and grabbed the hand of a mannequin.

People. They are what give sustenance to this politician. Not *the* people, that amorphous abstraction other politicians celebrate, but people, hand grabbing, backslapping, neck-hugging, foot-stomping *people*. Could anyone imagine a Wallace campaign without them, alive and in person, delivering themselves of their orgasmic screams directly in his ears?

Could anyone imagine a Wallace campaign without the other trappings that put the throb in his pulse and the breath in his lungs? Right out of Chautauqua, a typical Wallace rally is by now familiar to millions: sequined country singers; slicked-down preachers (like the one in Chattanooga who said, “Outside of the return of Jesus Christ himself the only salvation for this country is George Wallace”); banjos and guitars; ear-splitting amplifiers; ripping renditions of *Under the Double Eagle* and *Them Old Cotton Fields Back Home* and *Dixie*; and finally, with mass delirium about to peak, oh lordy ladies and gentlemen, George Corley Wallace himself, strutting like a bantam cock back and forth across the stage, saluting with snappy jerks of his pudgy hand, saluting the hecklers, the policemen, the *people*, and, when the adulation threatened to subside, raising his arms to the heavens and unfailingly bringing down more. Before a standing-room crowd at New York’s Madison Square Garden in 1968 (he tried to hire Shea Stadium but couldn’t swing it) Wallace, ecstatic, besought the heavens successfully no fewer than seven times. The consummate campaigner in his element.

When he began his campaign in the Democratic primaries last spring there was much talk in the press about a “new” Wallace. If so, it was superficial. He had a new wife, Cornelia, who, it is true, sort of housebroke him, washed the Brillantine out of his hair and bought him some double-knit suits. The absence of hecklers in most of his crowds also contributed to the new image—a rather dull new image, considering that in previous campaigns hecklers had been an integral part of a Wallace speech, offered to the public as clear and present examples of the need for more law’norder, somebody handy for the cops to bop right there in the aisles.

But when Wallace came— (Continued on page 173)

We have a surprise for you. It has to do with your problems and ours and finding a good happy place to live these days. The place we have in mind is a suburb, and part of the surprise is that it started *out* as a suburb, not as a last resort for desperate people fleeing inner-city decay. It is a suburb where geraniums grow four feet tall, and where the sun shines almost every day. It is a place where you can wear whatever you like, and live in a neighborhood which suits your personality. It is a suburb where the town fathers take care of essentials and leave you alone. There is little patronage, which means little corruption, which means money isn’t power. Individualism flourishes. Now close your eyes and think about that.





Open your eyes slowly. Look to your left. This is not a set from *A Clockwork Orange*. It's a mirrored escalator, three stories high, in a shopping center. *A shopping center!* Look above. That is not a scene from Fellini's next film. It's some kids in an all-night deli, Formerly Ginsberg's, also in our suburb.





Moving on by car, you come to a shoeshine parlor. The bootblack wears a Pierre Cardin suit and pink gloves to his elbows. On down the road to a boutique where all clothes are hidden from sight. All you see is a beautiful woman trying on a dress. In this suburb, everyone is either beautiful or strange.





This is a superhighway, really just a suburban road. A man sits on a bench. He is the Mayor of our suburb, the Mayor of L.A. *Los Angeles?* Yes, and that is the

surprise: Los Angeles is our suburb. We have stopped snickering. Los Angeles has been right all along. Only now are the rest of us beginning to see it.



# Los Angeles Is the Best Place in America

by Ray Bradbury

*And it's coming to get you*

This will not be an article describing the acne, carbuncles, dandruff, sexual gymnastics, racial difficulties, political ineptitudes, hairy freak-outs, or the non-rapid transits of Los Angeles. Others have already spat on us, bit, pummeled, stoned, kicked, and despised us over the years. A thousand articles describing our fall, even before we have risen, a patent impossibility, have appeared in quasi-intellectual journals in the last year alone. As yet unborn, our enemies mound us with flowers and spade our burial ground.

I come then, not without some irony, to praise.

But first, a rumor must be laid.

Rumor has it we own a Mayor named Sam Yorty. Not so. The only Sam Yorty I can find recorded is a bit player in old Monogram Roy Rogers horse operas in 1936, long since paroled from the movies. A robot Audio-Anima-tronic machine with a similar name was pilfered from the Walt Disney robot factory in Glendale about ten years ago. Whereabouts at present unknown. Disgruntled Bull Moose Party members suspected.

But, seriousness aside, let us compare American cities.

San Francisco is the Taj Mahal, a beautiful corpse laid out, wondrous to see, but as procreative as a hermaphrodite.

Chicago is Lenin's Tomb. People line up to go in and look at the soot and the rabbits. They come out smiling. Death makes them happy.

Detroit is ten thousand miles up the wrong end of the rhino.

And then there is that larger mugger's mausoleum on the East Coast, that ninety billion dollar funeral on its way to oblivion, anxious for mortality so that it can one day be reborn. It is filled with beast-people called Siggies (after Sigmund Freud) and its real name is New York and it is Doomed.

Meanwhile, Norma Desmond survives and lives, and we live with her, in Los Angeles.

Norma Desmond? Played to the hilt by Gloria Swanson, she was the odd woman who asked Von Stroheim for her Close-up on the way to the asylum in the film *Sunset Boulevard*. She was a lovely madness. She chose illusion as against reality and we went with her.

Which is part of what Los Angeles is all about and why we love it. We know we are mad and so can survive. The other cities, above-mentioned, refuse the knowledge of their own insanity, and so will self-destroy.

And anyway, our madness is light, free, frivolous, witty; we self-start, we self-propel toward creativity.

Energy attracts energy.

Freedom attracts freedom.

Openness of the few can become openness of the many.

That is why, by this century's end, Los Angeles will be the one and only

most important city in the entire United States of America.

Tomorrow, the World.

Why?

Because for centuries mankind has prated and declaimed about the importance of the individual.

Rarely until now has a city quite like L.A. arrived as seedbed to not force-grow but encourage the single man, the single woman, with the single idea which can change a town, blush a state to a new color, and finally renovate an entire nation.

Los Angeles, the flood tide of that vast middle class we pretend to be afraid of, will be the salvation of the Ideas of our Time.

How come?

Because we paraphrase Oscar Wilde thusly:

Life will die if held too tightly

Life will fly if held too lightly,

Lightly, tightly, how do we know,

Whether we're holding or letting life go.

The Angeleno knows exactly how not to hold. How to shape without shaping. How to know without knowing. The old Zen Archer would recognize his familiar silhouette treading the coastline horizon at dawn. It is the figure of the man who has trained himself all unknowing in the gymnasium of the arts and the world and can hit the target because he doesn't have to THINK about it. The target is seeded in his blood. It is in his genetics.

You see your Angeleno, then, not in herds but tandems going by, racing with friends, sharing with happy girls or women. Don't try to hold him. Don't ask him to join groups. He's the true and lovely loner. He is the man who knows that by not Thinking with a capital T but feeling-thinking with great enthusiasm and an ardency unequalled in our years, the world and circumstance will be seduced.

Hitler hoped for a thousand years with his military iron.

America will fall under the bare feet of the Los Angeles non-belonger, patting the sand-shelves of Malibu, a flag striping his proud surfboard.

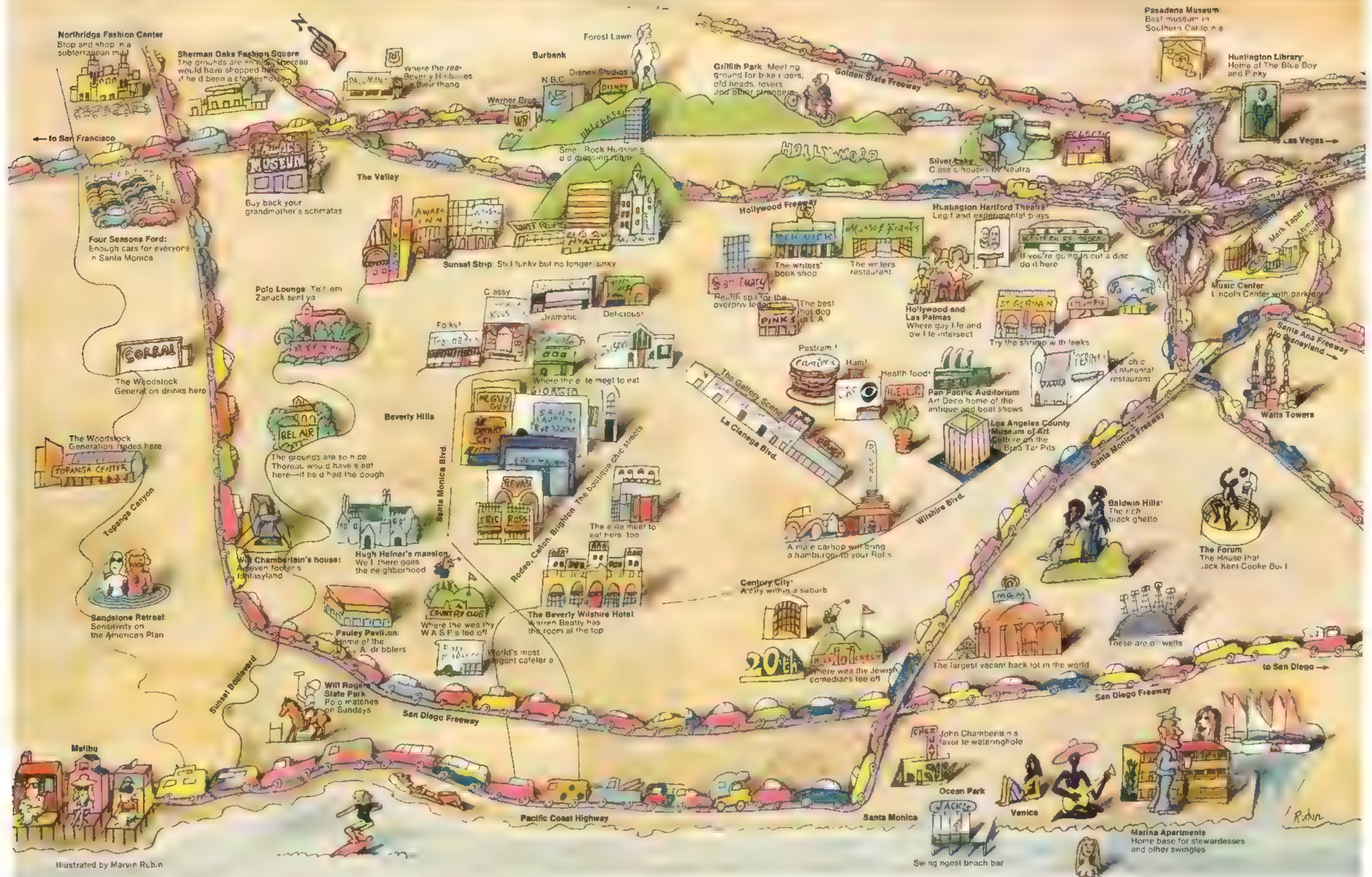
And the flag is Love.

We have learned the great secret along the way from surf to mountains: you don't have to look busy to be busy. You don't have to scowl and pout and paw the turf and summon ghosts of Jung and séances of Freud to prove yourself an intellectual pomegranate ripe with concepts, creative papa to the world of philosophies, technologies, science, (*Continued on page 174*)



future is an outskirts without a town

future is an outskirts without a town





# Bike Riding in Los Angeles

by Marc Norman

*And the streets are paved with poetry*

It's an exciting idea, and he's been nursing it for a while, the idea of excavating all those Los Angeleses beneath his backyard. There were seven Troys, he knows, but things move quickly out here. How many cities might be under his feet, how many Helen's Crowns and Priam's Staffs?

He knows that at Fairfax and Wilshire, not far away, where two department stores and a drugstore and a coffee shop are now, Charlie Chaplin's brother used to have an airport. Airplanes bouncing around in the wheat fields, and then they put buildings on top of them. So if he dug in the department-store parking lot, he might find, not too far beneath the asphalt, say a rocker arm off an old Liberty engine.

And under that, what? Say the wheat farmer's scythe, Sears, Roebuck, vintage 1885.

And under that, the tooled-silver spur of some hot-eyed *ranchero* of the 1830's.

And under that, beads from a Yang-Na Indian's burial mound.

And so on: Neolithic dogs, trilobites, protozoa.

But would there be a limit, he wonders? Would there be a blank space?

And then would he begin to curl back on himself, finding protozoa again, trilobites, dogs, then deeper, beads, even deeper, a spur, still deeper a scythe, deeper than that, a rocker arm, and then, with the last shoveling, a bit of sunlight at his feet and a hole into another corner of Fairfax and Wilshire in an altogether different world, where, for example, all the white Grand Prix were black?

He doesn't know. Nobody knows for sure.

So he starts to dig anyway, digging and persevering, staying alert for further information.

In parts of the San Gabriel valley, the smog is so fierce the people rub their eyes in pain and cry out. In Long Beach, smog coats the mouth like olive oil. Pasadena and Altadena often look like they're on fire, when seen from a distance. The smog backs up against the foothills of these cities and settles, still and glowering.

But for most of the city, smog is more spiritual than tangible.

Los Angeles being so big, it should be easy to get a grasp of the city, but it's not. Nobody's ever explained why, with all those people, there's no sense of a city, no feeling for a geographic experience.

One answer might be that the people in Los Angeles can't see each other.

The smog divides the city into three-mile chunks. Perhaps the mind, taught by the eye, gets the idea that all that exists is what it can see. Perhaps

the mind decides that its three-mile chunk is really the only one that counts, and all those other chunks off in the smog aren't worth worrying about.

This proposition could also explain the success of shopping centers. At the shopping center, they speak the chunk's language.

A few times a year, a wind comes up in the night—a hot east wind from the desert, a wet west wind from the ocean—and blows all the smog away.

Husbands walking out to the car the next morning stop, suddenly. Wives fling open their kitchen curtains. There, to the north, are mountains, tall mountains, even snow-covered. It might be Denver.

And down at the beach, the water is a warm blue and the red roof tiles on the houses marching up the ravines from the beach burn in the clean sunlight. It might be Nice.

And all the trees are green. Like the trees in Paris.

And the thought runs through the city—maybe we are a city, after all, like Denver or Nice or Paris. If only we could see ourselves so well more often.

"It's so *beautiful*," say the mothers in the park.

"God, I wish they'd come out from New York on a day like this," say the men.

But during the night the wind dies, and by morning the smog is back. The mountains and the tops of the trees are gone, and the men driving to work can only see three miles in any direction.

This is it, the men think. Yesterday was the fluke. The trees were probably spray-painted and the mountains were probably plaster things, only fifty feet high or so, hauled around on dollies.

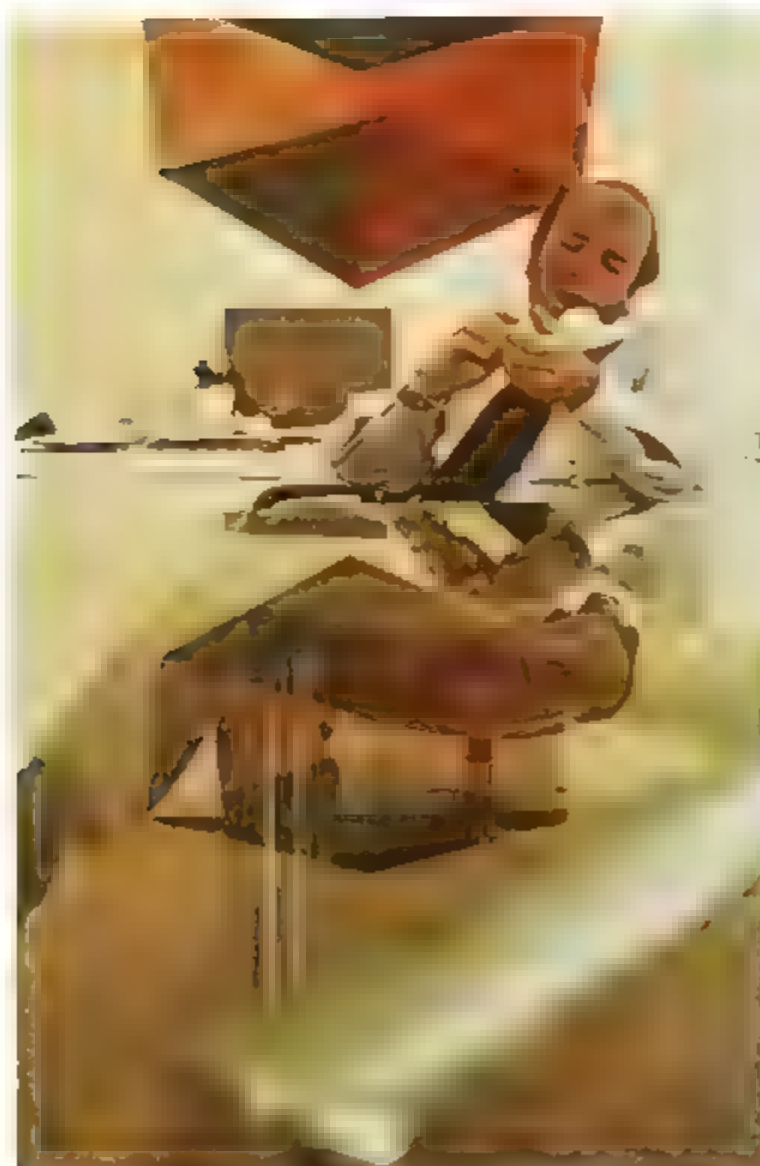
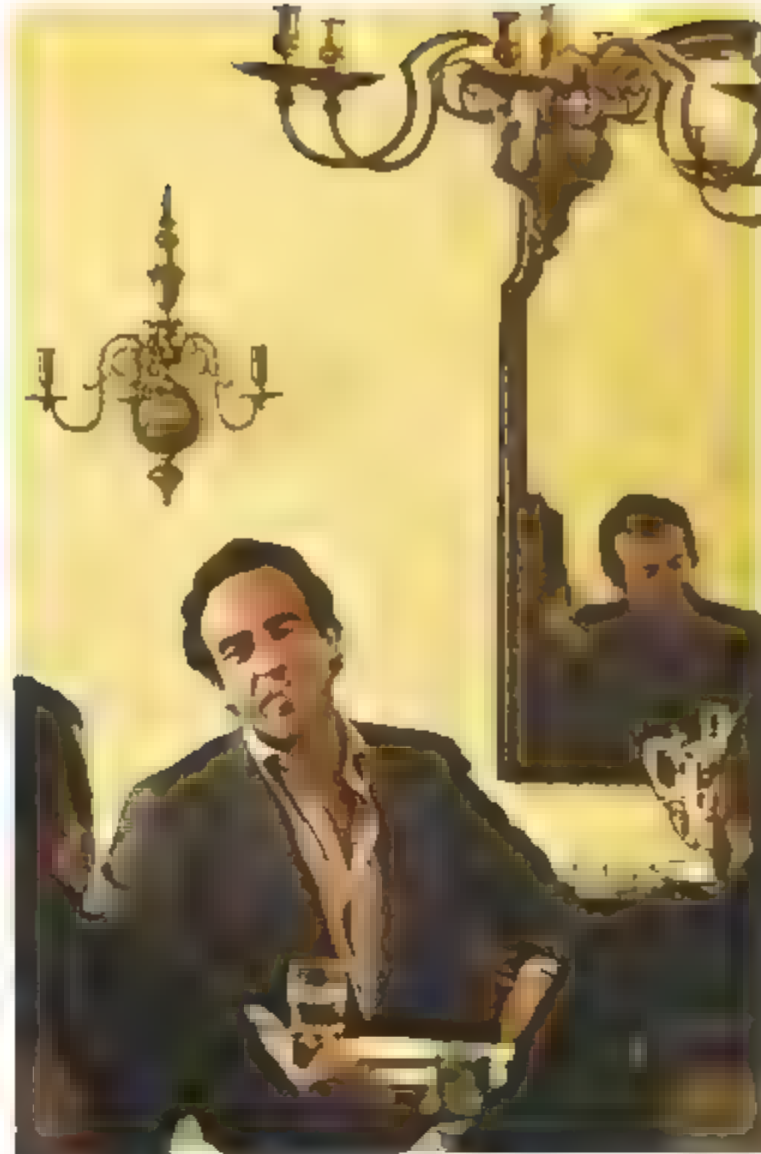
Somebody was probably making a movie.

When he was a kid, he'd never miss *The Big Sleep* on TV. He watched it for one particular scene—where Humphrey Bogart, on the tail of some hoods who are framing Lauren Bacall, is casing a bookstore. Bogart pauses on the street, flips up the brim of his hat, puts on a pair of goofy horn-rimmed glasses, then goes inside and asks the dame behind the counter, in a whiny voice, if she has a copy of the 1892 *Ben Hur* with the erratum on page 63. She claims she doesn't and that tips off Bogart that she's a phoney, because he knows there's no such thing as an 1892 *Ben Hur* with an erratum on page 63.

When he was a kid, this was his ideal: a two-fisted guy who knew his books.

When night comes, people from all over Los Angeles drive to Hollywood Boulevard, looking for action, wedged in the street bumper to bumper, with their radios on full. The bookstore owners take (*Continued on page 210*)





## Mo Ostin doesn't wear a tie...

In L.A. it's not what you wear that counts—it's performance that counts. Since busy executives live and work in the suburbs, they have no 8.05 to the city to catch and they certainly don't have to get all dressed up to go to the office. Mo Ostin (facing page, bottom) is representative of the Los Angeles business style. Ostin is board chairman of Warner Bros./Reprise, one of the three largest record companies in America. Ostin is informal and smiles a lot—particularly when he checks out his label's best sellers in Tower Records, the place to pick your hits in L.A. John Calley (above left) is production head at Warner's, the man who decides what kind of films America wants (right now it wants mean black heroes). Calley wears a sport shirt to work and makes his decisions in a den. His opposite number at M.G.M. is Dan Melnick (above right), shown here eating lunch with director Howard Zieff. Barry Diller (left) is only thirty, yet he oversees fifty-four TV films a year for ABC—each budgeted at \$500,000. Groucho Marx (facing page, with Michelle Phillips) seldom wears a tie—certainly not to chic lawn parties. Of the five, only Diller does—and only because he wants to.





## ...Mo Ostin doesn't have to

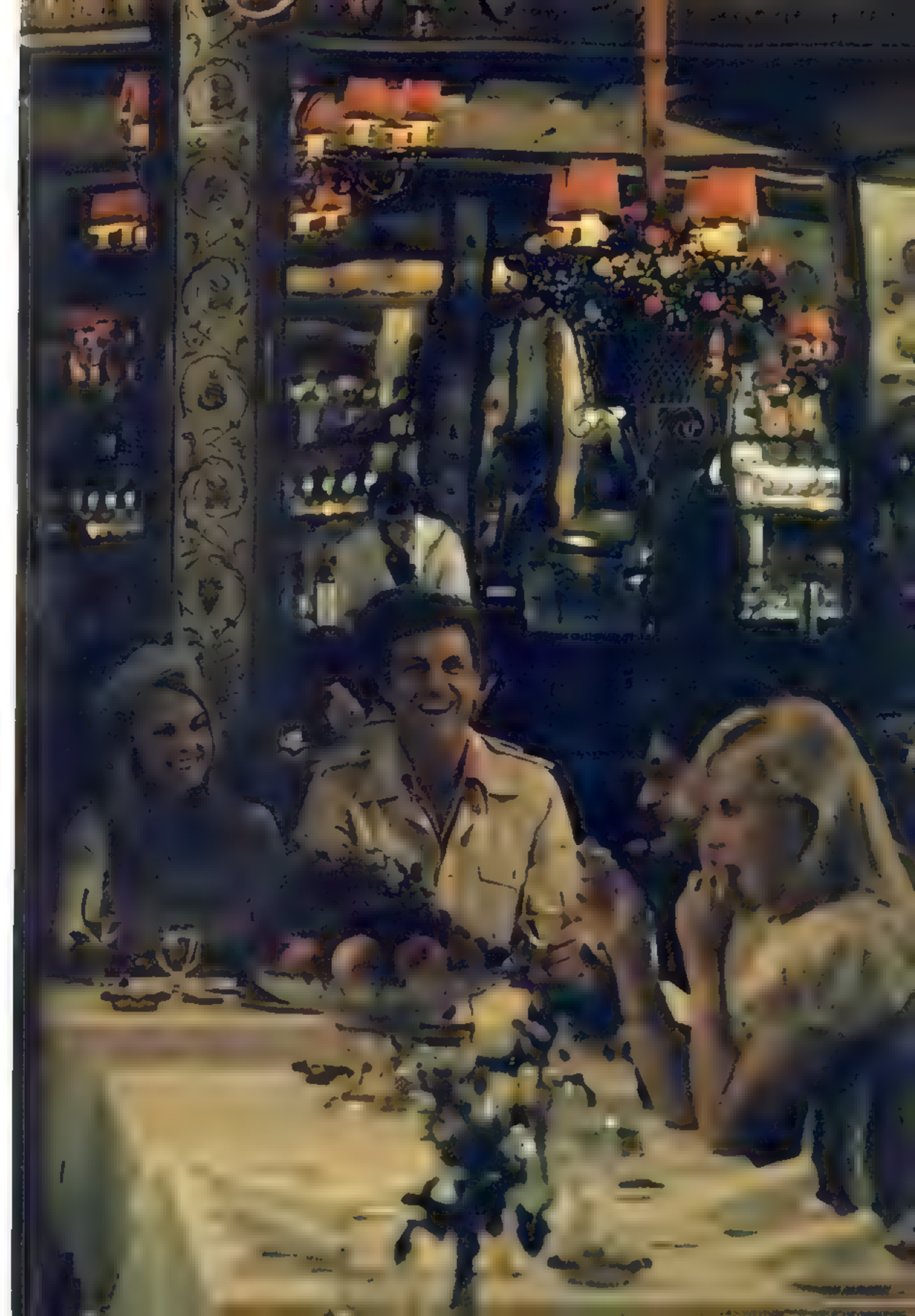
To the visitor's eye there are more Bentleys, MG-TFs and Austin Healeys in one Los Angeles parking lot than might be seen in all of Mayfair, every one a cream puff. If the Big Suburb offers a variety of styles to choose from, the car most effectively signals the choice. Therefore it is pampered, revered and maintained as carefully as a dude's wheels in the ghetto. In a three-block linear stroll, Rodeo Drive of-

fers more true posh to the male fashion shopper than any twenty blocks in midtown Manhattan—and a sip of sherry at Le Dernier Cri if you want to pause on your way. Cool inside, dark and classy. But Chairman Ostin wouldn't wear a tie and neither should you, even if your life-style was formed elsewhere. It is inappropriate. The clue to class in Los Angeles lies in its extraordinary restaurants—at the Bistro,

which exists because Billy Wilder and Otto Preminger couldn't find decent wiener schnitzel anywhere else, at La Scala with its overstuffed booths and copper fixtures suggesting an Anglo-Italian pub of an origin which never was but should have been; and at Chasen's where the best seats are reserved for those who, for the moment, have made it. In Los Angeles, grace is acquired by achievement. Who needs a tie?



Above: dinner at La Scala. Below: The James Stewarts, Peter Bogdanovich, Cybill Shepherd at Chasen's. Right: The Robert Stacks, Sylvie Vartan at the Bistro.





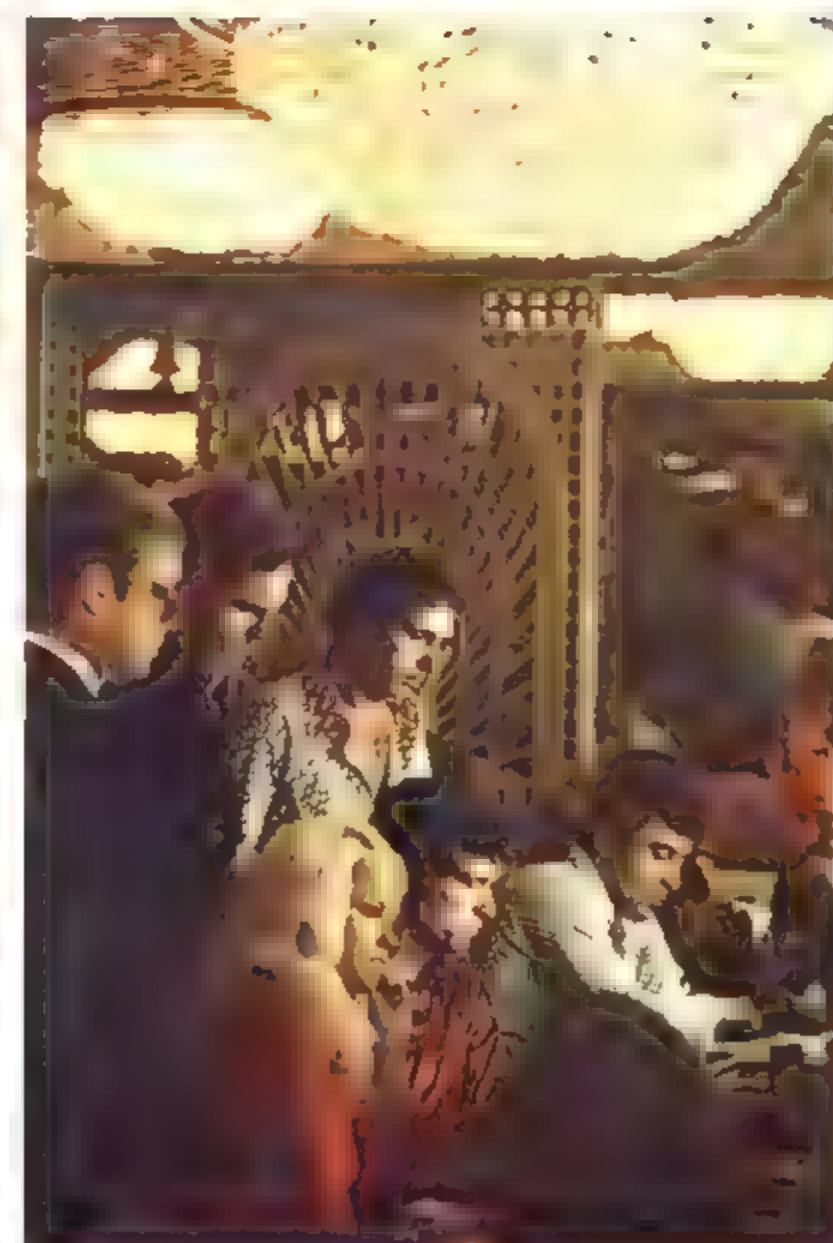
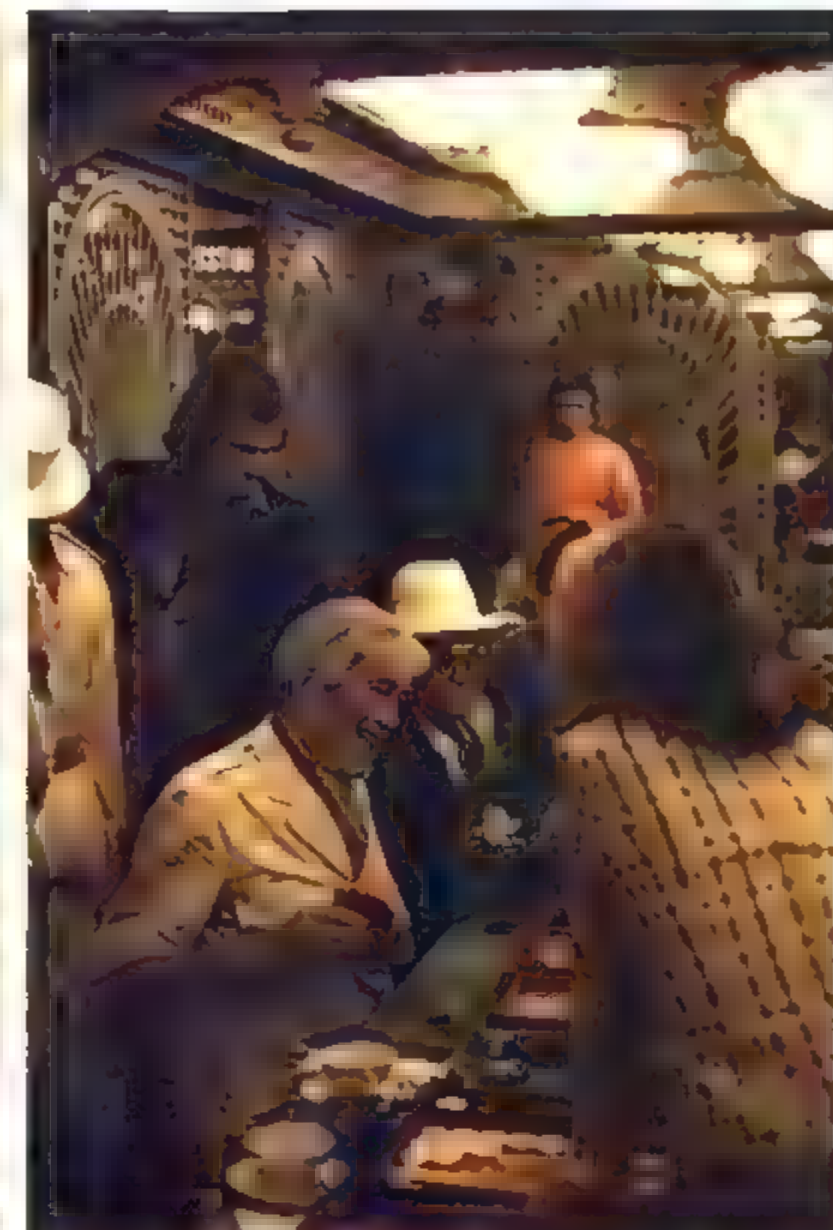
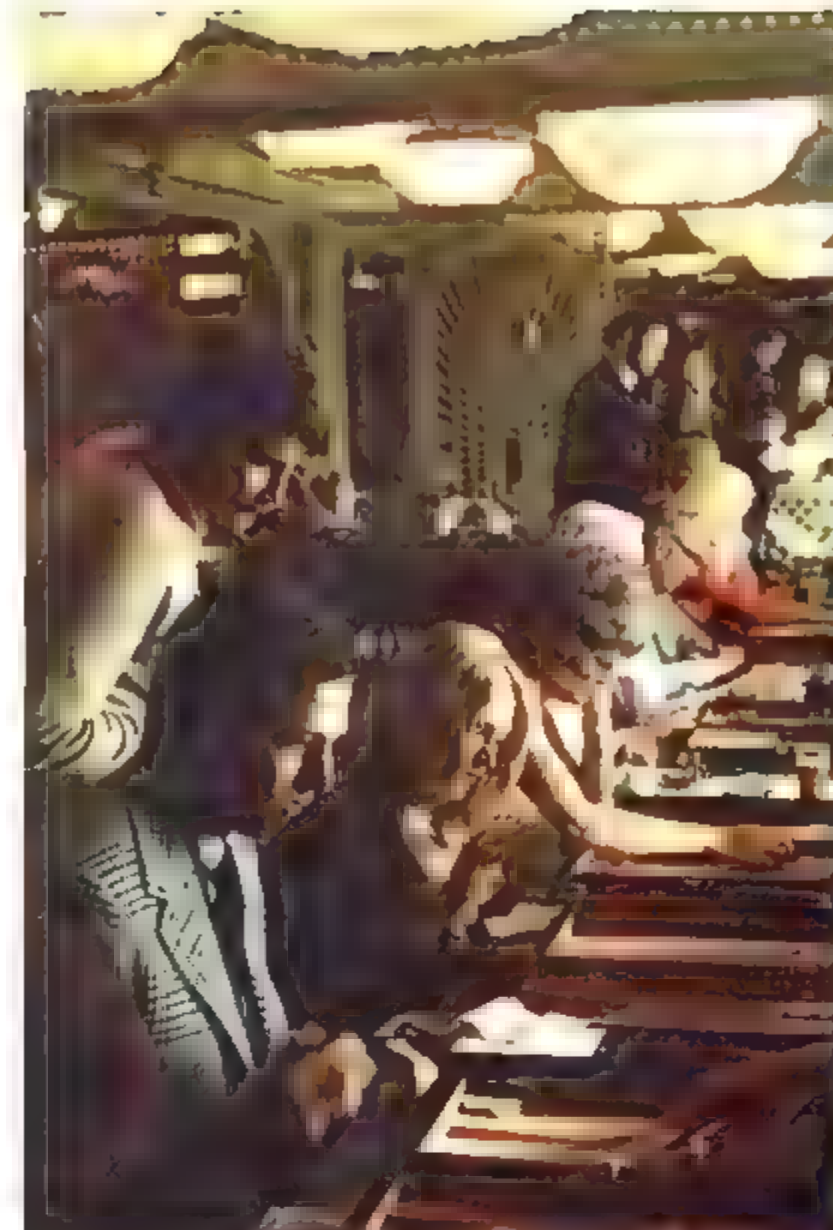
## Nevertheless, there are traditions

Though I have lived less than a season in Beverly Hills, I have had more than casual encounters with the city's latest craze: backgammon. Alleged to be "the king of games, the game of kings," backgammon has generally been restricted to, if not the noble, then the well-to-do. In America, the game has hitherto had an Eastern base, flourishing in Newport, New York, and Palm Beach.

In Beverly Hills, backgammon has become the favored pastime of a kind of pop nobility—as the pictures on the right suggest. Last summer, Stan Herman, king of L.A. real estate, organized California's first backgammon championship. It was held upstairs at the plush Bistro. One hundred six notables paid as much as \$100 each to compete. It was glamorous—but also distinctly suburban. This is not surprising. The residents of L.A. stay home most of the time, coming together in large numbers only for an event. This is true of suburban life anywhere—in Larchmont the event might be a church supper, in Grosse Pointe, a country-club dance. But in L.A., an event is something more—a McGovern lawn party at Marlo Thomas' or a backgammon tournament upstairs at the Bistro. Is there backgammon in your suburb—or is there bingo?

—Jon Bradshaw

*Vying for the backgammon championship of Beverly Hills (top row, left to right): Mrs. William Shoemaker (in white hat); Stan Herman (foreground), Joanna Pettet (center), and Polly Bergen (with glasses); John Huston (with beard). Bottom row: Prince Alexis Obolensky (head of the International Backgammon Association); Bernie Cornfeld (with beard); Hugh Hefner (with the blonde).*







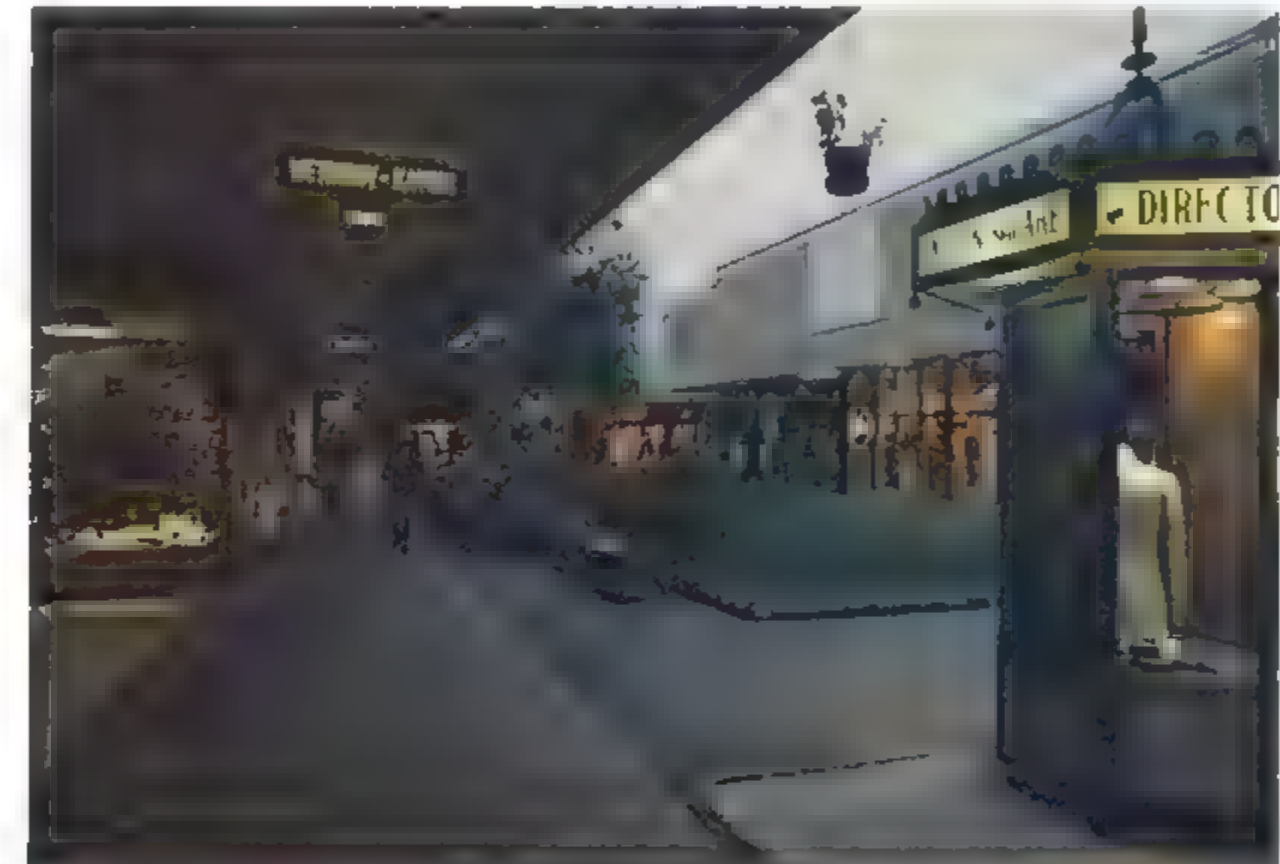
## Saturday in the suburbs

Twenty years ago, everybody stopped shopping in the city and started shopping in the shopping center. The shopping center was new and clean—the city was not—and the shopping center had plenty of parking places—the city had none. Everything under the sun could be found in the shopping center—under one gigantic roof. Such was progress and if the progress had stopped there, everybody would still be happy shopping in the you-know-what. But

more and more people kept coming. Today, in most parts of America, the shopping center is little more than a sprawling, one-story bargain basement. It is littered, always crowded, its parking lot always full. The average American shopping center is a rotten place to shop, an unthinkable place to spend the day.

Not so in Los Angeles. Once everybody started shopping in its shopping centers, new ones were built. These have shade trees and green

grass. There are malls and plazas, benches to sit on, open-air restaurants. There are puppet shows for the kids, mirrored escalators for everyone. You can buy silks and furs and clothing from exotic Europe. In short, the new shopping center is not only a place to shop but a nice place to spend the day. Los Angeles, which gave America the old shopping center, has now given it the shopping center of the future. And it too is going to get you.



## Keeping up with Carmen Miranda

Last spring, when I lived in Hollywood, I found myself for the first time in my life going about in disguise. I did not quite understand why Los Angeles awakened in me the compulsion to appear as somebody else, or why I spent so many of my hours there driving long distances to push through racks of musty velvets and threadbare boas in junk shops from Los Feliz to Long Beach. Successively I dressed myself as Madame Butterfly and Carmen Miranda, as a nineteenth-century debutante and a World War II tart, feeling my own personality lighten when I put on those costumes, feeling as though I wore history like a skin. All over the city I saw the past presented in store windows as an ob-

ject for my consumption, and at restaurants and parties I saw other people in similar disguise, men dressed as pirates and cowboys, women trailing Isadora Duncan robes, or with eyebrows plucked and shoulders built up like Joan Crawford's. One night I went to a house which seemed peopled with archetypal figures like dress extras in photographs of the old movie lots; where boys dressed as gunmen stood next to girls in ball gowns, and a belly dancer necked on the floor with Sir Walter Raleigh. Sometimes I wondered whether all those people saw themselves as characters in an old movie, or whether perhaps they saw history as a series of costume pictures, and then after a while I

realized that we were all merely trying to change our realities. To assume for an evening the clothes of a century past was also in some way to assume the mannerisms that went with them, to graft those mannerisms onto my own, so that old time became present time and I felt powerful and protean: a magician of fictive selves. There were moments when it didn't seem to matter who or where I was, when my personality seemed as subject to change as my clothes. For a long time that made me feel free, then it made me feel obscurely guilty, and when I left Los Angeles I gave away my fantasy clothes, which seemed in any case to belong to that city of changes and not to me at all. —Sally Kempton





## Nobody serves onion dip at Sandstone

Most American suburbs are swinging these days—consenting adult couples make new friends in dark bars, or arrange Saturday night soirees by mail, or join clubs where names, addresses, and Polaroids are exchanged. In most American suburbs, swinging occasions like these are depressingly alike: potato chip and onion-dip breaks, with some clumsy rolling around on wall-to-wall Acrylic carpeting. In the Los Angeles suburb group sex has achieved a higher consciousness. An *Esquire* writer recently visited a place completely in harmony with the rest of our suburb, Sandstone Retreat. His report:

"Sandstone consists of fifteen acres in the Santa Monica Mountains of Southern California, not far from

Los Angeles, and in the evening, in a large living room of the main house or the estate people without clothes sit around the fireplace talking softly, touching gently, singing sometimes to the tunes of a bearded guitarist, and when the mood suits them, a few of them will leave the living room and go downstairs to make love.

"They make love openly on one of several mats in the b.g. room downstairs, unconcerned by the lack of privacy, unabashed and unintimidated by things that might inhibit outsiders. It is a fundamental concept at Sandstone that the human body is good, that an open expression of affection is good, that sexuality is a positive force toward greater intimacy and understanding. Robert

Francoeur, a professor at Fairleigh Dickinson who has visited Sandstone, has written that it "tries to facilitate human relations and intimacies of all types and intensities within an atmosphere that respects human dignity and individualities. It is a search for the possibilities of what communities might be."

"More than four hundred people—among them doctors, lawyers, actresses, factory workers, artists, housewives—pay \$240 annually to visit Sandstone during the day to sunbathe and swim in the nude if they wish, and to remain on the estate at night to attend one of the many parties that sometimes continue until morning. People do as they wish at Sandstone, where the atmosphere is free, open, guiltless."



## WHICH WRITER UNDER THIRTY-FIVE HAS YOUR ATTENTION AND WHAT HAS HE DONE TO GET IT?

Four possibly historic replies



### ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER/BARTON MIDWOOD

If someone asked me what is the most important quality by which literary talent can be recognized, especially young talent, I would say the inclination and the power of a man to go his own way, and not to become part of a literary community, to avoid the pitfall of developing into an artistic fellow traveler. Small men cannot be a one for a minute. From the very beginning they must be part of a movement. From the outset of their careers they "belong." They speak as *we*. They are instinctively loyal to each era, its illusions and idiosyncrasies. Instead of hypnotizing others they themselves are hypnotized.

The arts, like women's clothes, have behind them a long history of fashions. Half talents were always faithful to the fashion and convinced of its absolute truth. When romanticism was in vogue they screamed "hooray" and "long live" to romanticism. When realism took over they turned into realists. When it was fashionable to write about sex they all became pornographers overnight. The worshipers of Joyce and Kafka will continue their adulation just as long as these writers remain high on the literary stock exchange not a day longer.

My acquaintance with Barton Midwood began when he called on me for an interview. I looked at this young man with the penetrating eyes of a hypnotist, spoke to him, interviewed him, back. I realized that I had before me a person who thinks his own thoughts and feels his own feelings. Later I had an opportunity to read his two books, *Bothin* and *Ibantons*, and I said to myself: here is a young writer from whom one can expect a great deal.

To be influenced and to be a camp follower are not the same thing. All young talents are influenced by others, old ones too. One could easily call Barton Midwood a writer of black humor, but this label does not do justice to his work. He has his own humor and his own notion of black. Barton Midwood's comic quality is not based on tricks and puns. He sees the absurdities of our way of thinking, especially of language, the medium which is supposed to explain human actions and motivations. Words are the main instrument of every hypnotist, but Midwood ridicules the hypnosis of language, exposes its clichés, mimics the motivations and rationalizations of human behavior, the causality of our caprices and passions. The vanity of human endeavor peeks out from every line of his writing. Wild, impossible events take place in Midwood's stories, but the reader is fascinated because they mock

the categories of reason.

I don't have Mr. Midwood's books with me as I write, but I remember with a smile his story of the man who tried to convert to Judaism because he didn't want his bride to see his bald head at the wedding ceremony, or the garbage truck blocked in a narrow street by a hearse, or the man who lies so long in the sun to cure his acne that he turns into an albino. The novel is recounted by a night watchman in a home for disturbed delinquents who are less disturbed than their guardians.

Since the beginning of fiction, writers have tried to free literature from its chains, to give it absolute independence from so-called reality. According to Spinoza, the order of ideas is the same as the order of things, but we know that human fantasy has little patience for the order of things. In their imagination the weak wage mighty wars against the giants, the bashful are daring, cowards are heroes. Men flew to the moon, the planets, and to the farthest stars. God knows how many thousands of years ago. Both in our night dreams and daydreams the impossible is possible. Barton Midwood seems to have decided early that if freedom can exist somewhere it is in the word, especially in the word which laughs. Franz Kafka freed the word from reality to a high degree, but he did it with deep earnestness. I happen to know only two writers who gave the word "humoristic freedom." One was the Polish writer Bruno Schulz, a Jew who perished under the Nazis. The second is Barton Midwood, an American Jew born in 1938. A graduate of the University of Miami, he has been a jazz musician and a counselor in a home for disturbed boys. His novel *Bothin* was inspired by that experience.

I doubt that Midwood ever read Bruno Schulz. The latter is hardly known in America even though his stories were translated into English. But there is a rare affinity between these two men, an affinity born not of literary schools and cliques but of a similar world view. It is very difficult to translate writers of this kind, but such a power had Bruno Schulz, so strong was his irony, his sarcasm, that he managed to come through even in translation. When his book *The Street of Crocodiles* came out in America, the writer of these lines described him as a neglected genius. It is a pity that so few readers and critics know his work. In present-day Poland he is ignored because his writing did not fit into any school, because he could in no way be considered one who pushes. (Continued on page 198)



### PHILIP ROTH/ALAN LELCHUK

For half of its five hundred pages, Alan Lelchuk's first novel, *American Misbehavior*, which I have just read in manuscript, is a brilliant and original comedy on the subject of the immediate present: what cisheartens Belov in Mr. Schwartz's Penet, what provokes Kate Midlett in *Seal of Potters*, what causes Malamid to cry

"Mercy" for half a page at the conclusion to *The Tinklers*. The fresh and intriguing aspect of Lelchuk's book is obviously not the concern with obsession, extremism, outlandishness and injustice, but rather the robust delight that the contemplation of confusion rouses in him. Like the Cambridge professor and "erogenist" Dean Bernard Kovell, whose creation is Lelchuk's triumph. Like Basil Seal in Waugh's comedy of cultural breakdown from which an author borrows the ironic (and mischievous) portion of his own title, it appears to be Alan Lelchuk's great good luck to be on hand for *The Dissolution*. He gets a kick out of it all, which isn't to suggest that he is simply malicious or perverse, that he is anything like cynical or nihilistic, or that the book coarsens through his look is cold, thin or blue. Since this is a birth notice and not a eulogy, I will record that the newborn is in possession of a mean, prickly streak that at times leads him to be contemplative in excess of the evidence. But by and large, like another Brooklyn Jew and literary roughneck whose ferocity tends to obscure his sweetness—often enough by design—Lelchuk is voracious rather than vicious, and rude and gruff as his appetite for the contradictory and the bewildering can make him, he is not at all a novelist to groat over our uncertainties. Rude and gruff, he can also be profoundly ironic—and, in the next breath, perfectly innocent—and therein lies much of this cocky snake charmer's charm as is the case too with the sword-swallower of the literary bazaar, Mr. Maier.

The first half of *American Misbehavior*—the comic and remarkable half—consists almost entirely of the words (some 150,000 well-chosen ones) of Dean Bernard Kovell of Mass. (or as he would have it, Ass Ave). No novelist has written with such knowledge and eloquence of the consequences of carnal passion in Massachusetts since *The Scarlet Letter*. Updike and his Tarbox cannibalizing notwithstanding, Hawthorne gave us Hester Prynne, the brave adulteress of Puritan Boston, whose end, to paraphrase an ancient, was her fate; Lelchuk introduces us to Kovell and Cambridge Now: the feverish literary dean, author of a book on Gissing, whose stupendous appetite for

girls with happy lives and specialized needs leads him to establish a family, or harem, of six damaged mistresses: a desolate young mother, an analyst seduced and assorted Radcliffe graduates with wires crossed and fuses blown, and the brainy, Brahmin town America's Alexandria, now turned brother, opium den and open mental ward, "the Shanghai of New England," to hear the reeling dean describe it.

Lelchuk, who so revels in contradiction, and for whom contrast provides the organizing principle of his work, should take special delight in the comparison of his accomplishment to Hawthorne's: let him enjoy it. Very soon now the charge of "sexism" will be splattered all over him by the Dies Committee of the feminist right, inevitably for demonstrating in his fiction that there are women in America as broken and resentful as the women in America are coming to proclaim themselves to be. Admittedly Dean Kovell's solution to his mistresses' problems would not necessarily be NOW's or Shirley Chisholm's, but then, Herbert Himmels is not necessarily the most responsible solution to his little female orphan's predicament, nor is Clyde Griffiths' the most humane approach to the problem raised by a pregnant proletarian girl friend. Yes, Kovell is a male chauvinist pig, and so is Griffiths, a Lulbster and Oblomov a Propoat. As Delmore Schwartz once wrote, "Literary criticism is often very interesting."

Lelchuk's dean is also a campus hero, elevated by the students themselves to a deanship on the strength of his doing-no, as illustrated by the incident in which he is caught in his three going down on a graduate assistant. The Kids love him for the risks he takes. Some seventy pages of the manuscript are bravely given over to excerpts from a four-hour Castroesque (but anti-revolutionary) speech that "Kove" makes to the revolutionary students of Cardozo College when they occupy the college's prestigious art museum with its collection of de Koonings, Nevelsols and David Smiths, and the Picassos, Matisse, Kandinskys and Mays on loan that month from The Boston Museum. It is an elegant and playful and heartfelt speech, crackling with intelligence and charm, and particularly marvelous of course because the harem keeper and sexual extremist preaches so eloquently to the rebels in behalf of order, restraint and moderation, reducing himself to tears in the end with his plea for "belief in the species." Thereupon the undergraduates proceed to defecate on the de Koon- (Continued on page 198)





## MARK SCHORER/JUDITH RASCOE

I wanted to write about Leonard Michaels, but on checking I discovered that he too is already an old man—thirty-nine, so instead I will write about a young Ms who is only thirty. Judith Rascoe. To my knowledge she has published just six stories: "Brief Lives," from *Next Door*; "In Lot," "Twice Plighted Once Removed" and "A Line of Order" in *Antennae*; "The Mother of Good Fortune," "A Lot of Cowboys" and "Small Sounds and Tilted Shadows" in *The Atlantic*. These six stories probably add up to no more than fifteen thousand words, but my bet is on a big talent. Each gives out lovely and Rascoe stuff, but my space holds me down to four of them.

"A Lot of Cowboys" is different from the other stories. It opens: "When it began to snow all the cowboys came into town and rented motel rooms with free TV. One of the cowboys said his favorite program was *Bonanza*. It's pretty authentic." Then it sketches in then a mess worthy lives in the town, lounging around the motel bar and the Ford agency, mixing Scotch with Coca-Cola and ends with a brief account of a shoot-out with a bandit, a kind of Bret Harte takeoff all told in a matter of mid-American cliché talk and sentiment, and ending with the assertion that the cowboy is a vanishing race but he's not finished yet. Not by a long shot. It's a slight story and very funny, which the others are not, but it connects with them in its gift of narrative and what would seem to be a perfect sense of timing.

These qualities are constant in the other stories even though these three, unlike the first, rest on a basis of deep if completely implicit, that is, unspoken, even unadmitted, pathos. "Brief Lives," from *Next Door*, is about two sets of parents, the narrators and their neighbors, and their relation to their children. At the end, when the narrator says, "Daddy will never leave you," it's too late now, he says, and he laughs. "I know of no piece of short fiction that communicates more sharply that special kind of blank bleakness that characterizes the lives of aging middle-class people in mid-sized California towns and that reaches of course into the lives of their young. The emptiness is there, there. This quality is conveyed not only through Rascoe's fine ear for speech, especially speech of the tritest kind, but through her expert eye for details. Describing the room of the prissy lady next door, she writes:

"There were Scott magazines, old but neatly piled, and a picture of Jesus talking to some teen-agers and

a collection of brace-a-brac tigers. 'Let me show you my albums,' Tim said. 'Do you want a fruit juice?'"

The albums are full of pictures of his favorite male movie stars: Alan Ladd, Tyrone Power, Sal Mineo and Eddie Fisher.

The story, packed with such details, creates more than merely the mildly asked characters and the local ambience. They give body to what I take to be the persistent Rascoe theme, which finds its statement in this story.

"I began to wonder why Roy Rice had been emotionally disturbed and had bad skin and then hit his head on the bottom of a pool. They're all connected," Carol said. "But they're not," I said. "That's the awful thing about it."

Rascoe's large theme is the discontinuity, the incoherence of experience. This theme expresses itself not only in the special marks of her style: the clipped, transfixionless narrative manner and the frequently disordered time sequences, but also in the apparently arbitrary curkyness of her humor. "I was robbed," I said in Italian, and to please them I added that the thief was a German tourist. It gives vibration, too, to her characteristic tone, which is one of nearly chilly detachment, and amplitude to her secondary themes which may be named as the failure of communication, the lonely horror of anonymity, and the pathos of disengagement. These are the concerns of the two remaining stories.

"Twice Plighted Once Removed" is about a girl who is a compulsive talker, who invents stories about other people when she runs out of stories about herself who scrambles, disorganizes her experience in every which way in trying to communicate anything at all. When her psychiatrist tells her that she must start to listen, she tries, but all she hears is a lot of fragmentary nonsense and bunches of gross clichés. Of these "Keep in touch" is the chief one, and that in a world peopled by nearly anonymous characters none of whom is in touch, verbally or in any other significant way with anyone else. At the discontinuities are summarized in the final paragraph:

"This afternoon a letter arrived from San Diego. Lily is out there. We have of course an idea who Lily is. Her husband works all day. Her infant is malnourished. The neighbors have one story which they pass around and around: a teen-age boy robbed the corner grocery store and got away with two hundred and seventy-four dollars. He (continued on page 198)



## LESLIE A. FIEDLER/BILL HUTTON

I've recently read a number of books by young writers which have tantalized and moved me in many ways, including *Godd* by Lionel, *Stamping The Gypsy* by Michael Disend, and especially *The Adventures of Man on the Long March* by Frederic Tuten. But I discover that the one I want really to celebrate is a book which has not been and probably never will be written. I am thinking of Bill Hutton's third collection of short fiction, once scheduled to be published by The Coach House Press, which actually did bring out in 1968 his second book, *A History of America*. That second book is still available, but Hutton's editors at Coach House Press have received no communication from him for a long time. He is reported by some who claim to know to have broken down badly and to have been institutionalized, and though I, myself, have tried too, I can get no response out of the black emptiness which he had been so long approaching, and into which he has now presumably disappeared.

His whole career from the first has been surrounded by disaster, which seemed at first merely his subject but has turned out to be also his fate. His first, out-of-print volume of short stories, *The Strange Odyssey of Howard Poe*, for instance, was discovered and published in 1967 by John Sinclair, who at that point was running the Artist's Workshop Press in Detroit. As everyone should know, though many, alas, have never realized and some have forgotten, John Sinclair was sentenced to ten years in jail for having sold two joints to a drug agent. (His conviction was reversed by the Michigan Supreme Court this past March 11.) And even before Sinclair himself got into trouble, Hutton was being harassed by the Buffalo police, who were convinced that a nightclub called "Billy Ziegfeld's Heaven," which he was then "maintaining" in that grim city, was a center of drug activities as well as a center for other mind-altering agents like rock music, projective poetry and experimental films.

Drugs are, in fact, very much a part of Bill Hutton's "magic" world; but they operate inside that world's other parameters: the threat of jail, the shadow of death, and the joys of released sound and movement. At the point when he was putting his first volume together, Bill Hutton was moved to cry out in protest, "Billy Ziegfeld is not my name!" But in a certain sense that is precisely his name, because he has always operated out of a peculiarly contemporary pop-consciousness into which everything for which Flo Ziegfeld once stood has entered in hallucinated and comic

form. Bill Hutton is also Billy Ziegfeld and Billy Twain and Billy Hemingway.

He might have been, I suppose, in an age where it was simpler to be both funny and bitter, no hybrid, but exclusively—let's say—Mark Twain. He comes out of the same central America where Samuel Clemens achieved his magical transformation, and speaks the same colloquial tongue—half apologetic, half proud of itself. But the shadow of Ernest Hemingway had already fallen across that world before Hutton began to write, and many of the stories in *The Strange Odyssey of Howard Poe* sound therefore like Twain or Hemingway, which is in one sense the same thing—but, like so much else in our world, the same thing radically altered. Moreover, before Hutton had finished putting together his first book, John Sinclair had introduced him to the work of Richard Brautigan, who is still another way into and out of the bleak, hilarious world of Huckeberry Finn, a way now disconcertingly and perhaps. There is no doubt, however, that in some of his early work Hutton does sound a lot like the author of  *Trout Fishing in America*, though he rejects the temptation to be whimsical and cute which Brautigan cannot escape, and is therefore able to be as outrageous and obscene and truly crazy as Brautigan only pretends to be.

Finally, however, Bill Hutton is more influenced by a machine, an electronic magic lantern, than he is by any of the earlier writers from whom he learned, or anything ever put on a printed page. His subject matter from the very start is predetermined by certain choices made for him by the anonymous controllers of television. And his angle of vision always remains that of a small boy sitting as close to the TV screen as he can possibly get without falling through to the other side. As a matter of fact, Hutton at some point did fall through to that world behind the picture tube, where few readers (certainly not I, would dare to follow him.

Oddly enough, he thinks he disapproves of, even hates television; and in his earlier stories, he condescends to the subject matter of TV shows, quite as if he were some high-minded, soulless newspaper reviewer.

But in *A History of America* which may prove to be his final book, what we are given in the strange, fragmentary chapters, half essay, half poem, is a vision of the past and future of the United States, our character and destiny as they (Continued on page 260)



# Dr. Nolen Buys Cheap Aspirin...

by William A. Nolen, M.D.

... Also Kaopectate, Vicks VapoRub, calomine lotion, cough syrup, and Gelusil, Maalox or Amphojel, depending, and that's all he keeps in his medicine cabinet

When I walk into a drugstore and see all the medicines on the shelves I wonder, "Who in the hell needs all those things?" No one I know, certainly. Most of the patients I see aren't even sick.

That's right. Somewhere between 50 and 60 percent of the patients who walk into a doctor's office have no physical ailments. Their backaches, headaches and gassy stomachs aren't caused by discs or brain tumors or ulcers; they're emotional. In origin. These patients don't need lotions or pills or suppositories—they need a doctor who will listen to their complaints, explain the cause of their symptoms and assure them that they haven't got some dread disease. Talk is what they need, and that's all they need. They certainly don't need all those damn medicines.

So why all the drugs? Easy. Whoever said, "Talk's cheap," wasn't referring to the words that flow from a physician's mouth.

Explanations and reassurances take time, and a doctor's time is expensive. An hour of conversation may cost the patient anywhere from \$25 to \$100. Damn few patients are willing to part with that kind of money, particularly if they get for it "nothing but a lot of talk."

Nor do most of us doctors want to spend half an hour with the patients we call "callosity," I admit "corks." We'd rather get all those neurotic patients with their singularly uninteresting emotional problems out of the office so we can move on and examine the ones who are physically ill. Backaches, headaches, dizziness, gassiness and most other common complaints are being as hell to a doctor; he'd rather treat a broken leg, a coronary thrombosis, or someone with gallstones. The guy with a glamorous disease like perianteritis rosacea will get all the time he wants from any doctor he chooses to visit; the man who says, "It hurts right down here near my tailbone," will be lucky if he gets more than three minutes from the lowliest intern.

So what does the doctor do? How does he get rid of a patient in five minutes when the patient really needs a half hour? Easy. He gives him a "once-over-lightly" physical, tells him he has "a pulled muscle," or "a migraine" or "neuritis," labels him with some appropriate, nebulous, stick wastebasket diagnosis, of which each doctor knows a multitude—and prescribes a liniment, shot, or a pill, something the patient can rub on, have injected in his buttock or swallow four times a day. If the latter, the wise doctor will make a point of emphasizing that the pill be taken either immediately before or just after meals, though often it doesn't matter

when or even if he takes the damn thing. Pills which the patient is to do must be taken under very specific circumstances always work better than those that can be taken any old time or way.

What is really amazing—or would be if humans were logical—is that the patient who is treated, is mistreated with a liniment, a shot, a pill, or any combination of the three is always happier with his doctor, more satisfied with what has been done for him, than is the patient who gets nothing but advice. Even though, as is often the case, the liniment, shot or pill was the actual treatment and the advice is sound. Patients rarely complain if they're charged for a liniment or a pill or a shot. They have a man in the seat to remind them of the visit. But they do complain if they're charged for advice. "Twenty-five bucks, and all the S.O.B. did was talk to me." If the doctor doesn't give them a tangible souvenir of their visit (a *zay*, but that's the way it is).

Once we assume that patients want medicine whether they need it or not, we begin to understand the presence of all those medicines in the drugstores. The medicines are there in all sorts of shapes and colors for the same reason that there are thousands of different color automobiles, with a wide variety of optional doodads, available in dealers' showrooms everywhere: people want to buy them.

Which just pushes the question back one step: why? Why in the world does the public spend \$5,200,000,000 a year on prescription drugs and another \$2,200,000,000 a year on nonprescription drugs, when they don't need half or two-thirds of what they're buying? For every patient who spends \$10 for an antibiotic that is necessary to cure an infection, he has actually got two patients spend \$20 for antibiotics to cure infections they haven't got. For every \$10 spent on medicines that will actually improve the health and well-being of the individual who uses them, at least \$20 are spent on medicines that do little or nothing for the person who buys them. Why do so many of us throw away so much money?

First let's consider one of the big sellers—antibiotics. There are hundreds available. Vibramycin, Decloxylin, Aureomycin, erythromycin, Terramycin are some of the current favorites, along with the ever-popular penicillin, now available in a dozen different guises. Each antibiotic has its own "spectrum," i.e., it is effective against certain types of bacteria and ineffective against others. Penicillin, for example, works well against the gonococcus which causes gonorrhea, and against pneumococcus, the bacteria which causes pneumonia, but penicillin cannot be used to treat most staphylococcus infections because the staphylococcus is usually "penicillin resistant." For the patient with a staphylococcus infection, erythromycin may be the "antibiotic of choice"—a phrase which pharmaceutical salesmen are extremely fond of.

But though there are times when patients with infections can and should be treated with antibiotics, when for example they have gonorrhea or pneumonia, there are many, many more occasions when antibiotics are worthless and should not be used. There is no antibiotic, for example, which is of any use in the treatment of hepatitis, infectious mononucleosis, influenza or the common cold, but it is to treat these diseases, and others like them, that most antibiotics are prescribed.

A recent survey of seventy-six community hospitals showed that 39,000 patients received antibiotics—unnecessarily—in one year; that 46 percent of the patients who received antibiotics did not need them; and that even among those who did need antibiotics, 13 percent were receiving either. *Continued on page 204*

## What 25 doctors take for a cold

The last time I had a cold...

"... I cursed my bad luck and the medical profession for not providing me with any more knowledge on the subject than I had when I was a schoolboy."—Robert E. Gould, M.D., New York City.

"... I took some aspirin and went to bed—no antibiotics."—Abraham E. Kolodin, M.D., Montclair, N.J.

"... I used my favorite remedy. It's called Kleenex."—William W. Tevis, M.D., Palo Alto, Calif.

"... I took aspirin. Nothing else."—Joseph N. Kramer, M.D., Oklahoma City.

"... I used nasal spray, throat lozenges and oral decongestants."—James R. Sullivan, M.D., Upland, Calif.

"... I ignored it the best I could, took aspirin, and stayed away from other medication."—Alvin N. Eden, M.D., Forest Hills, N.Y.

"... I blew my nose until it was gone. Sometimes I'll take a little Neo-Synephrine, but rarely; sometimes a little antihistamine, but rarely."—Oliver E. Owen, M.D., Philadelphia.

"... I took good old Bufferin about four times a day and had a couple of Bourbons at night and went to bed about seven."—Crawford N. Kirkpatrick, M.D., Baltimore, Md.

"... I did nothing. Colds are usually best ignored."—John L. Juergens, M.D., Rochester, Minn.

"... I went to bed and took aspirin, cough syrup and nose drops. Aspirin makes me feel much better."—John H. Stone III, M.D., Atlanta.

"... I tried to get enough sleep and to take enough fluid. Aspirin helps me feel better, but that is about the strongest thing I'll take."—Michael E. DeBakey, M.D., Houston, Tex.

"... I took some Scotch, some ice and a little bit of water. I loosened my collar. I tried to relax, then I got some sleep."—Ira R. Hoffman, M.D., New York City.

"... I had just read Linus Pauling's book, *Vitamin C and the Common Cold*. I put it down and immediately began getting cold symptoms. I tried to get some rest, eat well, drink plenty of fruit juice, and examine what's going on in my body."—Eugene L. Schoenfeld, M.D., Berkeley, Calif.

"... I took aspirin. That's all it takes."—Darwin F. Johnson, M.D., Billings, Mont.

"... I blew my nose on a necessary basis."—John G. Albright, M.D., Madison, Wisc.

"... I used Kleenex."—Jack S. Crandall, M.D., Aspen, Colo.

"... I took an aspirin or some damn thing like that."—Frank H. Sherrill Jr., M.D., Eden, N.C.

"... I took 250 milligrams of tetracycline four times a day for five days."—John J. Dilley, M.D., Las Vegas, Nev.

"... I took penicillin because I really had a rotten throat. I tend to culture myself right away."—Wilson F. Utter, M.D., Providence, R.I.

"... I stayed home for a day and I took antihistamines—high doses of antihistamines."—Donald W. Palmer, M.D., Chicago, Ill.

"... I used a nose spray, chewed some Aspergum, and let nature take its course."—Abraham H. Russakoff, M.D., Birmingham, Ala.

"... I kept working and took a mild sedative and a little aspirin."—George Kinsley, M.D., Pontiac, Mich.

"... I treated it with a pint of whiskey and never enjoyed a cold so much in my life."—LeRoy J. Hyman, M.D., Gates Mills, Ohio.

"... I took aspirin, and maybe an antihistamine."—Ray W. Gifford, M.D., Cleveland, Ohio.

"... I used Norman Vincent Peale's power of positive thinking combined with a little Christian Science."—Robert J. Senior, M.D., Chapel Hill, N.C.

## What Dr. Nolen takes for a cold

Ordinarily I catch about two colds a year. When you consider that I'm constantly exposed to patients who are coughing and sneezing, this may seem extraordinary. It isn't. I don't catch colds from my patients because I'm more or less immune to the cold viruses in Litchfield and its environs.

Most people are immune to the cold viruses in the communities in which they live. These viruses are all around us. They take up residence in our nasal passages and our bodies learn to live with them. It's when we get generally run-down, usually from lack of sleep or an inadequate diet, that the cold viruses can overcome the natural resistance of our body's protective mechanisms and cause those symptoms we recognize as a cold.

Two years ago I did a lot of traveling and I caught one cold after another. For six weeks I had what

seemed like one continuous cold. This occurred not only because I let myself get over-tired, but because my body, though immune to the cold viruses in Minnesota, was not immune to the cold viruses in New York, Los Angeles and other places I visited. There are dozens of cold viruses and they change in minute ways from year to year. Immunity to one offers some immunity to all; but this "cross-immunity" isn't complete. If a woman from Litchfield coughs in my face, I'm safe, not so if it happens in New York, as it invariably does.

When I do get a cold, I'm a bitch. I hate to be sick and when I am I take it out on everyone. I get very grouchy.

I complain a lot about how lousy I feel. I describe my symptoms looking for whatever sympathy I can find. Usually I find very little. A cold never seems like very much of a catastrophe. *Continued on page 196*



# ESQUIRE'S HEAVY 100

There were six identifiable trends in rock in 1972: a black gospel resurgence; the emergence of black hippie music; the flowering of black Muzak, a slick, white eclecticism; a new jazz ecumenism, and a general nostalgia, reworking the songs of rock's infancy (the music is now in its adolescence, if you'll accept Bill Haley's 1955 hit *Rock Around the Clock* as a legitimate birth date). Though they may seem unrelated, these trends have taken the

music in a definite direction—back to the mass audience. Radio is rock's lifeblood, it exposes audience to product, and, for a while there, "serious" FM radio, dominated by soft-spoken young men in clean jeans, was drowning out Top-40 AM radio; long haired poets were replacing rock-and-rollers; good old boys were composing symphonies and working with ninety-eight-piece orchestras. The theory was that AM radio with its tight playlists and

"commercial" bias was destroying rock—i.e., the youth culture—but the problem was that FM became standardized in its way too. After an initial burst of energy, blandness and pretension replaced "commerciality." Now all our friends are listening to loud, banal AM disc jockeys again and loving them, not worrying about cultural slippage. The biggest song of the year was *Shaft*, by Isaac Hayes. It was about a black James Bond and sounded

60ish and pre-enlightened, but was good to dance to. The best popular culture is broad enough to permit creative latitude and a good time.

Which is not to say that FM rock didn't change things. Bob Dylan may sound a tad senile now, but he left his mark on Don McLean and Randy Newman. Isaac Hayes and James Brown may make you uncomfortable with their rote political messages, but they're saying something to an upward-mobile

ghetto audience that's tired of singing the blues. Below, for the third year in a row, Esquire has set all this out for you in a way you can understand. We don't aspire to be musicologists or trade reporters, so our selections work as examples in an overview, not as a who's who of rock success. (For that, read *Billboard's Hot 100*.) We do think rock is a permanent part of the culture; consequently, rock criticism should hurt. Trust us.



**Allman Bros.** Heaviest U.S. band. Death of Duane Allman lent a touch of tragedy to their funky, no b.s. approach. (He wasn't replaced.)



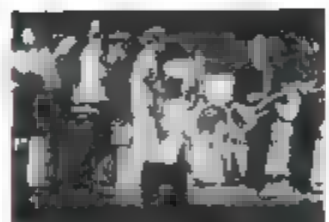
**America** Horse With No Name rocketed group to stardom, they traded on the CSNY sound, added images from Jodorowsky's *El Topo*.



**Marty Balin** Revealed to the world that the revolution the J.A. plane kept shouting for hadn't penetrated the cockpit. He bailed out.



**Carla Bley** Leader Jazz Composers' Orchestra Association. Feels only way serious musicians can function is to release own records.



**Beach Boys** Demonstrates the metamorphosis of the middle-class kid good-bye surfing, hello God, then back to the beach again.



**Blue Oyster Cult** The last underground band but signed with Columbia so have probably gone legit. Bizarro critic R. Meltzer writes lyrics.



**Mike Bloomfield** Leader of Tyrannosaurus Rex, the biggest teeny bopper band. Replaced Mick Jagger as the Androgynous Ideal.



**David Bowie** Final Flowering of Decadent Rock. Took Alice Cooper's Drag Act a silly mile further. Note: Dave is married.



**Bread** Hard rock can be wholesome. Most interesting in that they reflect Elektra Records' decision to de-emphasize arty folk aesthetes.



**James Brown** The King of Black Muzak. Reduced soul to its essentials, then reduced some more. Lyrics and tunes work as frantic jingles.



**Jackson Browne** New breed sensitive commercial songwriter, after five sparse FM years saw the light with *Dog & Cat* on AM.



**David Cassidy** TV star. Sex in rock can be as wholesome as sex in *Playboy*. Posed nude for *Rolling Stone* center fold, smiled sweetly.



**Cheech & Chong** On any other funny act from an underground P.O.V. was Firesign Theatre, but they're intellectuals; C & C do hip slapstick.



**Chi-Lites** Chicago singing group with an emphasis on Fifties quality. Their record *Oh Girl* achieves a peak reached only by veterans.



**Bob Christgau** Dean of Rock Critics, and only one to both love and understand the business of pop culture. Writes for *Newaday*, *Creem*.



**Eric Clapton** Aint no underground low end, though to bury real talent, after Cream broke up, purists dismissed him, came back with *Layla*.



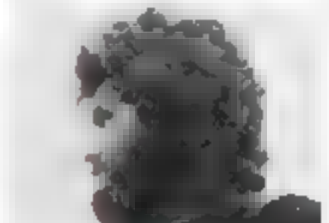
**Joe Cocker** Rock is hard. Two years ago his American tour grossed millions, netted him \$800. This year his comeback attempt failed.



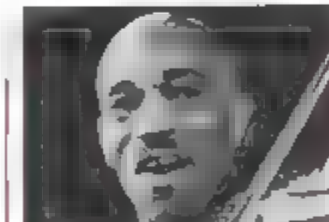
**Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen** Weird band cuts rock version of *Hot Rod Lincoln* and makes the charts. Long shot.



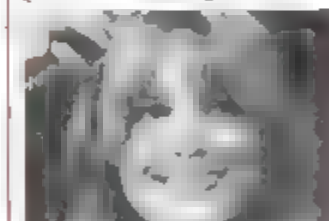
**Ornette Coleman** Years as a purist totem gave him cachet. In 1972 his first Columbia album exposed him to the masses. Jazz say's back.



**Denny Cordell** Sharpe Mgr. Outsharp's Self. After big battle, got Joe Cocker away from super-agent Frank Barsalona, Joe bombed.



**Papa John Creach** Lends some badly needed funk to the Jefferson Airplane, a group which has been in danger of crashing lately.



**Jackie De Shannon** Survival of the fittest good singing was on its way out when she broke in the Sixties. She waited, finally made it.



**Tom Dowd** Super-engineer. Started on the control board at Atlantic, ended as a vice president on the big board. The Horatio Alger of rock.



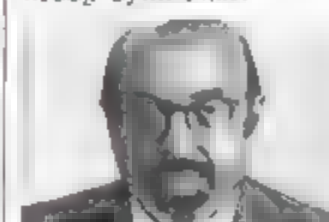
**Eagles** Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young kept breaking up but there was still a market for their sound. This group duplicated it.



**Elvis** His smash U.S. tour and SRO crowds at Madison Square Garden convinced even skeptics that old fashioned rock was back.



**Emerson, Lake & Palmer** Flowering of the mechanical folk school. Vapid poet is framed by inept noodling on the Moog Synthesizer.



**Ahmet Ertegun** Corporate rock's boss of bosses. Sits on a board that controls Warner Bros. Atlantic and Elektra Records. Aristocratic.



**Chris Ethridge** Session bass player. Essential country hippie musician. Provides a dreamily frenzied frame of reference for guitarists.



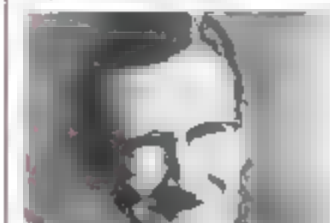
**Fanny** The first all-girl rock band to become a headliner. They do their thing with a minimum of women's liberish and they can play!



**Paul Fushkin** Saw that shock was back, used hard sell to market Todd Rundgren. Albert Grossman made him boss of Bearsville Records.



**Roberta Flack** If jazz hadn't made incursions into pop recently, she might still be teaching instead of singing. Best stylist since Aretha.



**Bill Gavin** Puts out a record report which is known for its honesty. In a devious business, a Boy Scout can be a welcome thing.



**Marvin Gaye** Best of the Motown stable, steady seller since the early Sixties works well alone or in tandem with Tammy Terrell.



**David Geffen** From mailroom at William Morris to manager of CSNY, Laura Nyro, Joni Mitchell. Founded Asylum Records.



**J. Geils Band** Unlike most white blues bands, these boys spent years paying dues in Boston's greaser bars. The stamp of authenticity.



**Dick Gersh** A purist who truly understands bisexual chic, the want ad mentality, etc. Hyped Woodstock. J.C. Superstar, Kristofferson.



**Bill Graham** Unbeknownst to everyone but music biz pros he promoted more rock in '72 than anybody. So who needs the Fillmore?



**Al Green** Sweetest soul singer since Otis Redding. In fact, he sounds like O.R. In fact, critics say he sounds too much like O.R.



**Procol Harum** One of the few Sixties perstar groups to survive the decade. Knew when to abandon "art" rock. Bye 72 single *Conquistador*.



**Isaac Hayes** Gave the new black audience what it wants. *Shaft* and Moses: sex and success, soul without pain. Hottest U.S. act.





**Don Heckman** The World's Most Important Rock Critic. The kingdom and power of The *NY Times* is awesome. Don weds it well.



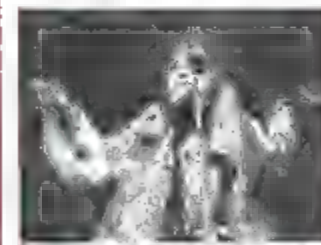
**Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks** The return of Spike Jones. Because the music has no dominant trends, hybrids abound. Clown rock.



**Sam Hood** He used to manage the Gaslight. New York's first hip music club, now he runs Max's Upstairs, the last one in the city.



**Jackson 5** Biggest-selling black group. Appears to the upward mobile Jewish male. Down funk down, starch up.



**Dr. John** Everyone's favorite witch doctor. Gumbo rock from New Orleans, is one of the country's happiest concoctions.



**Elton John** Written off by purists as a honky phoney, he came back with two hip smashes, *Rocket Man* a single, and *Honky Chateau*.



**Glyn Johns** Technicians can be stars. Because he engineered for The Beatles, Stones, The Who and Joe Cocker, his rep sells records.



**John & Yoko** John is now so far from his roots that he looks best on talk shows. Yoko Ono is, of course, a Serious Artist.



**King Karol** Super-record comes to the Supermart. Discount chains operate on a volume basis. Labels are cheap. Don give stamps yet.



**Carole King** Master singer of the Jewish blues. Best AM song writer focuses the point at which black white ethnic influences fuse.



**Rahsaan Roland Kirk** To be old, angry, blind and black. Roland can't express his rage on one horn alone, so he plays five at once.



**Allen Klein** Waning. Lost the Stones and Paul McCartney, then there was that dispute about the money from the Bangla Desh benefit.



**Gladys Knight & the Pips** Blacks now work white clubs because (1) their music is naturally whiter, (2) there are more black groups.



**Russ Kunkel** Session drummer. Frequently called on to provide a "bottom" for less than heavy recording dates. Creative three gon.



**Labelle** Formerly Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles. Seminal sex funk vocal group. Her I So I My Heart, the funk man was a rock classic.



**Jon Landau** Heavy critic and producer, now directing *Riding Stone's* East Coast operation. Favors pragmatism over aesthetics. Survivor.



**Larry Magid** Philly regional producer. With partner Alan Spivak, has taken some of the glory away from New York, Frisco and London.



**Mario the Big M** Hot test promo man in the biz. Does wonders for his Atlantic bosses. All the new talent in promo imitates M's act.



**Dave Marsh** Editor of *Cream* magazine. Last rock writer to believe music can save the world. Still *Cream* is the one to watch.



**Dave Mason** The best of the new commercial singer songwriters. He writes good tunes, and the words work as well as in 1955.



**John Mayall** Pioneer of white blues movement. Is now working in jazz. His latest album features Blue Mitchell, a jazz great.



**Ellen McIlwaine** Great old slide guitar player since Elmore James. Question: does anyone out there care about great slide guitar?



**Don McLean** *American Pie* was to protest music, what *The Graduate* was to youth films. Something parents could dig. They bought it.



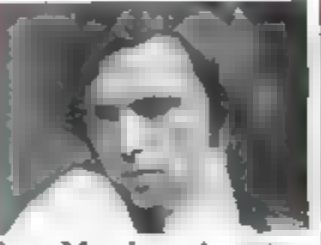
**Melanie** Our Lady of the Untuned Guitar. Rabid fans genuflect before her "honesty." She gives 'em kitsch, not loaves or fishes.



**Bette Midler** A camp singer who picked up the banner and down by Tiny Tim the leap from underground to TV is no longer quantum.



**Joan Mitchell** Somewhat all other folksy girl singers seem to be inculcated. Joni doesn't work much, but her records are superior tougher.



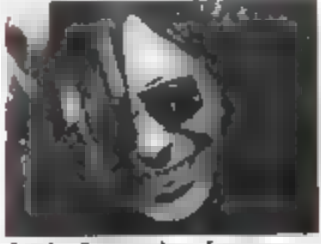
**Van Morrison** A victim of the same plague that weakened Lennon, McCartney, Larry Corvell. He lets his wife influence his music.



**New Riders** Rock bands are made up of kids who get tired of each other, so there are now "spin-off" groups attached to Grateful Dead.



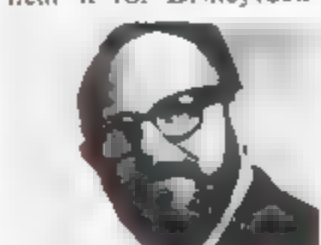
**Randy Newman** America's most ambitious songwriter has a Joan D'Arcy sensibility, fine for a while, but soon the angst gets shrill.



**Jack Nitzsche** Independent producer. When record companies don't know what's happening, they call for a free lance, who thinks he does.



**Osmonds** Their music is unsullied by anxieties or neuroses in an age saturated with them, the white Jackson 5. Let's hear it for Disney rock.



**Mo Ostin** Board Chairman, Warner Bros. Reprise knew when to sign writers like Van Morrison, knew when to stop signing them.



**Persuasions** A cappella soul was the clay of black Fifties pop. *Not a tatue de la bone* made them stars this year. Zenith of the form.



**Playboy Records** What kind of hippie boys? Not many, despite the efforts of Sal Lannucci and Tony Lawrence (above).



**Pamela Pollard** The aging superstars of Hippie Heaven, aka a Marin County, say she will be bigger than Janis. Heaven is an insular scene.



**Billy Preston** Emergence of the black hippie. Hung out with George Harrison. Played Bangla Desh benefit. Hit big with *Outta Space*.



**John Prine** Until Prine record execs still thought James Dean Dylan Kristofferson types would top charts, now they know better.



**Sun Ra** Farthest-out jazz composer. Outer space is a pleasant place. The kids don't buy his records, but they like to drop his name.



**Genya Ravan** Singer. Tried to and ultimately did out-debilitate a horn section arrested for obscene shouting at a concert in Cherry Hill, N.J.



**Lou Reed** Andy Warhol's discovery, led *The Velvet Underground*, wrote *Sister Ray* and *I'm Waiting for the Man*, the junkie anthem.



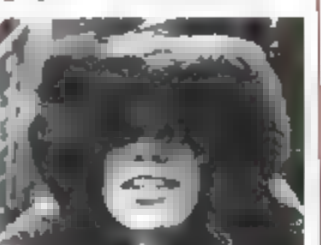
**Weather Report** Finest jazz-rock fusion. Columbia's ad campaign showed faith execs had in the potential of the new hybrid.



**Smokey Robinson** Grand old man of Motown, tradition of vocal excellence. Retired this year just as his style became popular again.



**Todd Rundgren** Schlock can be beautiful. Synthesizes bits from other artists, commercializes them. Owns best wardrobe in rock and roll.



**Carly Simon** Competence rewarded. Not a great singer, not a bad one. Famous as James Taylor's old lady daughter of Richard Simon.



**Paul Simon** Even with out Garfunkel, he's the biggest thing in Sensitivity Listening. With *Me and Julio* proved he had a sense of humor.



**Nina Simone** Typifies the new jazz sensibility, even though she's old jazz pop. Shades of protest, soul, folk, women's lib, funk.



**Staple Singers** Made the inchoate eroticism of gospel music manifest in *I'll Take You There*, now everybody's doing it, doing it.



**Slade** An English "skinhead" band that looks like the Droogs of *A Clockwork Orange* will hit America with a bit of the old ultra-vioence.



**Joe Smith** President, Warner Bros. Reprise. Waged successful war on bootleggers. A man of honor and integrity, wealth and taste.



**Patti Smith** Can rock be poetry? Well, not exactly, but Patti's couplets and free-form verse transcend the banal form she works in.



**Brownsville Station** The "Detroit Sound" never got off the ground because it was mired in politics. These guys don't rock with Mao.



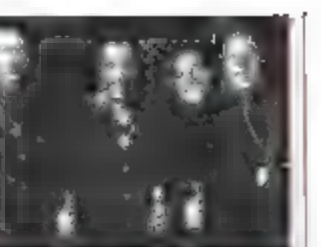
**Rod Stewart** Last pop star. Introduced the shag haircut, high heels for men, a post acid stance. "Have a good time, the world's over."



**Rolling Stones** The last great rock band toured the United States for the last time and nobody waved good bye but Hugh Hefner.



**Robert Stigwood** Once fired by the late Brian Epstein, Stigwood is the most powerful agent for English groups touring in the U.S. Tough rep.



**Four Tops** First black male singing group to obliterate the color line. Big on TV, in Vegas. First victims of the new cultural dilution.



**Jethro Tull** In the absence of anyone livelier, leader Ian Anderson's flute playing historicisms have riveted the eyes of America upon him.



**WABC, N.Y.** Through all the FM understatement, this AM station kept cracking with stat brilliance, golden oldies as found art.



**War** Eric Burdon's former band has done wonders without its erstwhile leader, *Stippin' into Darkness* best example of quality AM rock.



**Johnny Winter** Victim. Execs saw that freaks were selling, so they hyped this pink-eyed albino far beyond his ability. He became a junkie.



**Bill Withers** The return of gospel. *Lean On Me*, his big AM hit, brought an increasingly "white" black music back home to its roots.



# See Dick. See Dick Run. See John Osborne Watch Dick Run.

by Richard J. Whalen

*Meet the journalist who makes the President perfectly clear*

**E**arly in the Fall of 1969, a member of the White House staff with whom I'd worked in the Nixon campaign the previous year shot a nervous glance around the busy downtown Washington restaurant and confided the shape of things to come under "the Germans," the insiders' nickname for Presidential assistants H. R. Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. "They're ready to bring the whole thing under their control," said the aide. "Moynihan is out, and so is Harlow Ehrlichman will run a new Domestic Affairs Council. Haldeman will be the only man between him and the President." The staff member paused for a moment. "You know what's so frustrating?" The damned lazy press doesn't have a clue about what's happening. The only guy on the outside who understands the role of Haldeman and Ehrlichman is John Osborne of *The New Republic*."

True enough, the journalist who seemed least likely to succeed, bearing as he did the credentials of the hostile, left-liberal *New Republic*, had at that early date penetrated some of the central mysteries of the Nixon White House. Three years later, Osborne is at home in the west wing physically if not ideologically, and his column "The Nixon Watch" has gained unique authority as a kind of critical Court Circular, a running commentary on the American monarchy, written with style, bite and the word must be applied, though it repels Osborne's consistent fairness.

Osborne, who was born in Corinth, Mississippi, in 1907, belongs to an older tradition of journalism than the contemporary trade dominated by the time and the games of show biz. He has a courtly manner and retains a trace of a drawl which

he like every other Southerner in big-league political journalism recognizes as an asset. As he did in his youthful newspapering days in Memphis, he has or gracefully pretends to have time to just sit and listen. The politician talking to him experiences the rare pleasure of addressing a live, intelligent and attentive audience. Osborne says that he spends "an absurd amount of time" idling around the White House, doing nothing but taking in the "atmosphere." In fact, this is the most important part of his job, for his trained eye and ear enable him to catch even subtle changes with barometric precision.

What sets Osborne and others in the older tradition apart from contemporary political reporters is simply the professional knowledge of how to go about it: unearthing, researching, and writing a story for which no convenient news peg exists. Reporters in the age of instant replay seem never to have the time to learn their trade, much less practice it. Presidential Press Secretary Ron Ziegler, an ex-prime minister and a Haldeman protégé, treats the White House regulars with open contempt, which is heartily reciprocated because he knows that the gents will show up for their twice-daily feeding of handouts no matter what he suspenses. Osborne spent nearly half of his forty-five-year career at Time, Inc., and researched and wrote many stories for *Fortune*. He does his homework and he knows garbage when he smells it. When he turns up his prominent nose and interrogates Ziegler, the other regulars pay attention.

"John is the ball of the White House press corps," says an assistant to the President. "The others tend to key off him when he starts asking questions about how this po-

sition can possibly be consistent with that one. He can get an issue rolling that way."

A good example of Osborne's ability to point the herd in the direction of the large and continuing story is his sustained reporting on Henry Kissinger's very special role. "Kissinger has served Nixon as, among other things, his surrogate brutalitarian," wrote Osborne in January, 1970. "Whether the President has really given foreign policy a whole 'new direction' is questionable. But there can be no question that the brutality has had much if not all of the desired effect upon its principal target, the bureaucracy of the Department of State. A humbler and more quiescent lot of departmental officials is not to be found in Washington."

Osborne insists on making and carefully labeling distinctions between fact and supposition. When, in May, 1970, Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia and every alarm bell in liberal journalism began ringing loudly, Osborne reacted more in sorrow than in anger, beginning his column thus: "Retracing the President's road to the current madness in Cambodia is a painful exercise for one who has been persuaded, and has reported, as I have been reporting since the Summer of 1969, that Mr. Nixon had a better understanding of the nature of the Vietnam war and was working toward a saner solution of the Vietnam problem than he thought it wise or possible to indicate in public." It was Osborne's "guess," so labeled, that the President, in the pre-invasion days of stress and decision, had vented unwisely past his limited threshold of fatigue and had worked himself into a state where his wild. (Continued on page 120)





# ROOM TEMPERATURE

by Raymond Kennedy

*When obligation presses, who can stay indoors?*

Jack replaced the lid on the stove, then went to the door. The snow came up to the doorsill furnished with an icy crust. After looking outside warily, he closed the door, shot the bolt, turned and shuffled back to bed. "Son of a bitch," he said. On the cot lay a magazine, pages thumbled yellow. He had read the stories many times, one of them over and over—a story about a woman whose husband liked to wear dresses. The story made Jack laugh. He sat on the bed, looking at the bolt. He was not himself.

"I got the heebie-jeebies!" he said.

He got up and went to the stove again. Overhead the wind fluttered the tar paper, a sucking sound, like a pulled nail. The flaming log stood on end in the narrow pot of the stove, and he jiggled it ceremoniously with the lid handle, then turned his eyes to the bolt on the door. He did not like the looks of it. "Contraption!" he said.

He took off his shoes and lighted his pipe. The dog lay beneath the rocker, its side swelling evenly. Later, as the fire cooled, the dog would rouse himself and climb onto the cot. By that time, Jack would be sleeping.

He put his head back against the sack with the coat rolled up inside, puffed his pipe, and pulled the blankets to his chin. The woman in the story was Julia, and the man was Dan, and Jack saw the look on Julia's face as Dan came down the stairway smelling like lilacs and wearing pumps with an open toe. Jack laughed and puffed on his pipe.

Twice during the night he heard noises, the second time plain. It made him sit up, and then get up and put on his pants and a coat over

the sweat shirt he slept in. He found a hatchet and hammer in the box, took the hammer and put the hatchet back, and then he went to the door and listened. He drew the bolt all the way back.

He moved forward, the snow shattering like gunshot. The moonlight advanced, lighting up bushes and, beyond them, a man, flat on his back.

Jack had never seen anything like it. All the man wore was a shoe.

"They used to take your money," Jack said. "A man wanted your money and he took it. These filthy bastards are different." The man opened and closed his eyes. "I've seen 'em," said Jack.

He took the bottle, got a tin cup, poured a little whiskey, then went back to the cot.

"I know what I'm talking about," Jack said. "I'm not just talking to hear myself talk. I've seen them and I know what they look like." He looked at the man's face. "It used to be a fellow would want your money, you had a drink or two, and he was waiting for you outside. Listen," said Jack, "I did it myself. What man hasn't? But," he said, lifting a finger, "I didn't take a man's shoes. I didn't take his pants and his hat and his underwear, goddamnit."

Jack lowered himself into his rocker. The stove was glowing now, making popping sounds. He listened to be sure he could hear the man breathing, then sat back and folded his hands on his stomach.

He must have slept hours, and woke to find the man sitting at the table. He sat with his back to Jack, a blanket around him from neck to feet.

"Ten years ago," the man said, "I didn't have a hundred, I had a

thousand like you."

Jack couldn't make sense of it.

"End up in a dump like this," the man said. He glanced at the ceiling. "And for what?"

The man was raving, Jack decided. He had gotten bad blows on the head.

"How are you feeling?" Jack asked, sitting forward in his chair.

The man turned. "I want something to eat," he said.

"Well, what'll it be?" Jack said. "Oatmeal and coffee, or coffee and oatmeal?"

"Get me some breakfast, some clothes, and a bath."

Jack shook his head. "You can't have breakfast and bath both. The stove's too small. You get one or the other."

The man struck the table a powerful blow. "Goddamnit to hell!" he cried. "I'm lost, don't you understand? I'm lost and cold and hungry and dirty! Look at me!" He opened the blanket. "Are you blind?"

"I hear you," Jack complained, holding up his hands.

"I want a bath! Is that asking too much? I want some coffee and a tub of water!" he cried.

Jack had to laugh, all right. The man was a funny tick. "No oil," he was saying, "no gas, no sink, no lights, no plumbing, no telephone—"

The man spread his hands, taking in the four walls. "An absolute hov-el. Anyplace else," said the man, "there'd be someone to shave me. My things would be laundered and folded and laid out." Reaching, he uncapped the whiskey bottle and poured. His eyes followed Jack, who smiled and nodded but went about his business, fetching the coffee bag from the perishables box.

"Come on," the man said, "look at me." He was extending his arms,

like a model displaying her garments.

"That's all right," said Jack, not looking.

"This blanket," said the man, "where did you get it?"

"Some men," said Jack, "live one way. Some men live another."

"Oh, that's helpful," the man said, smiling hastily and turning back to the table. He sipped some whiskey from the cup and put his fist to his lips. "Well, my name is Dick," he said, "but you don't call me that." He belched, shaking his head. "No, I don't want any familiarity with you."

Jack was standing with his back to the man. He did not wish to turn around. He looked out the window and across the frosted earth.



"I hope you have some soap—a facecloth, too, and a towel," Dick said. "I won't ask you for your bath salts or talcum or cologne, but I'd like to see myself in a glass." He stood up.

"You'd better wash up first," Dick pursed his lips, reflecting on it. "So this is where you live," he said, looking out the window. "And out here—this is all yours?"

"Some of it," said Jack. "I see," Dick puckered his lips, impressed.

"An acre," said Jack. "Pretty," said Dick, viewing the terrain.

Then, turning about, he took the blanket and flung it aside. Sitting down, Dick began to wash his body, making wet sounds with the washcloth against his flesh. "I have seen the top," said Dick, "and I have seen the bottom. But you know, Jack," his voice growing more familiar, "I enjoyed both."

"You sound well-educated," Jack said.

"That's not what I'm talking about. I'm referring to your big shots and bums," Dick said.

Jack made a knowing face. "I knew a bum once." He laughed horsily.

"I'm not talking about beggars," said Dick, shaking a finger. "I'm talking about your bum. A man who knows nobody and owes nobody, but when he has to, will hit you on the head for it. That man," said Dick, mopping under his armpits, "walks the earth on his own two feet, goddamnit. It's like the big shot, only the big shot owns the place and he stays put."

"I see what you're getting at," Jack said. He was fishing in the food box and thinking his own thoughts. There were six eggs, some flour, lard, margarine. He made several calculations.

"You see," Dick went on, "the ones in the middle, the accountants and nurses and bookkeepers and cops and schoolteachers and lawyers

low," Dick added, thoughtful, "is really a tribute to you."

"If you say so," said Jack, popping an egg into the frypan and tilting it to make the lard spread.

"What time does your mail come?"

"I don't get mail," said Jack. "They don't come out here. I have to go for it. But I never get any, so I don't go for it."

"Makes sense," said Dick.

"It's too far, anyway," said Jack.

"What I was getting at," Dick stood up, pointing to the towel on the nail on the door, "was how much better for you to be a bum. I personally couldn't use you. That is, I couldn't fit you in without costing me money." He shrugged his shoulders.

Jack shook his head and grinned. He handed Dick the towel. He wished he were alone with the dog.

While the eggs fried in the pan, Jack fished some pants and a shirt from the suitcase he kept at the foot of his bed.

"Be a good scout," said Dick, "and fetch me a looking glass. And please stop mincing about and avoiding looking at me."

"Here," said Jack, extending the roll of clothes to the man. "Take this."

"Don't hand me everything at once," Dick complained. "Give me the shirt first. Put my trousers and hose on the chair. And keep an eye on those eggs, won't you? And Jack," he said, "do bring me my mirror."

"Where are you going from here?" Jack asked over his shoulder.

"I don't understand your question," Dick said.

"You can't stay here."

The two men considered one another at length. "Have I led you to believe that I want to. Great heavens," Dick glanced about, pivoting on his heel, "whatever would I do with myself in such a dump?"

"It's miles out of here," said Jack.

"Miles?" Dick said, his eyebrows lifting. "Miles to where? How in the world can you discuss distances without destinations?" Dick's teeth showed as he smiled. "After all, it's not miles from here to the ditch—or to the nearest hillock. I know how to get about. A man is never lost. I, for example," and he placed his pudgy hands flat to his chest, "have never been lost. I have been all over, Jack. I know the continents, the rivers and streams, and I know that the lesser waters flow always to (Continued on page 166)



# George, Be Careful

by George Lois with Bill Pitts

*You could set the whole ad biz on fire with that damn thing!*

EDITOR'S NOTE: George Lois, shown at right with such a cardboard tube as advertising people use to protect their presentations from the elements, has been known to very careful readers of *Esquire* since October, 1962, when his name first appeared in tiny letters on our cover. Since then, he has designed almost all of *Esquire's* covers, as witness ten years of tiny letters. In the advertising industry, however, George Lois' name has long been known not in tiny letters, but in huge heroic capitals, spoken in tones of awe. Now comes Mr. Lois with a book about the advertising business and his own activities in it, leading to his present position as Chairman of the Board of his own agency, Lois Holland Callaway. What follows is his account of an unforgettable year, early on in his career, at Doyle Dane Bernbach, one of New York's hottest advertising agencies.

When I first went to work at the Doyle Dane Bernbach agency in early 1959, a posse was out for my neck because of the Ear. One of the agency's owners, Bill Bernbach, asked me to come up with a newspaper campaign for a new product called Kerid ear drops. I was eager to prove that I could measure up to the three big-gun art directors already at DDB. My chubby boss,

Bob Gage, had been knocking out great work for Polaroid, for Ohrbach's, for the Dreyfus Fund with its trademark lion, for Chemstrand—and for just about every account at the agency. Bill Taubin did the famous campaign, "You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's." Taubin's personal warmth in that great advertising showed the bread makers that a message can be powerful when it's human. The art department's third big gun was a complex kraut named Helmut Krone with a dour, Buster Keaton face. He was a fidgety perfectionist who worked with deadly Teutonic patience. A ferocious talent, Helmut Krone had done the first great Polaroid ads, including the memorable ad portrait of the classic clown's face. The giants of my profession were Gage, Taubin and Krone. Even the other art directors at DDB—their so-called second-string team—were worlds ahead of most so-called top talents in the larger ad agencies. And now I was part of this great agency's awesome first-string lineup, itching for action. It began with the Ear.

Kerid's research showed that people poked around with pencils and bobby pins to clean their ears. I pushed the moral to its graphic brink by showing a colossal close-up of an ear, sprouting all those pencils





and pins. The visual warning was inescapable: don't tinker with your ears, use Kerid ear drops.

When I brought the Ear to Bernbach his eyes lit up. But some of his creative people thought it was downright disgusting. The corridors buzzed with angry talk I shut my door and holed up to complete the campaign. I knocked out enough layouts for Kerid to cover a wall. My room was converted into a gallery of ear posters. But some of the elitists at DDB had become zealots about the "tasteful" tone of their new wave advertising. A posse gathered and went to Bill Bernbach. They were ashamed, they said, to see the Ears of twirp Lois come out of holy DDB. Bernbach listened. Then the campaign was presented to Kerid and they ran off with the Ear. The campaign ran and sold drops. But I learned from that first assignment that I would have to fight for my work. With the matzoh poster I almost lost my life.

Bill Bernbach revolutionized the creative process in advertising by encouraging his artists and writers to work together without account men jamming fortune-cookie copy into the blend. But this meant that a great ad could be harpooned by a client if the account man couldn't sell it. My matzoh poster was a classic example.

"He didn't like it," said the account executive when he returned from Long Island City. "He killed it, George." My poster was rolled up in a thick cardboard tube. "It's dead, George." He chucked the tube into the corner of my office. "I tried, George." In the tube was a stunning eye stopper, a visual symbol that was so clear even the Irish of St. John's parish would buy a box to nibble with their beer.

I showed a huge, gorgeous, realer-than-real color blowup of a matzoh. Above the matzoh my headline said, "Kosher for Passover," which may sound like nothing much—but the headline was lettered in *Hebrew*. And the poster was scheduled to run in New York's subways just before Passover. In Hebrew lettering my headline was as clear as a shamrock. There wasn't a person in New York who didn't know that these hieroglyphics meant kosher. But because the matzoh poster was so obvious, I should have known it would need imaginative selling for the average client to buy it.

"You gotta give me a reason," I asked the account man. "No reason," he said. "He just didn't like it."

I went to Bernbach. "I don't understand, Bill," I said. "The client killed this poster and they didn't give a reason."

"Well, obviously they didn't like it," he said.

"But I want to know *why* they didn't like it. I don't think it's right for any account man at Doyle Dane to come back with a fat *no* and no *reason*."

Suddenly he bristled. "George Lois," he said softly, "why do you insist on calling me by my first two names?"

"Sorry Doyle Dane Bernbach. But I still don't know the reason."

"I don't know either. What did the account man say?"

"They just killed it, period."

"Well I'm sure he made every effort to sell it."

"I'm *not* sure, Bill. If he really understood the concept he would have sold it."

When I first showed the poster to Bernbach his eyes feasted on it as though I had sprung the Maltese falcon for Sydney Greenstreet. But now he was reluctant to undercut his account man by contacting the client himself. And the agency had an unwritten rule: when the account man strikes out, the art director takes his

lumps and tries a new approach.

"Well, if you think you're that smart, *you* go sell it," he said.

"Thanks, Bill. I will." The maestro knew what he was doing.

"I'm going to sell it," I told the account man.

"Oh no you're not."

"Oh yes I am. Bill told me I could go."

"Bill told you?"

"Yeah."

"Well then you call up right in front of me, right now, and make the appointment."

He gave me the number. I made an appointment to review my poster personally that afternoon with A. Goodman & Sons in Long Island City. The account man was miffed. But he was also tickled to have me poke my crooked nose into the matzohland buzz saw. The old man at Goodman had the reputation of a master *kvetch*, a very obstinate customer.

The word got around fast that I was headed for disaster. In the john I overheard a media man tell an account man, "Did you hear? Lois is going to Goodman *a cappella* to sell his matzoh poster!" The account man said, "Bernbach is smart. He's throwing him to the wolves. When the old bastard in Long Island City says no, that's it. Lois will get his ass raked and he'll crawl back to his office." When the media man said, "Maybe he won't come back, God willing," the account man shot back, "*Nobody* ever quits Doyle Dane." The pious creeps were getting under my skin. "Doyle Dane Bernbach," I said, slamming the door as I left.

The matzoh monarch's office looked out onto a network of glass cubicles so that every clerk could be seen by his boss. He was an Old Testament patriarch with a harsh manner, but a warmth lurked in his sullen eyes. His staff surrounded his imperial desk like a family gathering. They all greeted me with a friendly warmth.

The patriarch hunched over his desk, heavy eyebrows draping his Talmudic eyes. His dialect was boardroom Menasha Skulnik. His favorite sentence was, "I dun like it." And his favorite word was "No." But he was an attentive listener. He leaned forward as I said, "You're on the subway and you see this gorgeous Goodman matzoh poster . . ." and just as I unfurled it he said, "I dun like it."

"I *love* it," I said, "because you want to *stop* people when they're in a hurry. You want to make them *see* the Goodman. And you don't need lots of words, because you don't have to explain matzoh. When people rush around in a subway they don't have time to *read* a poster." A head nods with approval. "It's just before Passover," I went on. "Everyone who buys matzohs is probably Jewish, and it's a joyous holiday, right? There's food and wine on the table, and everything's kosher, right? So you say something that fits the holiday. This poster says it!" Another head nods, encouraging me to continue: "You don't say, 'Listen, buy my matzoh because I make a terrific product,' and all that stale hoo-ha that nobody reads. You just use a few Hebrew letters to remind people of the spirit of Passover, so when they think of matzohs they think of Goodman." A secretary nods. Even better, the patriarch waves his hand and harrumphs a frog. He speaks: "*I dun like it.*"

"I don't care. This poster will sell Goodman matzohs because it's a simple message that will reach masses of people, and they'll buy. *That's* what I care about. It's fresh, it's provocative, it's fast, it's clear, it's attractive and it says *matzoh*. It also says kosher, it also says Passover. And that's the best way to say and sell Goodman."

More heads begin to nod. I'm winning the staff but the king still *kvetches* no no no. The matzoh monarch won't budge. But I won't quit and I keep at him. "Take my word for it—this poster is so strong you'll sell more matzoh to *goyim* than during a bread strike. The Hebrew headline dots the i. It says that Goodman is the most Jewish matzoh you can buy. So even if you're not Jewish—if your name is Angelo Cappella or Preston Reardon—you stop in your tracks when you see this poster and you say, 'Maybe that's for me because when I buy matzoh I want real *haimuskeh* matzoh.' If you do it this way you'll be the *only* matzoh in town."

I had them all nodding now, but the old man was still shaking his head. I picked out the face of the boldest nodder and winged my words at him, but he interrupted me to say, "Please, Mr. Lois, don't talk to *me*. I happen to love the poster." That was my breakthrough. The patriarch suddenly perked up, took a ball-point pen and tapped the desk for silence. He sipped from a glass of water that was shoved into his hands. He leaned forward and spoke. "*No*. I *dun* like it."

He folded his arms across his chest, slumped back in his chair and shook his head at me sadly. Nothing would move him. But nothing could hold me back from breathing life into my gorgeous work. Time was running out. I had to make a final move. I saw the window. "There must be *some* way I can sell you on this—" and I rolled up the poster and headed for the window. "I dun vonna tuck abott it no more," he said, as I raised the window. "Neither do I," I shot back. "We shouldn't be arguing about this masterpiece in the first place. It speaks for itself." As I began to climb through the open window he shouted after me, "You're going someplace?" I stepped through the open window and shouted at him, "I'm leaving."

They gaped at me as though I were some kind of *meshuginah*. I was posed on the outer ledge high above the pavement like a window washer. I gripped the raised sash with every tendon of my left hand while I waved the poster with my free hand. One of the Goodman men was slapping the desk, trying to hold in the laughter, grabbing at his crotch. He crossed his thighs and doubled over, cupping his mouth. His bladder would go if he held in the guffaw, but if he let it go *I* would go. The others stopped him before he could slap the desk again, and nobody made a sound. Any noise might loosen my grip and the matzoh corporation would have to cart away a crumpled art director from the concrete. I screamed from the ledge at the top of my lungs, loud enough to be heard in all of Long Island City:

"*You make the matzoh, I'll make the ads!*"

"Stop, stop," said the old man. "We'll run it, we'll run it. You made your point already. Come in, come in, please!" I climbed back into the room and thanked the patriarch for the nice way he reviewed my work. The doubled-over guy ran to the toilet. As I was leaving, the patriarch shouted after me, "If you ever kvit edvertising, young men, you got yourself ah job as ah matzoh salesman."

"*This* is my work," I shouted back as I raced through the cubicles of glass, holding the cardboard cylinder. I saw a flame burning from the top of the tube.

My heart was still thumping as I stepped off the elevator back at the agency. Casually, I walked to my office. "What happened?" came voices. Account executives surrounded me. "We had a quiet chat and he bought it," I said coolly, chucking the tube into the corner of my room. "He's a very sweet, reasonable gentleman."

Passover of 1959 was a very kosher season for Goodman as sales crackled in. And I had given life to the work that I loved.

After the Ear and the Matzoh came the Tie. By then I had become a great actor. All I risked with the Tie was being found out!

From the first day at DDB my Bronx parish ways marked me as a slob, mostly with Bill Bernbach's broods, my maestro's lady copywriters. They reported to Phyllis Robinson, the agency's brilliant copy chief. To many of her girls she was the Mother Superior and I was the parish incorrigible. With my Kingsbridge accent and my crooked nose, some of the women with whom I was paired on ads thought I could read no further than a headline. When I went over their copy and said, "This part here sounds like horseshit," they ran to Phyllis in tears. I was the impossible art director with a filthy mouth. I decided to be more careful with the girls and I worked at it.

I was at my finest with the Tie:

I was assigned an ad on a fabric that made men's ties *washable*. Before I met with my copywriter-wife I roughed out an ad showing two fat men wearing bibs. They were ready to start an eating orgy of suckling pig at a table heaped with rich food. What made the ad unusual was the way their ties were worn: *outside* their bibs. My headline said, "*now! ties made for eaters.*" I completed the ad and shoved it in my drawer. Then I met with the copywriter to do the ad—again. I fed my creative partner clues: "Can you figure out *some* way we can show a person wearing a bib without covering his tie?" More clues followed. After lots of careful goosing I jockeyed her to the point where she hit on the headline, "*now! ties made for eaters.*" I jumped out of my chair and terrified her for coming up with that marvelous ad. I asked her to give me twenty minutes to do the layout. "We just did this *marvelous* ad," she sang to an account man in the corridor. I buzzed for my assistant to order photostats of the completed layout in my drawer.

I ran into another obstacle on the Tie when I gave the account man my bare-bones sketch of the ad to show the client. Layouts were usually submitted as fancy pastel renderings. I could have had a board man in the bullpen with green eyeshades render a fancy color "portrait" of the bib wearers, but the client might gag at the rendering and reject the concept. I volunteered to go along with the account man to explain the ad, but after matzohland I wasn't that welcome. He took my layout instead of me and sold the concept. The Tie finally made it.

I ran into the reverse problem with Julius Hochman of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, another DDB client. When I showed him my rough drawing of an old lady cradling a baby for an ad on the early struggles of labor unions, Hochman wanted to frame it. He was David Dubinsky's right-hand man, an old warrior of the sweatshop era. "Dott's *arrt*," he said. "Dott's ah *mesaterpiece*." When I told him we'd shoot a photo, he was shocked. A charcoal sketch to Hochman was sacred, like the earthy proletarian art of Kathe Kollwitz. In an earlier ad on the promise of America I showed him a sketch of two symbolic hands: one held an ice cream cone; the other was the Statue of Liberty's hand, holding the torch. He almost wept when he saw it—and I shot the photo. When he saw the ad in finished form he was upset: "Dott's not vot I saw I vant de *drawings*, de *drawings*." I had to shift gears on Seventh Avenue with this old labor lion who worshiped *arrt*: "It's ah pleasure to talk to an *arrtist* and not to ah commoicial." (Continued on page 152)



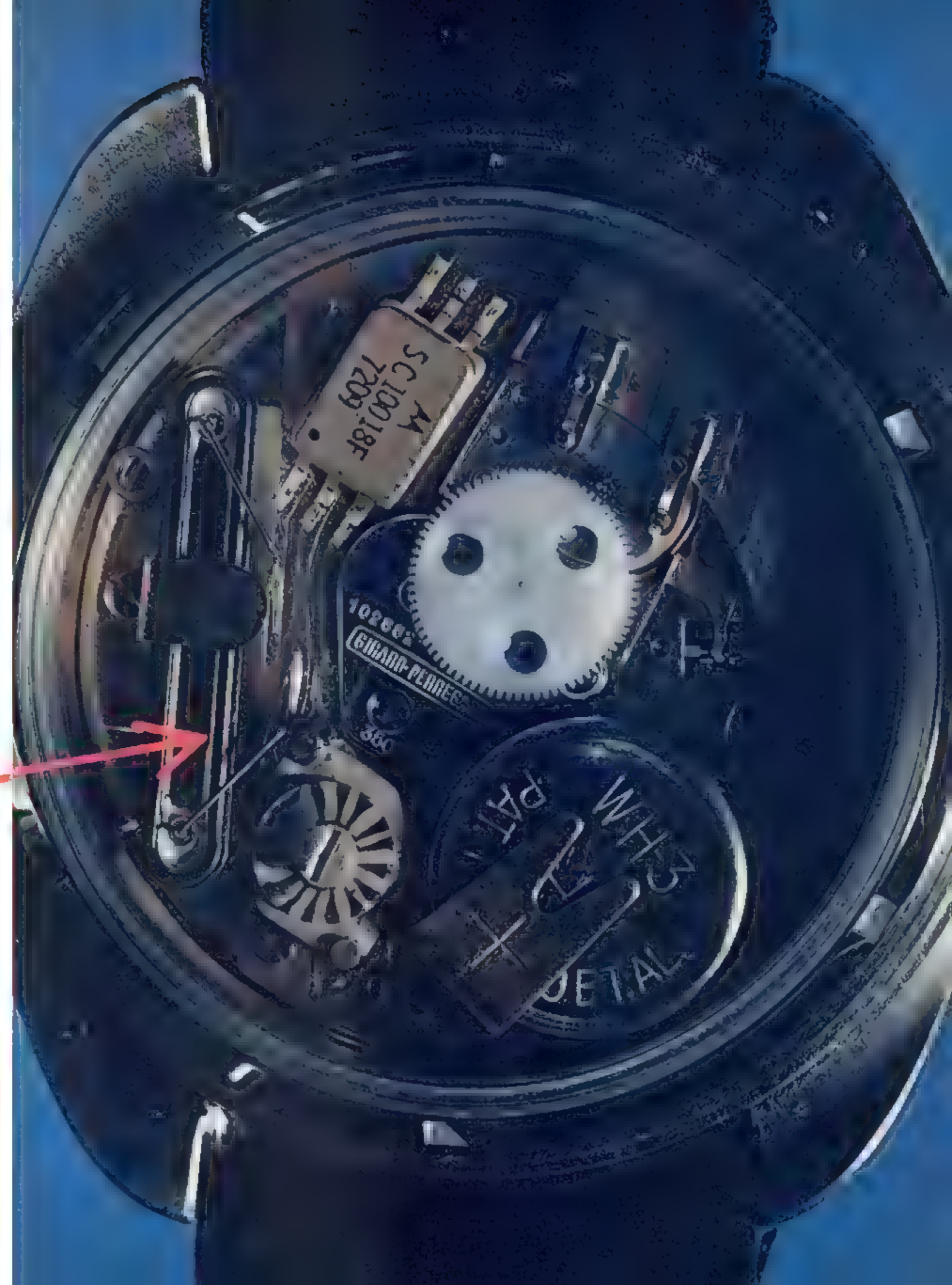


## THE SUPREME QUARTZ DECISION

In the beginning was the world, which rotates once every twenty-four hours—too slow to watch. In the end is the quartz crystal, like that shown inside the Girard Perregaux watch opposite, which vibrates exactly 32,768 times a second—too fast to count. The horological trick is to gear the whole thing down to a reasonable speed, which until this year required bulky installations, now, through integrated circuitry, quartz

timers can fit into watchcases, thus revolutionizing the whole business of keeping up to the minute. Already you have a lot to choose from. At top left the Omega, \$2,200 tells also exactly what day it is. Bulova, center, \$295 uses a tuning fork to connect crystal to dial, right, Waltham, \$195, provides digital readout. In the second row, from left, the Universal Geneve pocket watch is \$1,850; Hamilton's Pulsar, \$2,100,

has no moving parts; Rado, with calendar, \$1,000. Timex and Rolex, not shown, are in the crystal field as well, priced from \$125 to \$3,450 respectively. Since quartz watches can be accurate to around five seconds a month, it will be hard for you, a mere creature of irregular flesh, to live up to them, but every man needs some ideal to respect, and what safer place to keep it than right there on your left wrist?





(Continued from page 149) man, Lois." *Oy gevalt*

A guy named Joe Daly, for some reason, hardly found it a pleasure to talk to me. Daly was a power in the agency—vice-president and account supervisor on Polaroid and Chemstrand, two accounts that added up to a hefty chunk of DDB's billings. I had done an ad for Acrilan, a Chemstrand fiber. Bill Bernbach okayed it, the account man Len Press liked it, and the client bought it. I shot the photo and prepared the final artwork. Then the ad was killed by Daly. I bitched to Bob Gage. He told me to leave the ad with him, that he would try to work it out. Bob called me to his office the next day and I walked into a roomful of faces around his table, studying my layout. In a corner behind Gage I noticed a tough-looking bird with a military crew cut. His muscly arms bulged in his short-sleeved shirt as he sat and watched. We weren't introduced, but I knew I was looking at Joe Daly.

Len Press went through the motions, explaining why "we" vetoed my ad. I knew he was in a spot; Daly was obviously calling the shots. I cut him off and played the wounded innocent to bait Daly: "Len, I don't understand *any* of this. The account group liked it, Bill Bernbach liked it, the client liked it, I shot the photo and that was approved. Now I'm told 'we' don't like it without any *reason*. It's not 'we,' it's Joe Daly. Now who in the hell is Joe Daly?"

"Who the hell are *you*?" roared Daly, rearing up like a cougar and coming across the room at me. Gage and Press grabbed Daly as I squared off, waiting to see if he led with his left. "Joe, Joe, what are you *doing*?" came a voice. Daly huffed, I puffed, then I walked out and snarled at him, "Any ad I do for you is *my* work, not yours." The ad finally ran, but the grapevine quickly spread the word about the Greek tough who would one day get his from tough Joe, who was no slouch. Never a dull day at Doyle Dane Bernbach.

The joint was always jumping with absorbing work. I kept an alarm clock in my office to go off at midnight or I would never stop. I loved the pace at DDB. Working late may have marked me as Bernbach's pet beaver, but it was Bill's partner, Ned Doyle, the agency's executive vice-president, who took notice. The agency was on Forty-second Street, a few blocks from the Algonquin Hotel, where Doyle often held late dinner meetings. After his full Irish quota of booze he often made a special trip back to the office. When he got off the elevator he tiptoed down the corridor, edged open the door to my office, poked in his hawklike face and blared out, "Jesus-to-Christ, Lois, if you knew how to organize your time, you wouldn't have to stay late every night to finish your goddamn work!"

I was making my mark in the world's best ad agency, but many at DDB were members of a new religion and the agency was their church. "You painted my balls back on," said one of the creative guys. The world's best agency had some of its stars worried. The do's and don'ts of Bernbach's self-appointed disciples could turn men into eunuchs. One way to shake up a Madison Avenue church is to bring in an art director from Kingsbridge. Another sure way is to hire a writer from Aqueduct.

When the nags were running, Julian Koenig, a judge's son, was often at the track during working hours. But any man who comes up with ads like "Think small" for Volkswagen doesn't follow rules. They called him the Dartmouth Beatnik. He wore horn-rims and rumpled suits. At one time he managed a semipro baseball team. When Volkswagen chose DDB as its agency, Julian was assigned to write the copy. He refused. It was hard to forget that Hitler himself was

financially involved in the designing of Volkswagen. Even though the Fuehrer was helped along by the Austrian car engineer Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, the cute Volkswagen in 1959 reminded lots of people about the ovens. Julian was Jewish and couldn't forget it. Bill Bernbach's agency was all set to explode with its first car account. VW's budget was tiny by Detroit standards, about a million bucks, but Bernbach was determined to show Detroit that breakthrough advertising could sell cars as well as rye bread. Julian hardly gave a damn—and, in fact, I doubt if anyone in the agency knew at the time how talented he was.

The art direction was to be divided between Helmut Krone and me. I was asked to work on the station-wagon ads, but Volkswagen was as much a problem car to me as to Julian. I told Bernbach I couldn't work on the account either. Bill respected our feelings, although he couldn't quite understand why a Greek would feel as strongly as a Jew. I never told Bill that my guerrilla cousins on the mountain luckily decimated Hitler's advance column just a few miles before they could reach the native villages of my parents. Bernbach argued that circumstances had changed, but our feelings ran stronger than his logic and we stayed off the account. Meanwhile, orientation junkets were under way to VW's plant in Wolfsburg, Germany.

A short while later, Israel sold a shipment of arms to West Germany. Julian dropped by my office and we agreed that circumstances *had* changed. We spoke to Bernbach and he sent us to Wolfsburg with the VW account executive, Ed McNeilly. His Irish eyes were assigned to watch the Jew and the Greek among the krauts.

We weren't the most polite guests of our German client. We asked our guide, "Would you please point out the ovens?" We told VW's head man, Dr. Nordhoff, that a picturesque church spire looked like a V-2 caisson, and he never spoke to us again. One VW guide had fought against the Yugoslav partisans. I asked him if he ever tangled with Greeks. "Kreeks are mountain animals," he said, and I invited him to join me on a hike.

Meanwhile we kept hearing about a mysterious room at Wolfsburg where some of the first VW prototypes were stored—from the earliest Porsche version to the millionth VW, a gold-plated museum piece. We bugged the VW people to show us these historic models, and after incessant pestering by Julian and me they led us down to a cavernous basement room where a large fleet of cars was draped with tarpaulins. They peeled off the tarpaulin from the Porsche version, then from the very first Volkswagen and then from the gleaming millionth, plated in gold. I wanted to see the other cars, but they kept ignoring me. I told Julian to keep our guides busy while I slipped away and studied the exposed tires under the tarpaulins. I spotted one VW's tires that stood out starkly from the others—wide-gauge, heavy-duty rubber with blitzkrieg ferocity. I peeled off the cover and found a Nazi jeep with mounted machine guns. I slipped into the jeep, trained a gun on our group and in a chilling imitation I broke the quiet conversation with an "ach, ach, ach, ach," swinging the empty gun on its swivel mount. Julian stepped forward, raised his hand, stuck out his chest like Goebbels, and said, "Und ve almost *did*."

"Get out off de vay," I shouted at Julian, swinging the gun and going "ach ach ach" until I thought that Ed McNeilly was about to be mowed down by mortification. When he finally brought us home to Bernbach without having lost Volkswagen, McNeilly looked immensely relieved.

(Continued on page 175)

# RAVI TIKKOO'S NEW TOY

by Helen Lawrenson

*The largest ship in the whole world floats because its owner, Ravi Tikkoo, is 99 and 44/100% pure smart Hindu businessman*

One day this autumn, in a Japanese shipyard near Hiroshima, a slim young Hindu woman will christen an oil tanker, thereby causing approximately 723 Greek shipowners to have apoplexy. The tanker, the *Globtik Tokyo*, belongs to the woman's husband, Ravi Tikkoo, and it will be the biggest ship in the world, 477,000 tons, which is 104,302 tons more than the largest now afloat and about twice as big as anything owned by Onassis or Niarchos, those two most widely publicized pool bahs on the shipping scene. Furthermore, a sister ship of the same size will be delivered to Tikkoo in March, 1974; and he has plans to build a 1,000,000-tonner.

To appreciate the stupendous impact of Tikkoo's coup, one must realize that prior to World War II the largest tanker was 18,000 tons. After the war, Onassis jumped this to 30,000 tons at one fell swoop, following which his arch rival, Niarchos, raised the ante to 31,745. Other Greeks got into the act, along with a handful of Norwegians and our own lone wolf, Daniel K. Ludwig, all playing ticktacktoe with tankers—"My tanker is bigger than your tanker"—and now Tikkoo, a mysterious stranger whom no one ever heard of, has popped up and spoiled the game. They are wild with rage, none of them more so than the hundreds of Greek shipowners who compete fiercely with each other in their cabalistic way but have now closed ranks before the infuriating challenge of the newcomer, this nervy outsider who acquired his first ship only four years ago but has had the gall to set the shipping world by the ears, outclassing everyone else. And the final, unforgivable straw—he's not even Greek.

Ravi Tikkoo (Ravi means "sun" in Sanskrit) was born November 4, 1932, of Kashmiri Brahmin parents who were then living in the Himalayan state of Mandi, where his father was Finance Minister to the ruling prince and also Minister of Education. Brahmins are the highest caste in Hindu society, essentially more aristocratic than most of the maharajahs, and Kashmiri Brahmins are the top aristocrats of the lot. "My ancestors," Tikkoo said to me, with a disarmingly affable gentleness of manner which cloaks a steely patrician assurance, "have been Kashmiris for four thousand years. No mixture." His father, a noted scholar in Persian and English (he wrote two novels in English), moved to Mandi at the request of the ruler there. Even in the days of the British Raj, Mandi was an independent state. "We did not come under British rule," Tikkoo explains, "because the British honored very strictly their treaties with special Indian states. We used to refer to the rest as 'British India.' In 1947, when British rule was ending, several states, of which Mandi was the largest, formed a single state called Himachal Pradesh, on the border with China, that is to say, Tibet. Where I lived was very beautiful, all flowers and fruit and birds in the Kulu Valley and snow in the Himalayas. We had a very big house, a private estate with cricket grounds and an enormous garden and a fruit orchard. Behind the house was a very big hill and behind that a bigger hill and behind that still a bigger one. The road was five hundred feet below the house, with a long drive and many steps leading up." There were gardeners and maids and servants galore, including the ayahs who





looked after Ravi and his four brothers and four sisters. When he was three, he had a private tutor. Later, he went to school, escorted there and back by one of the servants. He was first in his class every year, in every subject, and eventually he was sent to Simla College of Punjab University, where he got a degree in mathematics and was captain of the cricket team. (He started playing when he was four and was a local champion player at the age of twelve.) He was also intercollegiate champion in the javelin throw, learned to play golf and tennis, went skiing in the Himalayas.

The first time I went to see him, his office was on a small street in London's financial district, up the wooden stairs of one of a row of drably unprepossessing little buildings looking not even remotely like the seats of vast enterprises. Within six months, he had moved to Park Lane, where he took possession of two huge, adjoining mansions, one built in the late eighteenth century, the other in 1852, and both listed officially as of architectural importance. Glistening white, with circular, bowed fronts and great, curved glass windows looking across to Hyde Park, they are probably the most splendidly impressive offices of any individual businessman in all Britain. Beside the entrance to one building, a sedate and dignified steel plaque reads, in royal-blue letters: The Globtik Group of Companies. One might think that this would be sufficient identification. Not knowing Tikkoo, one would be wrong. He leaves nothing to chance; everything must be spelled out. Below that plaque, in a larger steel square, is the following list, one line for each name: Globtik Holdings Ltd. Globtik Tankers Ltd. Globtik Tankers London Ltd. Globtik Giant Tankers Ltd. Globtik Tankers Pluto Ltd. Globtik Tankers Neptune Ltd.—then a space, followed by Globtik Tankers Finance Ltd. Globtik Tankers Management Ltd. ("Is this the office of Globtik?" I was tempted to inquire when a receptionist opened the door.) The reason for this apparently tautological display is that there is a different company for each of Tikkoo's ships, although the whole shebang belongs to him. He owns 99.9 percent and his wife owns the other 0.1 percent.

Handsome in a lush, ripe, Hindu-movie-star way, he has luxuriant, wavy black hair and curiously white

sideburns; exuberant brown eyes with thick, curling black lashes, café-au-lait skin, the classic curved lips one sees in paintings and sculpture of Indian mythology, and a dimple in his chin. He usually wears a white-striped navy-blue suit of eighteen-ounce English worsted. He has several, all alike, made for him by Anderson and Sheppard of Savile Row. He fancies satin brocade ties in pastel shades and conventional shirts of pastel stripes on white. His cuff links are gold squares set with three mathematically neat rows of three diamonds each. Everything about him is precise, orderly, carefully planned: his appearance, his life, his home, his offices, and, above all, his business. "I take the time to analyze every step in a deal, maybe 399 steps of complex mathematical calculations with an accuracy of up to ten decimal points," he told me. "It is a financial exercise of a very complicated nature. I don't think anyone else can do the financial brainwork I can do. Even if I explain it, they can't do it, because each deal is different. I never use the same method of financing more than once. I devise each method myself. It is not something that can be learned from Harvard textbooks. I walk up and down and I think. Without my thinking, I don't get solutions. Sometimes the idea comes to me at three o'clock in the morning. If people try to copy my method, they won't be able to use it, even if I were to tell them every step. They don't have the mental agility to think out the plans to the end. When I'm doing a deal for fifty or a hundred million, I know every step all the way before I sign a contract. Unless I'm one hundred percent sure it can be done, I won't commit myself."

His confidence is awesome, although not as boastful, somehow, as it may seem in print. Soft-spoken, relaxed, unflaggingly courteous, he inspires belief. It is as if he were making simple statements of logical empiricism—which he probably is. So he claims no one else could do the complex, sophisticated method of financing the biggest ships in the world. Well? No one else has.

It all started when he joined the Indian Navy after his graduation from college in 1952. "I came from the mountains. Always I had a yearning to go to sea and to travel. I spent seven years in the Navy—I was a lieutenant—mostly on voyages which were goodwill mis-

sions I made up my mind to have a shipping company of my own, so when I left the Navy I went to Europe. I went first to Hamburg, to buy a small ship, but I was not successful, so I became a ship finance consultant. In 1964 I moved to London, because London is the center of international shipping finance." In 1967 he registered his company, Globtik Tankers, with 1000 pounds sterling authorized capital, and one year later he acquired his first ship, a secondhand Norwegian tanker of 55,000 tons. The next year, he became a British citizen and also got a second ship in Norway, another secondhand vessel of 60,000 tons, and then an 80,000-tonner secondhand in Japan. These three comprise his entire fleet at present. They are under Bahamian registry and carry oil from the Persian Gulf to Japan and from Venezuela to Portland, Maine.

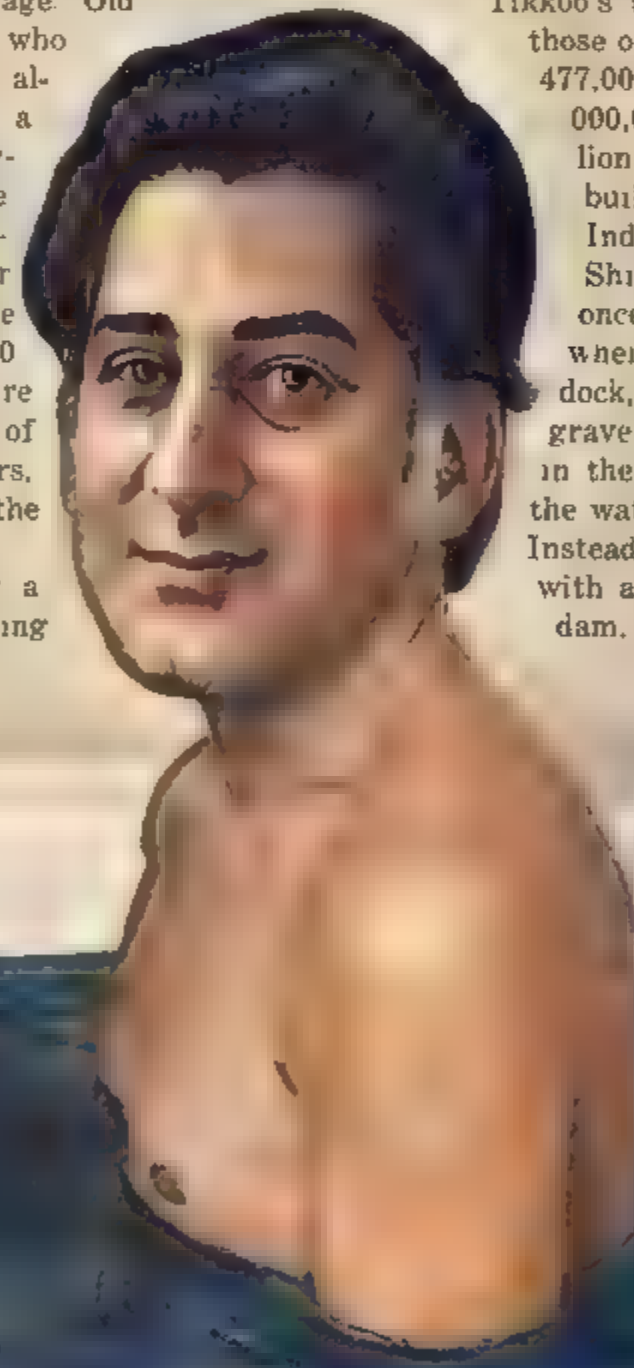
By this time, he was hooked on tankers. He was not the only one. The year 1970 was the year of the tanker boom, when oil companies would pay any price to get a jumbo tanker. The price for carrying crude oil from the Gulf rose from an average of eighty cents a barrel to \$1.20, with some voyages booked at \$4 a barrel, while the average operating cost to owners was under forty cents a barrel on the larger ships. Anyone with a big tanker could make a fortune overnight, and many did. Minos Colocotronis, one of the Greeks, made a net profit of \$1,300,000 on a single voyage. Old Hilmur Reksten, a Norwegian who started away back in 1929, was almost broke in 1968 but made a comeback at the age of seventy-two when, in May, 1970, he chartered a group of his super-tankers to British Petroleum for fifty-nine voyages, from which he cleared a net profit of \$60,000,000. He now has a shipping empire worth over \$600,000,000. Three of his tankers are 200,000-tonners, and he will have nine more, the same size, by 1975.

Even though last year saw a slump, big tankers are still selling

like hot cakes. Oil consumption has been increasing faster than was expected, due to the failure to develop nuclear power, dwindling coal supplies, and the fact that new oil sources in Alaska and elsewhere are still a long way from the production point. The world consumes about 2,300,000,000 kiloliters of petroleum every year. Most countries have to import it from the Middle East (where more than sixty percent of all crude-oil deposits lie) or from North Africa, Southeast Asia, or other smaller suppliers. This means it has to be carried in tankers.

Tikkoo made up his mind to build a whopper. At the time, the largest ship afloat was the 326,000-ton *Universe Ireland* owned by Dan Ludwig (the seventy-five-year-old American who began his career at the age of nine when he bought a sunken boat with \$75 he had earned from shining shoes and selling popcorn, and now has the largest fleet of any private individual: the American Dream in full-panoplied myth). This was outranked last fall when the *Nisseki Maru*, 372,698 tons, owned by Tokyo Tanker Company, went into service. The rest are relatively picaresque. For example, Onassis, who is sixty-six this year and bought his first ship as long ago as 1930, is planning a mere 260,000-tonner; Niarchos, sixty-three, who set up his shipping company in 1939, will build one of 250,000.

Tikkoo's tankers will dwarf them all and make those of the Greeks look like bathtub toys. His 477,000-tonners will cost, he says, "about \$100,000,000 for the two of them. Maybe one million more, maybe one million less." The builder is Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries Co. Ltd., owners of the Kure Shipyard (formerly the Japan Navy Yard, once leased by Ludwig to build his ships), where they constructed a special "grave-dock," so called because it is built like a grave. A ship this big could not be launched in the traditional fashion, sliding down into the water at the crack of a champagne bottle. Instead, it is built at the bottom of a "grave," with a huge gate keeping out the sea, like a dam. To launch the (Continued on page 200)





Fall Forecast:

## LOOKING, AGAIN, JUST LIKE A PAGE OUT OF ESQUIRE

**T**his being the beginning of our 40th year, that wonderful time in life when the juice flows strongly and there is judgment enough to set its course, we direct to you these next several pages which commemorate, in timely fashion, a timeless ideal: good-looking clothes on men who know how to wear them well. After 39 years of what we've all been through, it is, by God, about time. Not a whisker out of place, not a droopy sideburn or an unshined shoe. As to the clothes, the materials are traditionally masculine, the shapes wide and free-falling. And the constructions are drifting back to raglan sleeves and pleated pants. Shocking though it may seem, the country look for Fall, '72, appears to be designed for g\*ntl\*m\*n.

Photographed by Chris von Wangenheim



The greatest of Canadian  
wolf—not on the endangered  
list—is by Alexandre for  
\$2,000; the suede shirtwaist by  
Bogel-Or for \$300.





**PLEATS? YES, PLEATS**  
The greatcoat opposite strikes the perfect balance between swagger and dignity. Botany makes it for \$60, and it's worn here with a Jaeger crew-neck sweater, a silk shirt from Pancaldi, gloves from Gates. Yves St. Laurent put together the classic ensemble on this page and it works to perfection. The two-button tweed jacket (\$200) goes with a sleeveless crew neck, a silk shirt with an outside bow tie and, mirabile dictu, wide-legged trousers with four pleats (\$70) and a narrow belt.





#### MODULATED TONES

It's about time men's suits stopped looking like carpet cuttings tacked over tailors' dummies. These three are just right, and the men inside know it. At top is a hounds-tooth check made by Ralph Lauren for Polo for \$200, worn with Polo's own turtleneck sweater (\$30). Below it is the work of Bill Blass for P.B.M., a Donegal-tweed suit (\$165) with a scoop-necked sweater, cream shirt and wool checked tie. On the opposite page is a bold plaid in muted colors by Polo (\$200), which goes well with the Pringle shetland sweater and Pancaldi silk shirt. Note the construction throughout is single-breasted with two buttons. Lapels are wide, and the shape is loose and free.





#### HEAVEN'S DEVILS

Why can't all motorcycle riders look like this? Soft leather jacket (from Beged-Or, \$250) with its two-way industrial zipper and snap closures; Polo herringbone pants (\$55) tucked neatly into Hunting World boots (\$85). On the page facing, a Stanley Blacker suede jacket with acrylic lining and trim (\$60) and matching suede trousers (\$60). Mohair scarf by Handcraft, sunglasses by Roberts, gloves by Gates. And they drink their beer from glasses.







#### AT EASE IN THE RAGLAN SLEEVE

The new coats come in classic, muted colors and fall with an easy nonchalance, much of it due to the good old raglan sleeve. The lengths are shorter than in recent years but still below the knee. At top, a navy coat from Paris Collections (\$150) which has a deep inverted pleat. It is worn with a Jaeger chrome-yellow crew neck, a checked shirt from Gant. The demi-boot is by Charles Jourdan. Below it, a great camel wool coat by Turnbull & Asser (\$250). The sweater is from Drumohr, the shirt by Gant, and the demi-boot by Arrowsmith. Opposite: a canvas raincoat with leather trim (\$225) and Donegal-tweed pants (\$75), both by Dimitri. The shetland scarf is by Handcraft, the sunglasses by Riviera, and the gloves are by Gates.





## ROOM TEMPERATURE

(Continued from page 145) the great-er." He eyed Jack shrewdly. "A man has to walk downhill till he reaches water and then downstream the rest of the way. That's simple, isn't it?" he concluded.

"Seems to me," Jack muttered, "you'd follow the road."

Dick shrugged.

Jack had never met the likes of him. Anyhow, the snow was too deep. It was too deep for Jack. And Dick looked very soft.

"Eat your eggs, Dick," Jack said.

"And something else," said Dick, "I told you not to call me Dick! Don't think because you're fixing my eggs you're my favorite." He looked away. "I don't have favorites, and I don't like toadies. You have a job to do, and do it."

Dick, it seemed, was beginning to rave, and Jack had fallen into a reverie. When he came out of it, Dick was staring at him, as though waiting.

"Are you deaf?" he said. "I told you to bring me my shoes!"

So startled was he by Dick's shout, Jack plunged forward in the direction of the suitcase.

"If you were younger, by even that much," Dick made a space between thumb and forefinger, "I might have a place for you. For example, down in the watersheds division there's an opening on the three-to-eleven shift for a registered nurse. That's one possibility." Abruptly, Dick put down his fork. "I can't eat these eggs," he said. "They're cold." He thrust away his plate. "No, thank you."

Jack had one shoe in hand but could not find its brother anywhere. He lifted the blanket and peered under the bed, "I can't find the mate," he said, getting up with a sigh. "I think the dog took it."

"Well, give me that one," said Dick, motioning. "Bring it here. I still have one of my own." He showed Jack a peevish look. "I don't need three. While I'm getting dressed," he said glancing thoughtfully at the ceiling and hunching to zip up his fly, "I want you to make preparations for us. For the trip."

"I'm not going," said Jack.

"We'll see," said Dick.

"No," said Jack, "I don't think so."

"Old knuckle-walking son of a bitch," Dick smiled tolerantly. "Do you have any handkerchiefs or underwear?"

Jack did not answer. He took Dick's plate and scraped the eggs.

"Understand me," Dick pronounced each word plainly, "I will brook no impertinence from you! When I ask you a question, you will reflect momentarily, consider the various sides and angles, and then, having done so, give me a prompt, concise answer. What lies south of here?"

"Woods," said Jack.

Dick smiled and lifted his hands in a gesture that bespoke surprise while conferring a blessing. "A very neat response. You see, that pleases me. What's east?" he whispered rapidly.

"Woods."

"North?"

"Woods."

"Town is that way?" Dick pointed.

"That's east," said Jack. "Mountains and woods."

"What was difficult about that?"

"About what?"

"Showing some intelligence!" Dick bellowed, his eyes bulging.

Jack retreated a step. As he did so, he heard the sound of Dick breaking wind.

"I'll bet they drove you out here and dumped you," said Dick. "They got tired of your bellyaching."

Jack said nothing.

"We'll head for town," said Dick, tightening his belt. He slapped his waist. "I'll get some money wired in. I might even give you a dollar or two." Dick smiled up at him. "You've been wonderful to me, Jack, and I won't forget it. You've been a prince." Poking his finger into the heel, Dick popped the shoe onto his foot.

"I'm not going," said Jack.

"You gave me your bed, old fellow, and you gave me your board. Should I forget that? Could I?"

"You didn't even sleep," said Jack.

"I don't like being covered up and secured that way. Dick said 'For usually I sleep in a very big bed, the covers arranged in two sets, one tucked in on one side,' Dick gestured, 'the other tucked in on the other side. In that way all the blankets dovetail, you see. Then,' he showed Jack a finger of caution, 'if anything should occur during the night, I fling back the covers and spring directly out of the heart of the bed!' Here Dick lunged forward illustratively and seized the old man. 'Now, I've got you, you old honyocker!' he cried.

"What are you doing?" Jack squirmed, but Dick held, encircling the old man in his arms.

"This is my bear hug!" Dick screamed.

"Get away from me!" said Jack, turning his head.

"Do you think I'd leave you behind?"

Dick demanded, as he released Jack with a motion that made him reel.

"What sort of game do you think this is? Do you want them to come in here, knock you about, smash up your place—probably kill you?"

"No one wants to kill me," said Jack.

"No one wanted to kill me," said Dick.

"Here, look at me." He showed Jack his eye. "No one wanted to do that. They didn't want to do that. They just did it." He swung his arms wildly.

"They'll grab you by the neck and hammer you and hammer you. They'll kick you blue! They'll kick the stuffings out of you!" he bellowed again. Then, swiftly, he put his hands lightly to his chest. "I'm not staying," he said. "I'm getting out tout de suite. And so are you. What do you think I'm paying you for?"

Jack walked away from him. Dick grunted knowingly, sat down, and started lacing his shoes.

Jack wished he could just go outside by himself and sit down on the chopping block for a while. He knew that

what was happening could only happen to an old man.

"I'm not trying to alarm you," said Dick, making a bow in his laces. He slapped his knees and stood up. "I don't feel that the road is wise."

Jack did not look at Dick's face. "It's about five miles through the woods to the highway," he said.

"I'll need a coat, of course, matches, a compass, an ax. Would you get that together for me?" Dick went to the window and flexed his arms, a man itching to be on the move. Spotting Jack's mackinaw, he asked, "Is this to be my coat?"

"That's my coat," said Jack.

"Then what am I to wear?"

Jack shuffled to the bed and raised the mattress. Stretched across the springs was a long grey overcoat, moth-eaten and threadbare at cuffs and collar, but Dick was delighted with it, and crossed the room at once. He folded it shut and pressed one side flat to his body and leaned forward like a customer in a fitting room. "No, they'll never keep me down, Jack. They can wreck my businesses and steal my women, but I'll come back." He nodded resolutely. He stood splayfooted, the brown-and-white shoe pointed one way, the black business toe pointed the other. "They chased you out, and you stayed out. You took the count. Now, look at me," he waved at himself, at his coat, pants, shoes. "See what they've done?"

"They got you," said Jack.

"They got me good," Dick acknowledged.

"They got you coming and going," Jack said.

"But I get them," said Dick.

"They get their turn," said Jack, "and you get yours."

"I get them three different ways," said Dick, and he raised a finger for each. "I punch them in the groin. I ax them in the slats, and I knee them in the nuts. Now," up came a finger of caution, "I'm not going to go back along that road. No." Dick wagged his finger and smiled. "That's not cute enough for me. You see, they're down there. I know they're down there." Turning, he reached and moved his hand in a broad arc. "I'm going to go all the way around them," he said. "That's my plan." He raised his hands, as though trying to frame an elusive concept. "You could have had anything you wanted," said Dick. "But as soon as they put the heat on, you skedaddled. I," he continued, and commenced pacing, "have set aside these few moments to pass along to you, my friend, the word of the world." He leaned close to the old man's ear. "We don't need you," he whispered.

"You take the cake," said Jack.

"I'm on my way," said Dick.

"That's okay," Jack waved.

Abruptly, Dick turned and paced to the door. "Show me the route."

Jack took his mackinaw and followed the man outdoors. On the sides of the tar-papered shack the snow lay like a white sea that had come to a stop. Dick was surveying the landscape. "Cedars," he said. "Cedar and birch.

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you find something you want to share with someone.  
It doesn't happen often, but it happens.  
And that's beautiful.

Say Johnnie Walker Red. You won't get it by just saying Scotch.

That's good." He nodded and pursed his lips. "I like the look of it, Jack."

"I'll walk you to the trees," said Jack. He went indoors again and fetched his hat and took a final look at his home. The sun shaft leaning in at the window lit up the numerals on the wall calendar. The stove made popping sounds. All morning long the dog had stayed outside, so Jack got his bowl and put in a biscuit.

"Wonderful," Dick was saying, surveying the landscape. He opened his arms appreciatively. "What composition," he said, "what balance!"

Then they set out for the woods.

"I've been thinking about you, Jack," Dick began. "What you really needed," he said, "was a squaw."

"I had a squaw," Jack replied.

"Someone to blow on the coals, grease you up, repair the kayak."

"There's the road," said Jack.

But Dick had turned his eye to Jack. "Jack," he declared, "I've grown fond of you." He put his hands on his hips. "Oh, you're a *lacome* honkyoker, make no bones about it, but you have the dignity of the savage. In my book, the savage is the bumpiest one."

Jack made his way past Dick in the direction of the forest. Dick, at length, followed, going gingerly over the treacherous face of the snow, stepping lightly on the balls of his feet. Jack walked on, his steps pointed toward the flank of the dark forest. Julia, he recalled, wore an apricot-colored dress with a brown sash. Her wardrobe was small but select. Dan, of course, had two wardrobes. Jack set to laughing.

"Something funny?" said Dick.

"I was thinking about my friends," Jack said.

"You have no friends," said Dick.

"Yes, I do." Jack waited for Dick to overtake him.

"Don't be an ass," said Dick. "How could you possibly? You don't talk, you don't mix, you don't entertain."

Jack regarded Dick narrowly from beneath the big hat brim.

"The woman's name is Julia," said Jack. "and the man is Dan."

"That's impossible," Dick looked away.

"No, it's not."

"I say it is," Dick said. "It's so absolutely farfetched that I shall forbid you," he made a forbidding face. "to speak of it again. Where did you meet them and what was the instrument of your acquaintanceship?"

Jack made only a sighing sound.

"Was it at a ball?" asked Dick, half closing one eye.

Jack dropped his eyes.

"Tea?"

Jack shook his head.

"I am not at all pleased with any of this," Dick said.

"You don't have to believe me," said Jack.

"I don't believe you," said Dick.

"It doesn't matter," said Jack.

"Tell me all about them," said Dick, folding his arms ceremoniously. "Tell me about Julia and Dan. Do they call you Jack?"

"You'd better get started," said Jack and, turning, he continued toward the trees.

Dick came along in his wake. "Tell me about Julia and Dan," he said. "It's possible I may know them. Tell me about Dan. What does he do?"

"He wears women's clothes," said Jack.

"For a living?" Dick exclaimed.

"No," said Jack. "Just for the fun."

"Fun?" said Dick. "What possible fun could a man get from a thing like that?" That doesn't sound like fun to me."

Jack laughed, putting his fist to his mouth, and his laughter evolved into a wheezing cough. Stopping, he took a long handkerchief from his pocket and slowly spat into it.

"A man who would do something like that," said Dick, sternly, "should be strung up by the cojones."

"It's just for the joke of it," said Jack.

"He should be beaten to a frazzle," said Dick. "I would take that man by the neck and, believe me, teach him the p's and q's of life. It's disgusting."

"Julia was disgusted at first, too."

"I should think she would be."

"She saw him coming down the stairs," said Jack, "and he was wearing a wig and nylon stockings and high-heeled shoes. She said, 'Dan!'" Jack laughed lightly as he rolled up his handkerchief with great care, folding it several times, and restored it to his pocket.

"A woman who would marry a man like that," said Dick, "should be taken somewhere and plugged up."

Jack was looking at the wall of trees. The two men walked on in silence, approaching the verge of timber. The evergreens showed themselves coated with ice and stood like a thousand sentries.

"You'll be lost in an hour," said Jack.

"Don't be stupid," Dick dealt the nearest tree a blow with the toe of his brown and white shoe.

"It's very heavy," said Jack, glancing away. "First the spruce then a mile down through hardwood to a stream, then more hardwood, and up again through the evergreen."

"Simple enough," said Dick.

"There used to be a sawmill in there."

Dick planted his hands on his hips.

"You'll see the piers," said Jack.

"I don't think," said Dick, thoughtfully. "I'm going to take you with me." He looked at the old man. "I don't think you could keep up."

"I don't think I'll go," Jack said.

"You old wag," Dick replied. "Are you making fun of me?"

"I think I'll stay here," said Jack.

"It's a good thing I haven't any baggage. Good for you, that is. Have you ever done valet work?"

Jack said nothing. Dick looked in at his eyes, barely visible under the hat brim. "You have no polish, Jack. Look at the way you're dressed. I'd be the laughingstock of six continents."

Jack was smiling under his hat brim.

A proper lackey," Dick went on, "is

a pale reflection of his employer and master. My man would have to have some get-up-and-go." Dick balled his fist to express the requisite vigor. "Some brains," he said. "Some bounce to him! Up at dawn, brush my shoes, iron my clothes, draw my bath, it's run, run, run, Jack. Work, work, work. Always polite, always discreet, always eager, always smiling. Go, go, go!" He was swinging both fists now, punching the air. "Cables, memos, time, time, messages, aspirin, slippers, pen and ink, coffee, manure, go downstairs, go upstairs, polish my shoes, smile, bow, tiptoes, run!" Meanwhile, I'm reaming your ass. I'm yelling at you, threatening you, abusing you. Muttonhead! Knuckle-walker! Come back here! Not that! Stand straight! Lickspittle! I'm yelling, do you understand?"

"I hear you," said Jack.

"I've become a wild boar! You're terrified! You haven't any go left, no pep. And I want more, more, more!"

"I think it would be too much for me," said Jack.

"It saddens me to turn you down," said Dick.

"I'd rather not work," said Jack.

"It's too bad, because you have a winning way about you." Dick smiled angelically.

They stood facing each other in the shadow of the lower boughs. Overhead, the wind made a deep breathing sound in the branches.

"You see, I would have to keep you out of sight," Dick said. "For that matter, I couldn't think of offering you a wage. Not one penny, Jack." He made a zero of his thumb and forefinger. "Nothing. You'd have to prove yourself. You'd have to come in at the bottom of the picture, maybe as a pot-and-pan boy, or a kind of shock absorber. My butlers could shower their spleen against, as when I've given them a stiff reaming and everybody's howling in the back rooms. No, I don't feel you could stick it. I don't think so. But I may be wrong."

In the way of assenting, Jack shook his head.

"I'm going to leave you now," said Dick, "and make my way in the forest. But I should feel genuinely penitent if I thought that our parting was not genial. You," he pointed out, "want to go, and I, my dear fellow, cannot take you." He squeezed his lips together and regarded the old man placidly.

"I don't want to go," Jack said.

"Because if you didn't want to go," Dick continued, "you would have but seen me to the door. Instead, you have clung to my side every moment, tried to please me in every imaginable way, and even now," Dick stated the point dramatically, "you are five paces ahead of me like a good dog eager for a day in the field. If you had a tail, I believe it would be wagging." Dick's head popped forward as he laughed uproariously. "Look at you, you old honkyoker!" he cried out. Drawing in his chin, he lifted his hand in an imperial salute.

With that, Dick started away, plunging past Jack into the heavy woods. Jack turned to watch him go. Dick's















Pretend we are not there and we do our best work. We are the dwarfs who come in the night to mend your shoes. Put cream out in cups for us, but don't try to own us, mind us, tell us, show us, lead us.

For Los Angeles is the land then of the hummingbird, the paradox implausible, the illusion that must be seen to be believed.

Ours is the lion country in which the proud tribes prowl the grass but leave no tread, mark the sands but leave no hieroglyph, scribble the winds but leave no trace. Yet, strangely, there he traces.

Out of the thing which seems not to do will come the things that will be. Out of the effortless shrug and the care-free children's hour, the fortress of the future will be raised without walls, minus moat, and everyone invited in.

If we are the super-suburb, as some claim, it is not a faceless conglomerate, but merely a grand hideout where the A-1 individual creator can rest his feet, mow his yard, bask his soul, and build dinosaurs in the backyard garage to affright the world with Ray Harryhausen, the best stop-motion animator in the film world today, built just such dinosaurs behind jalopies in just such L.A. garages and went out to reconquer Kong's domain and become known in every cinema country of our time. Herb Apert, from another income group, nevertheless started the same way, a loner in a garage, flinging tapes like live tripe and coming up with a Sound.

If we believe in power at all, it is the power that derives from talent, ideas, ingenuity, wit, and imagination. We are not impressed by sheer money or size which we consider only as tools. We don't care that Mark Taper has millions only that he built a theatre with them. We congregate around actors not because their films hit jacpots but because the films themselves, long before release to the public, change our hearts or minds or both in some incredible way. In a devalued environment, ours is the only coinage that pays dividends to the soul.

We have no aristocracy, no intellectual elite, and we thank God for that at sunset of each day. If it ever arrives, from points east, we have sheriffs stationed at the borders to turn it back, preferably to non-creative Paris, where the intellects have been beating the poppy flour out of each other's frock coats for centuries.

Amongst us, of course another refugee from a garage, lives the greatest avant-garde shaker and mover of the twentieth century, the most impossible genius, the most unforgivable man of our times: Walt Disney, who never died but still prowls the upstairs Fire House rooms above the Main Square in Disneyland.

Walt Disney, almost single-handedly, amongst all the savants and seers, gurus and sub-gurus of nuclear existence, will deliver America out of the twentieth century better than we entered it.

I love to prate the virtues of Disney, named super-Rotarian, super-conservative by my fellow liberal intellectuals. Their faces, hearing me, gorge with

blood. Their pulses pound. Oaths steam from their grinning teeth. And while they gorge and pound and steam, Disney, a better architect of world's fairs and future metropolis than anyone living, goes on handing out far favors and good weathers and nice times from the grave.

We cannot forgive such genius for saving us from ourselves. Blind, we cannot accept the Disney twenty twenty insight which leapt beyond tomorrow and built the only decent monorail in the country and found ways to move and descendant people and treat them as humans, not as commodities, numbers, or labels, as often happens in our liberal democratic bureaucracies.

Am I saying all American towns should look like Disneyland? You know I'm not saying that. I'm saying that the mayors of Detroit, New York, Chicago and Calcutta should school themselves in the logistics, the sheer knowledge of the population explosion that Disney saw coming long before ecology suffered itself off our tongues and Nader was found in a basket of rushes by an Egyptian princess and grew up to kick a Giant in the carburetor.

What was Disney's genius? His knowledge of elbows.

And that for the new crowds and mobs and audiences and traffics of jam-packed Houston, Rome, Delhi, and Tokyo as well as Tucson and Sweet Gum is everything.

Our cities are jackstraw haystacks of six billion elbows clattering, knocking crazy bones. Disney comes, with his robot legions and urban planning and intuitive craft, to sort out the arms, re-adjust the knees, allow men sitting space, to relocate crowds, to WALK DONT WALK STOP GO RELAX mobs so that 30,000 or 100,000 or a million folk can tread the same cow path or Jay-fried sidewalk of an American noon and not collide, trample, or damage with foul curses each the other's spirit or flesh.

The things we ought learn about resurrecting towns at Disneyland will knock the hats off mayors the way world rulers and set them home to better planning green plazas, green park trees, convivial benches, amiable loiterings and the smiles of people at long last made reasonably happy by cities that work instead of smother, transit systems that interlock and deliver instead of divide and frustrate to madness.

It's all there, it's all been solved, waiting to be discovered at Disneyland. And, incidentally, Big Brother doesn't live there. Too often in the recent past, our liberal architects (and they are counted by the thousands) have warned us of 1984, and then gone out, by God, and built its dreary monuments and mortuary artifacts.

All art is trash reconstituted. All of our cities are trash now, in need of being redigested, broken down, and rebuilt in some semblance of a decent dream.

The blueprint of that dream is in outer L.A. The sooner we bring it, and the monorail, to our inner city, the better. What an irony, if the rest of the

world benefited from Uncle Walt, while L.A. went to hell.

And speaking of Disney and loners and odd people, where do you suppose all the stonemasons who built Notre Dame, and refugees from the Italian Renaissance, and builders of sailing ships, and makers of stained glass windows wound up? Here in L.A., of course, where they have hidden out in the back lots of the studios, parqueting Tara, and frame-boring the *Bounty*. Name a special rare lost craft of the world, we hoard and keep it well.

Los Angeles, everything balanced and considered, is just about the youngest big city in America. It is roughly twenty-seven years old. Twenty-seven years ago we had one freeway, a few theatres, a scattering of art galleries, and less than half the population we have brimmed ourselves up with today. To criticize L.A. is to nag a baby. Today, 324 short months later, more than fifty-five live-drama theatres exist, with an equal number of art galleries, with a more than equal number of the finest restaurants in the world. If we have done this well in our infancy, how will it go in 1994?

Yes, I know, we almost single-handedly invented the horrors of the freeway and smog. We will be the first to solve both.

Yes, I know, in the past twenty years an influx of Southern and Eastern blacks has changed the ethnic map of L.A.

To counter this, downtown L.A. is already a suburb of Mexico City. Little Tokyo is the largest Japanese community outside Japan.

With these last two immense groups of work-oriented, family-oriented people for fine examples we will lead, teach, coax ourselves into the twenty-first century and be the first city, repeat prediction, first city to solve its multiracial problems.

For to be poor in Los Angeles is to be rich anywhere else. A New Yorker walking through Watts, weighing the so-called "slums" would go out of his mind with envy. There are few places in America where one can starve so well, be unemployed so beautifully. The fish may not be jumping but it is always summer and the living is easy. Taking dole in Chicago is cold nightmare by Dante. The sun dresses you in L.A., you walk rich in the light. Tomorrow can be better. You feel it in your blood. You go to find the promised thing.

And the promised thing will be delivered by the promising people we lure here not necessarily with our virtue, which we can as readily as anyone fold over the back of a chair with our pants to keep the crease, but because of our weather.

With our Farmers Market as prime example of outdoor-living ethnic mob-mix, we will build, in the next thirty years, another eighty to ninety shopping centers, dozens of which are already built or abuilding, where we will roister and mingle, an admirable palette of Chicano, black, Chinese, Green Springs, Ohio, and Bronx, New York

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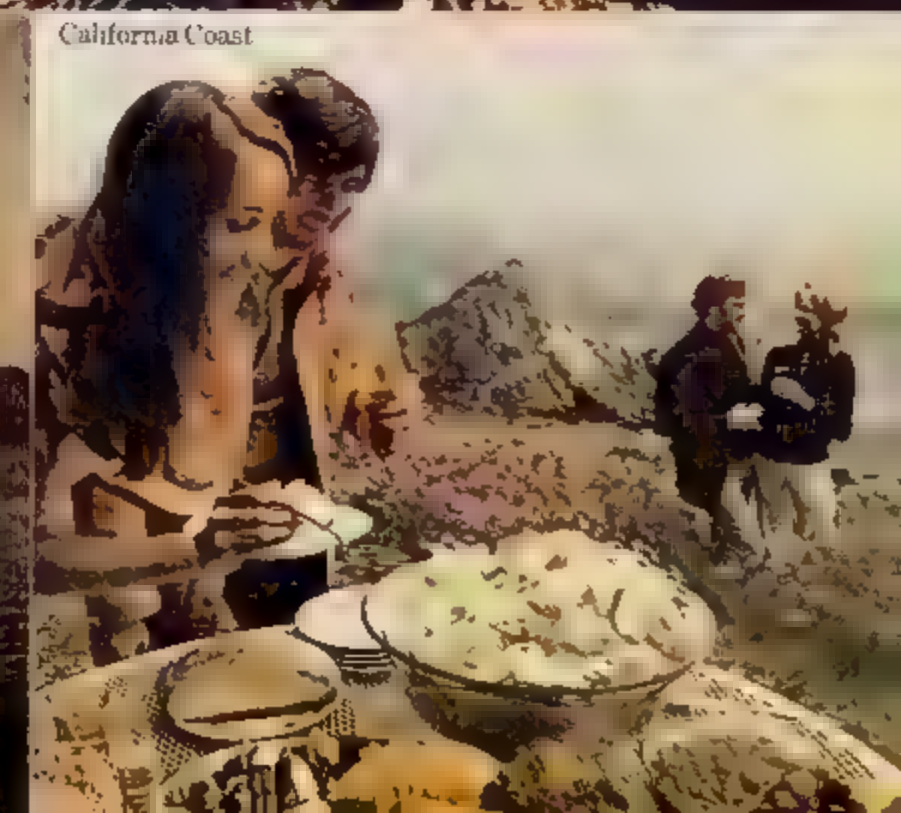
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flood tide which, like the Mother Nile or Grandmother Ganges, will flower 20,000 years straight on, not over the precipice but into Eden.

Silly to depress you with my foretellings of survival and more than survival. While the doom-criers of Brooklyn Heights are hawking penny-dreadful Fates, while the Cassandra of old Chicago and Detroit Abyss are mouthing annihilation, we will be tambourine-juggling the young generation that has grown old before its time and the old generation that stays young, to accept and forgive themselves which finally means to accept and forgive others thus ensuring some hope for eternity in a real world with real flesh.

We do not for a moment accept the Bomb, love the military, admire Vietnam, or hate anyone. We would, in fact, disrobe the generals, skin dive them off La Jolla, drench them at Santa Catalina, and submerge them to honorary Chicanos in the shallows below Vctoria Coronado, which is, in truth, the L.A. city limit.

If all of this is a trifle over-emphatic, it surely has to be, to discount all of the mindless crud slung into our Fan during the last half century. When a whole nation envies and discounts you, you must stand up and cry.

My father is bigger than your father, also more vital, witty, creative and full of the joy that surpasses understanding or expression.

We are, to end with a statement of romantic simplicity, the stud bull of the future. Like it or not, you are already with child, because of us. That child, like all children, will be pure paradox. We are, as parents to your offspring, more good than bad. Knowing darkness well, we drown happily in light. Sometimes satanic, we are, after all, the City of the Angels.

The illegitimate children of our crazy ideas will be spawned east of Ansbros Light Ship at dawn in 1982, then beyond to Odessa and Hong Kong. Shortly thereafter, we will meet our nurror image, semi-hysterical, and fecund as a swarmed bee colony, Japan, shouting American baseball cries and rising with Industrial Revolts out of the Orient Sea.

We do this not because we necessarily want to, but because the mobs of the world want to have their elbows sorted and souls given names instead of uniform cotton labels.

Freedom is what we preach. And we preach it because we have it and hardly know it.

Our harvest is so grand, we scarcely see us giving it away.

Our largest problem is keeping the whole world away from L.A. Everyone would bask here.

Khrushchev, dead and you know? was buried at Forest Lawn. Every night at two a.m. his ghost knocks at Disneyland to be let in.

You knock, too. But leave your analyst home. Come dressed in joy, walk simple as a child.

Our doors will stand open, for such as you. #

## FICTION

(Continued from page 84) have anything and everything I can think of every single minute of the day if that can transport me from this miserable hell.

Instead you prevent me from having what I want. Instead I lie here being sensible! There's the madness, Doctor, being sensible!" And as Kepesh comes to recognize and accept.

What alarmed me so about going into this grotesque yearning was that by so doing I might be severing myself irreparably from my own past and my own kind. . . my appetites could only become progressively strange, until at last I reached a peak of disorientation from which I would fall—or leap—into the void. I would go mad—and even if I should not die as a result, what would I have become but a lump of flesh and no more?"

I don't want to give you the idea that *The Breast* is merely a hyped-up spin-off from *Portnoy*—the truth is that it's a much more radical, complex, and moving book, and also a more complete one though it's only one fourth the length. My point is that *The Breast* picks up where *Portnoy* left off and carries the main issue to an imaginary extreme that turns out to be the far edge of certain human realities, including some unanalyzable ones, such as the reality of strangeness. Moreover, by turning his hero into a breast and then by maintaining a very exact attention to the outer and inner details of the metamorphosis and by exercising a marvelous control of the tone, Roth creates a high-tension model of the imperiled male ego whose tactics of adaptation, rebellion, and acceptance repeatedly touch on the core of being itself in all of its banality and mystery. In these and other respects, Roth is following the example of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, another comedy of anxiety and of the self's heroic and absurd struggle to conserve its identity even as a dung beetle—a mode of existence that is just across the border of "reality" from the one he has left as a traveling salesman. But I wouldn't worry about the question of imitation. Roth earns his own, and much more unwieldy, invention every step of the way. His extraordinarily resourceful handling of this "extreme" enables him to get hold of his very charged and risky material and make it yield its power, and because the idea and imagery of Kepesh's situation are so bold and telling, Roth can allow himself to understate, to work by implication, and to slowly build up his effects, while sealing them again as simple interpretations.

Thus *The Breast* grows in power and complexity as Kepesh continues his fight to put one foot in front of the other, even though, as he shrieks at one point, "I have no feet!" The full measure of his absurdity comes home to him when he invites his most unruffled friend to visit him, and the suave, worldly Schonbrunn immediately breaks out in a fit of giggling and rushes away. In trying to recover from this shock, Kepesh decides that he is dreaming his situation and when that becomes un-

tenable, he decides he has gone mad, lapsed into a schizophrenic delusion from which, having finally recognized it, he can now begin to emerge. What ensues is his final and most harrowing struggle (for him and for the reader) in which he pits the wavering little flame of memory and intelligence and hope that still claimed to be David Aaron Kepesh" against Dr. Klinger's immovable insistence that Kepesh is in deep both a breast and sane and that he will truly go mad if he persists in believing otherwise. Their analytic relationship resumes, in which Kepesh draws upon all of his eloquence, cunning, and desperation to persuade Klinger that what is said to Kepesh about his sanity is the very opposite of what he hears and that his delusion will dissolve if only he can reach the secret of its primal causes. This reprise of the psychoanalytic experience is the most brilliant stroke of invention in the book, joining fantasy to reality in a poignant and reverberating way.

But this crisis of faith passes as well, a new stage of acquiescence arrives, and Kepesh moves on to other ways of coping with his new identity. He listens to Shakespeare on records, making the effort—always the effort—to be "as serious about myself as I can." His bitterness still wells up, his morale still breaks down, and that too he tries to accept. "Permit my dignity a rest, won't you? This is not tragedy any more than it is farce. It is only life, and, like it or not, I am only human." At the end, he is entertaining the idea of exploiting his condition, of making money and getting women and other satisfactions from it, enlisting the help of a young and hip colleague. "If the Beatles can fill Shea Stadium, so can I."

If the Rolling Stones can find [girls], if Charles Manson can find them, we can find them too. I will live by my own lights!" So he writes his story as the first step of his liberation, such as it will be, and concludes in his former professional fashion with a poem. Rilke's great *Archais Torso of Apollo*, to draw his final moral: the enduring power of consciousness to work its ways and will through matter, however deformed and incomplete that matter may be, the torso standing for the imperatives of being by which all of us are searched out.

for there is no place that does not see you.

You must change your life. With these lines a great deal of feeling and meaning comes together, and *The Breast* takes on much the same final cryptic gleam of the poem. But there is little doubt that what Roth has partly in mind both in using these lines and in writing this story is the artist's power—if he is imaginative, and brave and steady enough—to make his bisexuality, his secret strength as well as deformation, serve himself as well as us. *The Breast* is not only the best example yet of Roth's astonishing prowess when he is at the top of his talent and control, the literary equivalent of a hole-in-one hit with a beer bottle—but also a permanent addition to the writer's consciousness of himself. #

# Saab vs. Audi



1972 Saab 99E, 4-door	Model	1972 Audi 100 LS, 4-door
4 cylinders, in-line, water-cooled	Engine Design	4 cylinders, in-line, water-cooled
Yes	Overhead Cam	No
95 hp (SAE) at 5200 rpm	Maximum Engine Output	90 hp (SAE) at 5200 rpm
113.1 cubic inches	Displacement	114.2 cubic inches
Yes	Electronic Fuel Injection	No
4-speed manual/3-speed automatic	Gearbox	4-speed manual/3-speed automatic
Yes	Front Wheel Drive	Yes
0 to 60 in 12.5 seconds	Acceleration	0 to 60 in 12.7 seconds
197 feet	Stopping Distance	222 feet
99 mph	Maximum Load at 60 mph	105 mph
97.4 inches	Top Speed	105.3 inches
172 inches	Wheelbase	182.6 inches
66.5 inches	Overall Length	68.1 inches
34 feet	Overall Width	36.7 feet
3.5	Turning Circle Diameter	3.8
23.3 cubic feet	Steering Wheel Turns, Lock to Lock	23 cubic feet
2550 lbs.	Trunk Space	2467 lbs.
Yes	Curb Weight	No
Yes	Electrically Heated Driver's Seat	No
Yes	Heating Controls for Rear Seat Passengers	No
Yes	Fold-down Rear Seat	No
Yes	Impact Absorbing Bumpers	No
Yes	Rack and Pinion Steering	Yes
Yes	Disc Brakes On All Four Wheels	No
Yes	Dual-Diagonal Braking System	No
Between rear wheels	Fuel Tank Location	Behind rear wheels
1 year/unlimited mileage	Factory Warranty	2 years/24,000 miles
\$3,795.	Base Price	\$3,855

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PB: The reporter says at the end "Charles Foster Kane was a man who got everything he wanted, and then lost it. Maybe Rosebud was something he couldn't get or something he lost, but it wouldn't have explained anything."

OW: I guess you might call that a disclaimer—a bit corny, too. More than a bit. And it's mine, I'm afraid.

PB: I read the script that went into production. There were so many things you changed on the set, or any way, after you'd started shooting. From the point of view of Kane's character, one of the most interesting is the scene where you're rehashing the front page for about the twentieth time. In the script, Kane is arrogant and rather nasty to the typesetter. In the movie he's very nice even rather sweet. How did that evolve?

OW: Well, all he had was charm besides the money. He was one of those amiable, rather likable monsters who was able to command people's allegiance for a time without giving too much in return. Certainly not love; he was raised by a bank, remember. He uses charm the way such people often do. So when he changes the front page, of course it's done on the basis of a sort of charm, rather than real conviction. He didn't have any... Charley Kane was a man eater.

PB: Well, why was it in the script the other way?

OW: I found out more about the character as I went along.

PB: And what were the reactions of Mankiewicz to these changes?

OW: Well, he only came once to the set for a visit. Or, just maybe it was twice.

[Sometime after this conversation I turned up the memo quoted earlier in which Mankiewicz comments on the rushes.]

PB: Before shooting began, how were the differences about the script worked out between you?

OW: That's why I left him on his own finally, because we'd started to waste too much time haggling. So, after mutual agreements on story line and character, Mank went off with Houseman and did his version, while I stayed in Hollywood and wrote mine. At the end, naturally, I was the one who was making the picture after all—who had to make the decisions. I used what I wanted of Mank's and, rightly or wrongly, kept what I liked of my own.

PB: And that was it?

OW: That was it.

PB: What about Houseman?

OW: Yes, what about Houseman?

We'll get to that later.

"The revisions made by Welles were not limited to mere general suggestions, but included the actual rewriting of words, dialogue, changing of sequences, ideas and characterizations, and also the addition or elimination of certain scenes." I am quoting the executive assistant on *Citizen Kane*, Mr. Richard Barr. (He is now the president of the League of New York Theatres,

and the producer of all the Edward Albee plays, among many others.)

This (and the preceding) is from an affidavit Barr swore out in May, 1941, concerning the writing of *Kane* (the necessity for this document had arisen from trouble—or the threat of it—from the Hearst powers). Mankiewicz was engaged by Mercury or RKO for the purpose of *assisting* [italics mine] in writing a script. Miss Kael failed to interview Welles' secretary. Her name was Katherine Truiper and she was with him from the rough-draft beginnings through the final "mix" of the finished print of the film. Is there a better witness? Not for Miss Kael's purpose. She prefers to take on false a statement by Mankiewicz's secretary that "Orson Welles never wrote (or dictated) one word of *Citizen Kane*." This secretary was employed by Mankiewicz when he was working quite separately, in another part of California where he was sent by Welles to put together his own draft of a shooting script, based on their meetings together. She could have had no knowledge of Welles' script; she was never present during the working meetings between the two, when the conception and basic shape of the story were developed; nor could she have known what happened to the Mankiewicz drafts after they were passed on to Welles, changed and rewritten by him, and incorporated in his own screenplay. When I repeated to Miss Truiper recently Miss Kael's assertion that Mankiewicz was the sole author of *Kane*, her answer was not a little derisive. "Then I'd like to know," she said "what was all that stuff I was always typing for Mr. Welles?"

"It is not possible," says Mr. Barr in his affidavit, "to fix the actual number of complete rewrites (by Welles) as changes were being continuously made on portions that had previously been written." In my own conversations with Mr. Barr, he told me he remembered seeing Orson "fume about the pages that arrived from Mankiewicz. He thought a lot of it was dreadful." Barr says he himself, was in the room and saw "the writing of various important scenes in the script. Miss Truiper agrees. "Orson was always writing and rewriting. I saw scenes written during production. Even while he was being made up, he'd be dictating dialogue."

Miss Truiper and Mr. Barr are active, in good health, accessible, and both are living, as Miss Kael does in New York City. Neither received so much as an inquiry about his participation in the making of *Citizen Kane*. But then, neither did Welles. In fact, there is nothing to show that Miss Kael interviewed anyone of real importance associated with the actual making of the film.

In 1940, the year before *Kane*, screenplay credit was given to a director or a producer on only five pictures out of 590 released in the U.S. In two cases out of these five the producers (Gene Towne and Graham Baker) were script writers who had become producers and always wrote their own screenplays.

Yet, Miss Kael maintains that it was not only easy but common practice for directors and producers to grab screen-writing credits which they didn't deserve, because at this period the real authors had no power to stop them. "That's one of the main reasons why the Screen Writers Guild was started," says Lederer. "But by the time of *Kane* it was quite effective in preventing that sort of thing. It had to be proved by them as it does now, that the director or producer contributed more than fifty percent of the script." The *Kane* case never came before the Guild's board. "If *Kane* had gone to arbitration," Lederer concludes, "Orson would certainly have won, and Mankiewicz must have known that."

Far from trying to bribe his coauthor to consent to having his name taken off the screen, Welles, entirely on his own initiative and not bound by any such contractual requirement, gave Mankiewicz top billing.

Miss Kael on cameraman Gregg Toland: "I think he not only provided the visual style of *Citizen Kane*, but was responsible for affecting the conception, and even for introducing a few elements that are not in the script... I had always been puzzled by the fact that *Kane* seemed to draw not only on the Expressionist theatrical style of Welles' stage productions but on the German Expressionist and Gothic movies of the silent period." (It will be noticed that she mentions the whole body of Welles' theatre work only in passing. A glance at photos of those stage productions reveals the same chiaroscuro evident throughout *Kane* and, indeed, in all his subsequent movies.) "I wondered," she continues, "what Welles was talking about when he said he had prepared for *Kane* by running John Ford's *Stagecoach* forty times. Even allowing for the hyperbole of the forty times..." (She won't buy a single thing a director says! In fact Orson looked at *Stagecoach* every night for a month, and always, according to several I interviewed, with a different member of his staff.) "Why?" Miss Kael goes on, "should Orson Welles have studied *Stagecoach* and come up with a film that looked more like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*?" (*Kane* actually resembles *Caligari* in no single image.) But in her role as aesthetic sleuth, she is now hot on the trail of what she calls "a link between Gregg Toland and the German tradition..." She looks up Toland's credits and a little 1935 quickie called *Mad Love* starring Peter Lorre, and directed by the famous German cameraman Karl Freund, "rings a bell." She looks at the film again, and concludes: "... The resemblances to *Citizen Kane* are even greater than my memories of it suggested. Not only is the large room with the fireplace at Xanadu similar to Lorre's domain as a mad doctor, with similar lighting and similar placement of figures, but Kane's appearance and makeup... might be a facsimile of Lorre's... And, amusingly, that screeching white cockatoo, which wasn't

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There are rounded bars to gently stretch your skin and set up your beard.

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OW: Up till then, cameramen were listed with about eight other names Nobody those days—only the stars, the director and the producer—got separate cards. Gregg deserved it, didn't he?

"There's the scene of Welles eating in the newspaper office," writes Miss Kael, "which was obviously *caught* by the camera crew [italics mine] and which, to be 'a good sport,' he had to use." To imagine that a sequence so meticulously timed, involving several players and lasting, without a cut, for a full minute of interaction and movement within a fixed camera frame could possibly have been "caught" without Welles even realizing he was being photographed, betrays a terrifying ignorance of the ABC's of how movies are made. The scene seems so spontaneous—it couldn't possibly have been *staged* by Welles—it had to be a trick somebody else played on him.

But pushing on with her case against Welles, and giving away as many of the other credits in his career as she can, Miss Kael attributes merely a director's clever "touch" to Welles' role in the celebrated 1938 Martian radio broadcast. She accuses him of hogging all the kudos for *The War of the Worlds*, the script for which was written by Howard Koch. Now this was Welles' own show—just as *The Jack Benny Program* or *The Bob Hope Show* belonged to Benny and Hope, and as the *Lux Radio Theatre* belonged to C. B. De Mille. With an hour to fill every week, he worked, as they did, with a staff of writers. When the media descended on him after the broadcast had caused a nationwide furor, it was naturally assumed that, like Benny, Hope or De Mille, he was responsible for his own show. Questions about the broadcast were naturally concerned with its producer and star performer, but the point is that the great majority of voices were raised in *protest*, not *praise*. If Welles had insisted that a man called Koch had done the radio script he would not have been sharing the applause but passing on the blame. When excerpts from the show were published, however, Koch was given his full credit, and Welles has always emphasized the importance of his other collaborators, in particular Paul Stewart, who directed rehearsals of all the shows up to the day of the broadcast.

Miss Kael glosses over the following point in an ambiguous parenthetical aside: "He [Koch] says it was, however, Welles' idea that he do the Martian show in the form of radio bulletins." This is a meaningless sentence for those unfamiliar with the broadcast, and easily missed by those who may vaguely remember it now. Listen to it, though—the recording is for sale—and you will see that it is precisely this conception which was the guide for the dialogue, radio effects, the whole organization of the material. It is the heart of the matter. Everyone connected with the show—including John Houseman—has gone on record that it was Welles, and this basic conception of his, which were responsible for mak-

ing it come off in the way it did. Listen to the show now and try to imagine what it would have been like done straight—not as a series of news bulletins, but simply as a radio play rather old-fashioned science fiction. Certainly it would never have caused even a backward child to go running out into the streets in panic, nor to make radio history as it did.

Miss Kael is nothing if not an entertaining writer, and she clearly invested a good deal of effort into her piece; the result is lively and readable fiction. She obviously has high regard for *Kael*—no one spends 50,000 words on an insignificant work—and there are several complimentary paragraphs on Welles as a director. Nonetheless, despite everything, the weight of her piece is reportage, not criticism, and in the latter department I cannot help feeling that though, as I said earlier, there are greater films than *Kael*, there is surely something more to be said than that it is "dramatic fun," or the "cummation [of] Thirties' comedy" (of all things), "comic-strip tragic," "Pop Gothic," or, the archetypal Kael phrase, "kitsch redeemed" (The kitsch in *Kael*, of course, and the "Pop Gothic" are no accidents of taste, but a deliberate social comment by Welles.) She brusquely dismisses the books that have been written about the picture, and, in particular, the writings of those despised young film enthusiasts who see something more in movies than what she characterizes as gimmicks, tricks and cleverness.

"I found it easy," Orson writes me in a recent letter from Spain, "to heed your advice about not sending to America for Jack Houseman's autobiography. My mood is less delicately melancholy than you seem to fear—I'm too busy, thank Christ—but you do have a point: a guided tour with Houseman over the same old Kael country might be depressing."

I'm afraid "Kael country" was Houseman country to begin with, the debt she owes him as a guide must be incalculable. In putting forward these conclusions I may seem to be borrowing something from Miss Kael, but her case against Welles had to have had a beginning somewhere.

For many years now, Houseman has been actively promoting the picture of Welles as a credit thief, and had been in print to that effect long before Miss Kael took up the cry. It was for this reason—when I mentioned his recently published autobiography to Orson in a letter of my own, I suggested he avoid it. I knew how the first of the Kael articles in *The New Yorker* (he never read the second) had affected him. He was getting a new picture together in Arizona, and the people there told me what a shock it had been for him.

"Why, then," he writes, with some justice, "did you send me that piece of Virgil's? [A review of Houseman's book by Virgil Thomson, in *The New York Review of Books*, which generally confirmed and endorsed the author's view of Welles.] What useful com-

ment can be expected from me? I'll have to leave Virgil to you, and you'll probably want to leave him alone. After all, we can't take on *everybody*. He's always been formidable, and here I'm sure he thinks he's being quite scrupulously just. And, as Jack's oldest friend, I guess he is.

"By the way, there was another review of Jack's book in one of the magazines—just two paragraphs—of which one was exclusively given over to that currently celebrated scene Houseman must have described in which I'm supposed to have hurled a chafing dish and a whole lot of other fiery furniture at my ex-partner. In its time, you can bet the back room at Chasen's [restaurant] saw much better fight scenes than that one.

Think of one small can of Sterno making it between hard covers in two expensive books thirty years afterwards' [The affair of the chafing dish is also dramatized by Miss Kael.] Not that I'm proud of the incident," Orson goes on, "but I ask you to believe that at a range of three yards—if I'd been aiming at Houseman—the target would have been hit. What I am rather ashamed of is a certain lurking touch of cold-bloodedness beneath that slightly theatrical fury. The act itself didn't really amount to much. A restaurant service trolley was indeed, very lamentably, tossed over and the heater under the dish landed by a curtain. After a squirt or two from a soda siphon the threat of fire ceased to alarm even Jack. He has many qualities, but courage, and in particular the physical variety, is not the most fully developed. And that, I'm afraid, is what I was banking on. The chafing dish put him onto the next train for New York. The Kael version has me rushing after him and wheedling him into coming back to our aid in California. The truth (which has just got to sound patronizing) is not that we needed him, but that he needed the bread. Or could use it. Or so I thought. As it turned out, he was quite wonderfully helpful with Mank. Not just keeping him dried out, but also making, I'm sure, real contributions to Mank's part in the scriptwriting. But the business with the canned heat was not, as Pauline Kael insists, anybody's inspiration for Kane's busting up Susan's boudoir. I lifted that one from an old play of mine called *Last Stand*—a sort of rough sketch for *Kael* about the boss of a kind of King Ranch who (like Kane) fights a losing battle against the twentieth century, breaks up some furniture and breaks down himself in the process.

"What *did* distress me in Virgil's piece was his declaration that he and I didn't much like each other. [I never liked Welles much, nor he me.] Then he mentions that I once came to his aid in Paris during rehearsals of his opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*. That was years after the Mercury; and why does he suppose I did that, if I wasn't fond of him? I was and am. I've spent my life in the blissful assumption that my friendships are mostly requited. Better not peer too closely into that. I'm going to go on clinging to the myth that

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## AFTERMATH

"Et tu, Brute!"

As an ex Sid Caesar comedy writer, I admit I never heard Sid quote that line. But it describes the hurt look in his eyes when he read the first TV script we wrote for him. Sid not only felt stabbed, but even worse, he was certain the writers were out to dispossess him of all his worldly goods, including his oversized cuff links.

I caught up with Sid (or was it the other way around?) in the 1963-64 season, some ten years after his ninety-minute *Your Show of Shows* had gone off TV, which was followed by a sixty-minute program called *Caesar's Hour*. It too was canceled, and he was now about to embark on a half-hour venture to be known as *The Sid Caesar Show*, for which I was to be the head writer. A head writer is the one, if the show runs into trouble, who is handed his head.

I began to reminisce about those days when I read with some interest and with great envy the article in the May issue of *Esquire*. I was especially interested in the quotes by Sid's first talented and ebullient staff of writers who supplied the humor for this man who in my opinion is one of the comedy geniuses of our times. What fun! And, I gather from their quotes, what artistic and creative joy it must have been!

However, it seemed to this reader, that no one really got around to answering *Esquire's* advertised question: Why isn't the funniest man in America on TV? Why was *Your Show of Shows* canceled? Why, after a brief run, was *Caesar's Hour* dropped? To say that the network found Caesar persona non grata in the Nielsen rating is too simplistic. The real answer runs much deeper, and I discovered it when I was employed to write his new half-hour show.

First let me say that there was no more devoted fan of Caesar's than I. When my agent asked if I was interested in writing for Sid, I was. I was eager. We were introduced at his office. I found him warm, soft-spoken, a good and acquiescent listener.

After a week of private meetings, Sid agreed to my suggestion that some of our humor should be relevant, and, if you'll pardon the expression, "meaningful." But when I mentioned that the sketches should be shorter than those he had been doing ("Six minutes top," I said), that stabbed look came into his eyes.

"It takes me that long to say 'hello,'" he said. Finally we compromised. He agreed, half-heartedly, to consider cutting the sketches down to six minutes. But I could see the other half wanted twelve minutes.

Nevertheless, I gathered together three assistant writers and we wrote the first script. We were not the gay, flamboyant staff of the *Show of Shows*. We were a quiet, misbegotten little group, consisting of Jay Burton, who

was no Mel Brooks, Tony Webster, who was no Carl Reiner, Selma Diamond, who was no Neil Simon, and I, who was no Lucille Kallen. After a week, I took our script to Sid's office and handed it to him.

He was startled. "You already wrote it?" he asked (That hurt look again).

"Yes. Isn't that what we were hired for?"

"Yes, but I always like to sit with the writers and offer suggestions and throw in some comedy lines, and bits of action."

Bingo! And "wham" and "pow!" A violation of the Comedy Writer's Law. "When a television actor becomes a star and is not content with having been blessed with his God-given ability, personality, and charisma to perform, and he begins to hallucinate that he is a creative writer, and overrides the judgment of his staff of comedy suppliers, the result is always chaos, and an inevitable decline in the star's popularity."

Caesar's first staff of writers was a determined lot, and, according to Mel Brooks's quotes, had the power of vetoing their star's suggestions, as they fought the good fight for their judgment of what was best for Caesar. On the other hand, we were a meek little group. Determined, but meek. So meekly, I asked him to read the first sketch. He read it to himself. I sat quietly hoping it would dispel his fears that we were out to get him.

It was topical 1963 material. According to the papers the 1964 New York World's Fair was having problems with some of the big nations taking pavilions in the fair. As I recall, France and Russia were talking about disengaging themselves from the project. We conjured up what it would be like if the director of the fair, at his wits' end to sign up international exhibitions, would try to cajole some of the small, underprivileged countries of the United Nations to take pavilions. It went like this:

Director: The U.N. is sending over some of the new young countries. They'll be so impressed we're even considering them for the fair they'll be a cinch to take pavilions. (Knock on door) Here comes one now.

Sid enters in peasant outfit. He wears an ancient, shabby native costume. A long robe, sandals. He is followed by his wife (Edie Adams), similarly dressed.

Director: Come in, come in (Sid and Edie bow slightly). Have a chair (They sit). Now, I've heard a lot of great things about your country—what's that name again? Nopal?

Sid: Nopal.

Director: Yes. Now here's the proposition. Would you give serious consideration to taking a pavilion at the World's Fair?

Sid looks at Edie, not understanding. She interrupts slowly in English.

Edie: Have you given serious consid-

eration to taking a pavilion at the World's Fair?

Sid (To director): No. Oh this, my wife. She speaks English. She goes to school in America. She's a dentist, also. C.P.A. So don't fool around.

Director: Congratulations. Now why don't you want to take a pavilion?

Sid: Nopal very small country. tiny country. people hungry—last year our crop failed.

Director: Oh a flood ruined your crops?

Sid: No, somebody step on it. Very small country—hungry people—we gonna order lunch now?

Director: Yes, pretty soon—

Sid: Tuna on rye (to Edie). You want tuna on rye? (She nods.)

Director: Yes. Now about the pavilion—

Sid: Chocolate malt—with egg.

Director: Chocolate yes, do you know what our proposition is here? Do you know the World's Fair?

Sid: Not to me it hasn't been—we very small country, destitute—under privileged, under educated—under everybody. You want call drugstore for lunch?

Director: Pretty soon—

Sid: Mayonnaise on the tuna—

Director: Yes. Now our country may be able to do something for your country, if you come into the fair. We can help you develop culturally. We'll send you our Peace Corps.

Sid: No, no Peace Corps. That's the fellow who stepped on crop.

Director: Well, there are a lot of ways we can help you. We can give you industry, farming—we can help you financially. What do you need most in your country?

Sid starts to speak but Edie pulls his sleeve. They go into a whispered huddle. Sid pantomimes talking briefly. They turn to director.

Sid: My country is in dire need of lipstick, petal pink—

Director: Lipstick. Okay. (Writes note.) Ten thousand cases of lipstick. (Edie whispers quickly to Sid.)

Sid: And eye shadow.

Director: Eye shadow. (Writes. Edie whispers again.)

Sid: Shower caps. (Director writes.)

Director: Shower caps. You've got 10,000 cases of lipsticks, eye shadow and shower caps. Is that it?

Sid: With all those shower caps, we'll need water. Water very dirty—very bad. no river in Nopal.

Director: Okay, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll build a dam. A dam that'll give you six billion gallons of water a day.

Sid: Six billion gallons—(Short conference as Edie pulls him hard.)

Sid: With six billion gallons of water a day, we need paper cups.

Director: Paper cups. Okay, let's get back to the pavilion. Let's get this show on the road.

Sid: Road. We need paved road.



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Director: Paved road? That's our  
specialty—we build roads everywhere.  
How long a road do you need?

Sid: Border to border—one mile—  
very small country—tiny country—

Director (writes): One mile of paved  
road (Edie whispers to Sid)

Sid: Thick carpet on road

Director: A thick carpet on a paved  
road?

Sid: With ten tollgates—all cash.

Director: Ten tollgates?

Sid: And a vacuum cleaner—we very  
neat.

Director: Look, how much traffic do  
you expect on this road?

Sid: Oh plenty. When the military  
trucks come through with the troops.

Director: What troops?

Sid: The troops to protect us from  
the wars.

Director: Do you have wars in your  
country?

Sid: No, we don't. But we try—we  
have no money. But next month we  
celebrate first anniversary of our in-  
dependence. It would be nice gesture if  
your country send us gift certificate for  
war.

Director: A gift certificate for a  
war?

Edie: If we don't have war, we can  
exchange it for shipcovers.

Director: Now let's get back to the  
World's Fair. Is that all you want?

Sid: Oh I forgot. One little thing.  
We want one nuclear bomb.

Director: Nuclear bomb?

Sid: Only one.

Director: Now you've gone too far!

Sid: Just family-size nuclear bomb.  
Only one.

Director: The nuclear bomb is out.

Sid: The nuclear bomb is out? I  
heard it was just getting popular.

Director: I don't care. No nuclear  
bomb.

Edie: He won't use it. He just wants  
to have it so he can get good seat at  
peace-conference table.

Sid: It's a status symbol.

Director: You can't have the nuclear  
bomb! That's final.

Sid (lip trembles): You promised me  
anything.

Director: I didn't dream you'd ask  
for that. Now forget it—

Sid: Other countries got one. I want  
one too—I want it. I want it. (He  
goes into a tantrum like a kid.) I want  
the bomb, you promised me you would  
I want it—I want it.

He's hysterical... Pounding on  
floor crying... Director goes to him  
trying to calm him.

Director: All right—all right—stop  
crying—I'll give it to you—all right you  
got one bomb (Sid is appeased. Direc-  
tor helps him up.)

Director: Now are you satisfied?

Sid (bows): Your humble nuclear  
servant. We will be at World's Fair.

Director: Thank you—now where  
will I send all this?

Sid: Send it to the capital of Nopal.

Director: Where is the capital?

Sid: Connect cut—for tax purposes.  
Or Delaware. We have two branches.

(Bows) Good-bye

(Continued on page 208)

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

(Continued from page 12)

### Are you running with me Lyndon?

In David Halberstam's enjoyable ar-  
ticle *Lyndon* (August) he repeats the  
error that Sam Rayburn persuaded  
Lyndon to accept the Vice-Presidential  
nomination in 1960. It's true that Mr.  
Sam wanted to retire Richard Nixon  
permanently, but it's also true that he  
did not want John Kennedy as Presi-  
dent, nor Lyndon Johnson as Vice Pres-  
ident.

The article was about Lyndon, not  
Mr. Sam, but it's inconsistent with the  
picture Mr. Halberstam paints of Ly-  
ndon that he would let Mr. Sam make  
such a decision for him at that time.

A more plausible version is presented  
by Jimmy Banks in his *Money, Politics  
and Chalk* (Austin, 1970). He says it  
was Lyndon and John Connally who  
tried to convince Mr. Sam and others that  
the Vice-Presidency was an offer they  
could not refuse.

According to Mr. Banks, Johnson con-  
sulted Connally on the matter and Con-  
nally pointed out that Lyndon had only  
two options: he could either accept or  
refuse the nomination.

If he refused, there were two contin-  
gencies that had to be considered, and  
neither of them looked very good. Ei-  
ther the Democrats would lose the elec-  
tion and Lyndon would be a man who  
had let his party down when it needed  
him, or the Democrats would win with-  
out him and Lyndon's influence would  
then be negligible as long as John Fitz-  
gerald Kennedy inhabited the White  
House.

On the other hand, if Lyndon accept-  
ed the nomination, there was the possi-  
bility that the Kennedy-Johnson ticket  
would be defeated. Johnson would still  
be in the Senate and still Majority  
Leader. He would have proved himself  
a loyal party man, and he would have  
earned a good base to work from four  
years later if he wanted to try for the  
Presidency.

The ticket might succeed, of course,  
but at the time, according to Mr. Banks,  
Lyndon and his friends thought this  
was an outside chance, even with all  
their best efforts.

ESSIE SAPIENFIELD  
Denton, Tex.

### The Olympic controversy

A *Plus Ça Change* 76 (August) reads  
like an advance obit for the Olympic  
Games. As if the Olympic idea was not  
already burdened by the guardianship  
of I.O.C. myopes, it should suffer sur-  
gery by chauvinists who measure na-  
tional prestige on a gold standard.

A "truly open" Olympics is the prop-  
erty of promoters and propaganda  
agents. If we shall "save" the Games  
only by breeding a caste of hothouse  
prodigies who drill sixteen hours a day  
for display in a glorified sideshow, let  
us pick up the shards of our self-  
respect and get out.  
JAMES R. CYBIUSKI  
Parma, Ohio



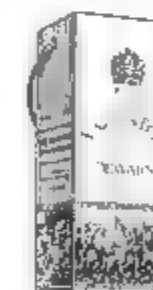
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## SEE DICK. SEE DICK RUN. SEE JOHN OSBORNE WATCH DICK RUN

(Continued from page 142, and irresponsible rhetoric" had the sad effect of making "the truth unbelievable." The column concluded with shrewd insight into the unhinging of the President: "Mr. Nixon, again in my guess, had been brought to recognize the failure, actual in part and impending in part, of his entire Vietnam policy—negotiation, Vietnamization and all—and the recognition was more than he could bear with his usual quietude."

Through his diligent concentration on the sometimes formidable task of getting the facts of a week's major White House story straight and set in perspective, Osborne acquires a kind of intimate authority even among the insiders written about. For example, when he pointed out that then Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel had set forth justified complaints in his celebrated letter to the inaccessible President before being dismissed, he did not stop there, as the rest of the press did. He went on to point out that Hickel might have had the personal meeting with the President, which he professed to want so badly. But "was occupied in polishing the final draft of his letter that morning [and] somebody on his staff was busy preparing to leak it." After this column was published, one of the White House doorkeepers against whom Hickel complained had it photocopied, enlarged almost to wall size and presented it to the supposedly martyred former Secretary with his compliments.

The deadline for Osborne's weekly column is Tuesday, but he often ships to Wednesday noon, which means there is no time for a proof) and occasionally to the absolute, back-to-the-wall deadline on Thursday, which means that his column lands in the front of the book taking space away from *New Republic* Editor-in-Chief Gilbert Harrison's cherished editorials. On a typical Wednesday, Osborne will be up at six o'clock in his house on O Street in Georgetown, brewing coffee and restlessly composing his piece in his head. By shortly after seven, he will be seated at his typewriter in *The New Republic's* handsome brownstone on 19th Street, chain-smoking his way through his first and only draft.

He takes a craftsman's pride in his prose. Unlike newspaper columns, his pieces, which have three times been gathered and published in book form, usually hang together as literary efforts. Each piece states a theme and develops it. And each, Osborne confesses, leaves him "exhausted." A thousand words a week doesn't sound like much. Far from having time for other projects, however, including an abandoned manuscript on John F. Kennedy and a mass of antiques research for a biography of James Forrestal. Osborne finds that he scarcely ever turns around on Thursday and have a couple of recuperative gimlets straight up before he must get back on the telephone and over to the Executive Office Building to sniff around. Members of

the daily press corps seem universally to respect his professionalism and hard work. "He's always padding around the White House, and he reads every damned word they put out," says *Vanity Fair's* highly regarded columnist Nick Thimmesch, a rather more conservative Nixon-watcher whom *Fortune* bracketed with Osborne as the two best informed reporters around the White House.

Any attempt to evaluate Osborne's reportage raises a difficult question: Compare it to what? *Life* columnist Hugh Sley also writes weekly about Nixon, but his portraits are more brush and don't from a considerable distance. Evans and Novak unearth more "hard" news than Osborne, but they also push harder in their hyped-up newspaper format. Osborne, in truth, has no real competitors. As one of two full-time salaried staff writers on *The New Republic*, he has carved out for himself the modestly rewarding but satisfying niche of sole professional President-watcher in Washington: the honest dealer in the only game in town.

The outsider, however grateful he may be for Osborne's reporting, must wonder whether the poor man suffers from a masochistic obsession. How can *Nixon* of all people, possibly be worth so much time and energy? Yet this shows how easily an outsider can underestimate the professional's fascination with the process of politics and the personalities involved in it. "I know how it may look to others," says Osborne, "but I myself don't feel obsessed. I'm committed to the subject as an assignment." Does he ever get bored? "Oh, no. Frustrated, yes. But never bored. It's still an interesting assignment."

Osborne's assignment, as he sees it, is to be the decent, reasonable judge

of a President and an Administration that most liberals feel completely justified in condemning out of hand. Week in and week out, he finds that the Nixon men are mostly liberals. This villain, not surprisingly, are John Mitchell and Spiro T. Agnew, but sufficiently human to be continued on probation at least through the following Wednesday. Of course fairness aside, Osborne is obliged to be a non-hanging judge by the necessity to keep *The Nixon Watch* going. His quite sincere reasonableness affronts some real-hot liberals. One of the pieces from which Osborne drew the most satisfaction precisely because he found something favorable to say, was his assessment of Nixon's first year in office. When he ventured mild praise ("a better President than I thought the candidate of 1968 capable of being"), he was shocked by the vehemently critical mail he received. To be sure, Nixon himself was pleased and thereafter came to regard him as one of the "good liberals," a factor in such bestowals of favor as Osborne's inclusion in the press contingent taken along on the Peking trip.

The decency of "The Nixon Watch" is not in the column's admirable research and writing. The trouble is that a Southern liberal who votes against his subject once and who will, almost certainly, do so again this year, is vulnerable to the awkward fact that Nixon, in office, has behaved essentially as a liberal Democrat would have behaved. What, really, is there to complain about but the absence of taste and style? As a result, Osborne writes about a kind of bipartisan king. In contrast, the White House staff member who complimented Osborne's perception to me in 1969 was a conservative Republican and like many such true-believing Republicans has since resigned. He not only watched the President close up, he also saw what Nixon was doing. ♦

## WHAT DR. NOLEN TAKES FOR A COLD

(Continued from page 137, except to the guy who's got it.)

I've discovered that about the only thing that will guarantee the victim even a modicum of compassion is incontrovertible evidence of disease. So I take my temperature a lot. There's nothing more depressing to a man or a woman who has a cold and feels miserable than to find that his temperature is normal, or even worse, below normal. Fortunately, I'm usually good for about six tenths of a degree above 98.2 (oral), which proves that I am really ill and not a manager. My wife, on the other hand, is one of those unfortunate people who, when asked what her temperature is, has to say, "You know I never run a temperature." I could be at death's door and my temperature would be perfectly normal." She says it defensively, as if to tell me I always find perfectly understandable.

I actually began complaining before my cold surfaces. About twenty-four hours before my nose gets stuffy and

my temperature goes up, my skin becomes hypersensitive. All my muscles begin to ache and I develop a slight headache. When these things happen I know I've been bitten by a cold virus and that by the next day my illness will be apparent to everyone. Actually, I find the aching, tender skin prodromic the most uncomfortable period of the entire cold.

Once the cold has struck I don't do much about it. There's not much to do. I take three aspirin every four or eight hours, depending on how achy I feel, and go about my business. I take three aspirin, rather than the standard two, because I weigh. I'm ashamed to admit about 190 pounds and I figure that if I'm prescribing "two aspirin every four hours as necessary" for my 10-pound patients, I'm entitled to three for that that's logical.

My mother used to say, in fact she still does, "Stuff a cold and starve a fever" or was it vice versa? It doesn't really matter because I've never found that diet makes any difference. I eat

and drink as much as I like of whatever I like. Usually my appetite for both food and alcohol diminishes when I have a cold.

As far as activity is concerned I'm equally ruleless. I've never stayed home from work with a cold, though if I'm coughing I try not to cough on my patients. I've played hockey or tennis when I've had some colds and with others I've stayed around the house and gone to bed early. I do as I feel like doing. I don't believe there's any truth to the idea that you can "sweat out" a cold, either by exercising or by sitting in a steam room, on the other hand I don't believe you'll prolong the cold or "turn it into pneumonia" if you exercise while you've got it.

I never take antibiotics, penicillin or any other kind. All "curative" cold medicines are worthless, as, in my opinion, is prophylactic treatment with vitamin C. Symptomatic treatment with aspirin and if your nose is awfully stuffy, an antihistamine is all that's really worthwhile. Personally I never take an antihistamine because in order to relieve—as the ads say—"nasal congestion," I have to take so much antihistamine that I become groggy. I'd rather just blow my nose and remain alert.

If you've gathered that I'm pretty much a defeatist when it comes to colds, you're right. I agree with the old saying—I paraphrase—"Let the doctor treat your cold and he'll cure you in a week, do nothing and you'll be well in seven days."

To which one might add, "and you'll still have the ten dollars you've have thrown away on an office call." ♦♦

## SCORPION HUNTING

The buld stretch under a green beard  
And sleep. The nanobas  
Purl in the soft wind that shakes  
The palmto, where the scorpions  
Creep in wat caves. Tucked in  
The scorchblades thir great stagers  
Rest. We go from mound to mound  
Looking for holes. We put on  
And gather in high boots near the ground  
I took a long reel from the palm to  
And feed it into the opening  
When the palmto moves  
Further into the hole. I pull the reel  
But through the hole  
Then the scorpion is out  
Snapping his tail up as if a wire cock  
And points in the dirt, watching  
With a dozen eyes, breathing through its  
stomach.  
I see scorpions eat the poised stager nimbly the  
flesh.

The tail strikes, harmless as a wing  
At the hand that towers the bottle  
We take it home to the woman

DANIEL HALLERAN



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Kodak Carousel 860H projector



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## PHILIP ROTH/ALAN LECHUK

(Continued from page 133) ings and cut the Matisses into ribbons.

Thus ends the remarkable half of *American Mischief*. In what follows, Lechuk's imagination runs away with him, though not far enough. Events are suddenly momentous, catastrophic, mood darkens, motive darkens, we are in a world of blood and flames—and yet the somber reverberations are too faint, the prose is undistinguished, and the human side of it all is somewhat strained and transparent. The subject here is not the dean and his family of women but a young student Lenny Pincus, Cardozo College's (John Benoit who emerges from the museum aprising with a plan for revolution that earns for him a *Time* cover story and the editorial wrath of *The New York Times*, the paper Pincus loathes the way the P.T.A. president loathes *Screen*. Even more extreme in the political realm than Kovell is in the sexual, Pincus after taking a fourteen-year-old runaway for his moll, murders Norman Mailer (firing the fatal bullet up the author's determinedly virginal anus) burns down the Widener Library and the Fogg Museum, and then establishes a kind of prison camp on a remote New Hampshire farm to which he brings, in chains eminent literary intellectuals for the purpose of brainwashing; they are snatched at gunpoint from the platform of a Hofstra literary symposium (oh what a silly dreamer this Lechuk is) and transported in U Haul rented trucks by Pincus' Cambridge guerrilla band—and then much much more before Pincus, always a bookish Trotsky to the blacks and Puerto Ricans he commands, is betrayed by his cadre to the FBI and apprehended in a Cambridge hideout.

*American Mischief* ends with Pincus in jail. "Whoever claims that criminals are interesting," the young murderer writes in his diary "should be condemned to live among them." These final pages on the subject of pain are generally poignant, but as of this date Lechuk is not quite Dostoevsky. His imagination relentless and extreme—and one feels accurately prophetic when it comes to dreaming up offenses against society—is not altogether equal to the moral task of dreaming up the offender himself. Pincus is the political revolutionary, only intermittently in focus and of a piece and never so thoroughly going at it must

or so convincing a philosopher and psychologist of his own conduct as is Kovell the sexual revolutionary. But in praise of Lechuk's ambitiousness, it must be said that Pincus' turbulence is grander and more harrowing than Kovell's, and his spiritual yearnings are meant to be more mysterious and incomprehensible even to himself. Nonetheless, he is neither a Peter Verkhovese nor a Raskolnikov. To judge a thirty-three-year-old first-novelist by such standards may at first appear wildly unjust and silly—one going to flatter him with Hawthorne, another to hang him for not having written *Crime and Punishment* or *The Possession*. I only draw this comparison because the scrappy first novelist, leading with his chin, would have it that way. Pincus repeatedly mentions Dostoevsky's two monstrosities partly to provide himself and the reader with a point of reference, but also, I would think, in order to place his own name in nomination for the Bad Boys Hall of Fame.

However inconclusive as the second half of *American Mischief* may be (and, mind you, it too has dozens of felicitous pages, as when Pincus compares her rendezvous passages in Sophocles and Herman Kahn, when Pincus plans and executes the Mailer murder, when he befriends—if that is the word—the fourteen-year-old innocent named Nagget), there seems to me, in the fictional impulse to join Pincus' story to Kovell's the sign of the natural. Indeed, the spontaneous and impulsive in this book is precisely what signals the arrival of a genuine and irrepressible novelist, but here joining these two disparate tales—the impulse is of the kind that makes brave prose writers tremble, quirky, daring, wrongheaded but perhaps inspired, the kind of impulse that the writer who tries simultaneously to be dreamy and alert realizes may as easily undermine the entire project as turn up those riches that perhaps—perhaps—he buried deep down in his talent. What is to me so engaging about Lechuk is that in the midst of his very first book he is already impatient with himself, already so arrogant about what he does well as to be exuberantly hacking and tearing away at himself (before our very eyes, in fact), trying to see what else he can do. I don't doubt that he'll find out though the battlefield he strewn with chunks of his own tough hide. #

## ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER BARTON MIDWOOD

(Continued from page 132, the Communist wago, and perhaps also because he is a Jew. Barton Midwood has not yet attained Bruno Schulz's power but I believe that he is on the way.

The need to free the word from reality, objectivity or whatever one calls it is an adventure of the young—because what we define as reality is richer than all the dreams and all the fantasies. The genes and the human emotion bring forth in each generation treasures of

individuality which no fantasy could ever create. The dream and the nightmare of one generation often become the reality of the next one. No genius could have foreseen Hitlerism, Stalinism, and all that which was connected with them. I believe that in his last years Kafka worried about his being rootless, two-dimensional, and for this reason he considered himself a failure. Bruno Schulz too had this kind of hangover. As paradoxical as it may sound, the

inner man, the subconscious, has less uniqueness than the facts, the events. The simple language that tells a story has more substance than the refined language that comments on it, analyzes it, caricaturizes it. The human face is richer, the truth more dazzling than the most clever distortion. It is the tragedy of the caricaturist that his style soon becomes a repetition and a habit. Naked symbols neutralize one another and the result is nil. Even mysticism must have an address, must be connected with a way of life, a time, a place. In his novel and stories Barton Midwood shows a strong sense for the order of things in spite of the disorder and the confusion which are the method of his performance. The story is small but its language is precise, the image sharp. We know that he is fooling us, but he does it with the facility of a magician.

I believe and hope that from this lack of humor which comes mainly from the writer's looking at the world and its delusions Barton Midwood will turn his efforts to the humor of the situation and of the character, the humor which made Cervantes, Gogol, Dickens, and Shalom Aleichem immortal. When the situation is bizarre and the hero is alive, the story does not require wild exaggeration and absurdities. In this kind of writing the objects laugh at themselves, the hypnotized wake up from their trance, the deceived see, if only for an instant, the falsehood of their plight. Spinoza's theorem that the order of ideas is the same as the order of things contains a deep truth after all. One must remember that according to Spinoza things and ideas are two sides of the same coin.

The discerning reader and lover of literature should follow Barton Midwood in his literary career. He is a master of dialogue. His humor is genuine, never forced. He is a comedian because he is a skeptic who doubts all human values, near's very sanity. Barton Midwood is a writer who is capable of bringing us many surprises. #

Translated by the author and H. H. Gold.

## MARK SCHORER/JUDITH RASCOE

(Continued from page 134, has not been captured. To me Lily writes, "Keep in touch."

Rascoe can say a great deal about human nature, guess in perhaps a little over two thousand words.

But her longest story, "Small Sounds and Talking Shadows," is also her fullest evocation of these themes. It is a deep, moving story narrated by a voice that doesn't fear one second of itself, be moved. It can be read in this year's *O Henry Memorial Prize Stories* collection. It is the story of a girl who feels herself "half crazy" at twenty-one and goes to Europe "intending to be old" (i.e., sane) like her parents, meaning dead. But almost everyone is anonymous. Her acquaintances ("friends")

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have first names at most (she has no name), and are characterized by such statements as "a socialist who ran an office somewhere helping somebody." I think that the one person with a full name is the man whose dreary flat in London she occupies, and he is absent until the very end of the story through most of which she has tried to imagine who he is. At the end of the story a boy whom she has never seen before

sees her and the last line is, "Who are you?" he said, after the kiss."

Most good young writers now are trying to tell us of a condition of nearly cosmic but also comic loneliness. Judith Rascoe comes close to a perfect presentation of that paradoxical condition that plagues us all. Who, indeed, are we? More important, where? We have for some time stopped asking. Why. #

## LESLIE A FIEDLER BILL HUTTON

(Continued from page 135) might be portrayed if a fifth grade public-school textbook had first been turned into a low-budget TV series, and had then passed through the mind of a beholder high on acid. Here, for instance, is the relatively jolly opening of *The Story of Daniel Boone*.

"Daniel Boone and Walt Disney cut through the trail like a couple of winners. Indians were not on their tail but they jumped down a cliff, landed on a fiber-glass springboard and catapulted across the Ohio into Kentucky, where with the assistance of a Government loan they built Boonesborough.

"Life in Boonesborough was no picnic. There were snakes everywhere and Indians. There were things that went bang at night. One night Walt and Daniel were sitting around a poker table in the Los Alamos Cocktail Lounge eating South African Lobster Tails with butter.

"I miss Mickey Mouse," said Walt. "I miss the green meadows and the rushing river," said Daniel. "I miss outsmarting those red faces," Walt. They're making them these days over at Xerox with computers in them and it's impossible to outfox them anymore.

"The great cartoon maker and the master woodsman continued their meal in silence and just as Daniel Boone was drinking a little Dr Pepper, the American flag curtain covering the stage behind them opened and two dancers came on soft shoeing from stage right.

"We're Lewis and Clark," they sang. Yeah, yeah, we're Lewis and Clark. I'm Lewis and he's Clark and we'll discover land. We'll go down the Missouri in an old canoe, any old thing you'd want us to do. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Oh, we'll set up the Oregon Territory, make it a bitchin' place to live. Come on baby into my arms I got lots and lots of scalps. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

And here is the somewhat grimmer close of a section called simply "The Depression."

"They are jumping from the Hotel Madrid."

"It is the Depression."

"You wanted it that much?" he asked her.

"What?"

"You know."

"Don't look at me like that, Joe."

"Well, we're broke now. You know that I suppose?"

"Let's play gin rummy," she said.

"We'll have to start again somehow."

"Come on up to the bow with me and do the Big Apple."

"I'll have to find some sort of employment. Something." The man gazed vacantly across the water.

"Life's full of mystery," said the man and then he began to weep.

"Come on up to the bow of the boat."

We'll take off our clothes and do the Lindy and the Black Bottom and the Big Apple and the Charleston. I got some dirty pictures of a Jew getting f---ed by a male. We'll discuss Freud and read some F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. We'll eat Eskimo Pies and play backgammon and drink in speaks. I'll be a flapper and you put on the raccoon coat and wear the wide pants with a hip flask. It's not over! We'll watch Shipwreck Kelly and Floyd Collins. It hasn't ended! Let's go! To the bow of this boat! To the rocking hours! Let's make it!

"The man looked down at the water. It was black. He was coughing and looking at the puke on the dark water. Jesus, he thought. Somehow he had to get rid of this blood."

Second Ending

"The man looked down at the water. It was black. He fell over the rail and swam as deeply as he could and he felt happy at the feeling inside his brain and everything was fast and slow and then he was dead."

I think Bill Hutton moves me especially because he seems the first writer I have ever encountered whose basic sensibility has been totally remade by television, as that of my own generation was remade by movies. He further suggests to me that the most widely shared experience of ordinary Americans including that of many protestors against addiction to "hard drugs," the whole enterprise of falling into TV is quite as generous, disruptive and dangerous as any trip on LSD, even the particularly bad trip of Bill Hutton. But that bad trip, Hutton has also taught me, takes us all to the same place at which Mark Twain arrived, without the aid of television and on no psychoactive stronger than thirty Cuban cigars a day, which is to say, to the true, the authentic America: that nightmare from which we cannot awake, but which we would gladly forget if there were no writers who insist, like Bill Hutton, on taking us with them a little way at least toward that ultimate terror of reality from which there is always the possibility of never returning at all.

Bill Hutton was thirty years old on this past February 7th. #

## RAVI TIKKOO'S NEW TOY

(Continued from page 155) ship, the gate is opened, the sea rushes in, and the ship then rises with the water and floats on it. (They hope.)

The *Globtik Tokyo*, first of the two behemoths (the other will be the *Globtik London*), is 1243 feet 5 1/4 inches long, 203 feet 5 1/4 inches wide, 91 feet 10 3/4 inches draft when loaded. According to Tikkoo, you could put four football fields on the deck. Instead, it will have a swimming pool, a heliport, maybe a tennis court or two, for the use of the crew, who will be provided with motorized bicycles on which they can scoot fore and aft in a twinkling. There will be only about thirty-four men in the crew, fourteen of them officers who will have had a special ten-month training course in handling the fully automated turbine tanker, which is fitted with a satellite system of navigation. Both ships will sail under the British flag from the Persian Gulf to Japan, where a new port has been built, Kure Terminal, in Kagoshima Bay, as there was no existing port deep enough to accommodate them when loaded. Nor can they sail the usual route: most canals and straits are too shallow, so on the return trip they will go through the Straits of Lombok, east of Bali.

The money to build these giants was put up by more than twenty banks in Japan, the United States, Britain, France and Sweden. This is where Tikkoo's financial wizardry got a good workout. He negotiated a twenty-year time-charter with Tokyo Tankers (the transport division of Nippon Petroleum Refining, Koa Oil, Nippon Oil, and Caltex—Standard Oil of California and Texaco). With characteristically precise split-second timing, he signed the charter only minutes before he signed the first ship contract. "In the old days," he says, "you could sign a contract to transport oil and then take the contract to a bank and borrow the money to build the ship. That was when a tanker cost maybe a couple of million. But no single bank is going to put up the money for ships like mine. It's an untried, unproven venture, like going into outer space. And I'm a loner, absolutely on my own. Nobody backs me. The security comes out of the deal itself. That is what is so complicated. How to figure it out to the last decimal point and then get it all together. No one thought I could do it. The Greeks did everything to spoil my deals. Others, too. They are all furious. You cannot believe the espionage. I have been followed everywhere, my phones have been tapped. All of them, they try their best to out me, but I do not give in. If the whole world comes against me, I still go it. I am not afraid of anything or anybody in this world. When people say to me 'This is impossible; it can't be done by anybody, that's the thing I like to do.'"

"A German shipowner once came to me when thirty banks had told him financing was not possible to arrange. I did it for him. I got money from a German bank for another client one

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time without knowing a word of German. Others go to business meetings with interpreters and half a dozen legal aides and always assistants and consultants. I go always alone."

Getting it together has involved constant travel to Japan, America, and all over Europe. "Sometimes I'm in three cities in one day: a shipyard in the morning, bankers in the afternoon, dinner at night with the chairman of an oil company. Sometimes I go for forty-eight hours without sleep. Once in Amsterdam I had business meetings all night until six-thirty in the morning. I shaved and was at a meeting in Rotterdam until nine-thirty, when I had to leave for another meeting in Zurich. It doesn't bother me. The jet lag doesn't affect me at all. When I closed the deal for the second tanker, I flew nineteen hours from London, their representative was waiting for me at Tokyo airport, we went straight into negotiations at my hotel and we finished by midnight. . . . Even when I'm home, I only get about four hours sleep a night. I go to sleep around two-twenty a.m. and the children wake me at six-thirty. Well, I get so little time to talk to them."

The children are his two sons, ages eight and five, black-haired little boys with enormous, shiny, dark eyes. Their mother, Mahrukh, comes from Bombay, where she was a university student when she met Tikkoo. They were married in 1958, when she was eighteen. I said I'd like to meet her, so Tikkoo invited me to dinner. He sent his Rolls for me. They live in a rented house in the Hampstead section of London, an ivy-covered brick house, not particularly large, hidden away in a small street, with an entrance drive so private that strangers would pass it by without seeing it. When I rang the bell, a girl opened the door. She looked about seventeen and I thought she was the baby-sitter, or a student au pair girl. She was wearing a simple, sleeveless, navy blue dress, no jewelry, and with no makeup on her lovely, oval face. Her shoulder-length dark hair was smooth and neat. She said "Good evening," and I said "Good evening" back and was about to sweep past her when she said, "I'm Mrs. Tikkoo," and held out her hand. I didn't try to hide my surprise, although I didn't mention that I guessed I had expected someone in a sari, blazing with jewels, probably with a caste mark on her forehead, more of an old-time Begum Khan stereotype. I followed her into the living room, where her husband joined us shortly. Inside the house is the same mathematical order observed in his offices. Two white telephones side by side in exact line on a small table in each room. Furniture arranged as if with compass and ruler. A Persian carpet with straight rows of red roses, beige-grey velvet chairs, grey velvet sofa, pale blue brocade satin sofa with gold-embroidered cushions sitting alert as sentries, two large coffee tables and several small tables, all with pale Pakistan onyx tops, legs in the shape of gilded swans, gold cigarette boxes, lighters, ashtrays laid out in symmetrical array. On a side table was a large display of liquor bottles and

enough dishes of nuts, etc., to feed a roomful of guests instead of just me. Tikkoo drank a small glass of orange juice, his wife and I each had plain tonic, and the three of us sat there and talked about oil tankers.

Tikkoo's business is certainly his favorite topic. He doesn't collect art or antiques, he has no yacht and no hobbies (although he recently bought a racehorse, Steel Pulse, that he thinks could win the Derby), he neither gives parties nor attends them, he has no time for theatre, films, concerts, ballet. He belongs to no clubs and he doesn't seem to have—or to want—any close friends. If he entertains or dines out, it is in connection with his business. The opulent extravaganza of jet-set life is not for him. In London, Tikkoo takes his guests to places like the Mirabelle or the Savoy.

That evening, we went to the Savoy, where we sat through an almost winningly inept floor show in which Sacha Distel sang in his unmemorable fashion, reaching a nadir of some sort with a song about London composed of ghastly puns ("If it's swinging London, why is Leicester Square?"), and chorus girls in sequined ruffles, with ostrich plumes bobbing on their heads, cantered around, out of step, looking as if they belonged in a Joseph Urban setting for some *Ziegfeld Follies* of the Twenties. Tikkoo ordered caviar and champagne followed by a full dinner, but the high point of the evening came when the long table next to ours, which was set for a party of twenty or more, turned out to be reserved for members of an association of Greek shipowners, all of whom hate Tikkoo like the devil hates holy water. They filed in and sat down, with their wives, and when they discovered us, there was a buzz of excited whispers and much craning of necks, which continued intermittently during the rest of the evening, much to Tikkoo's amusement. "They are wondering who you are," he told me. "I hope they think I'm your banker," I said.

Ever since the announcement of his giant-tanker deals, his every move arouses intense curiosity and debate among other shipowners. There is a club in Athens where the big ones hang out. An American Tikkoo knows was taken there and reported that the main topic of conversation was Tikkoo's tankers. "He told me," Tikkoo said, gleefully, "everybody there was saying every day, 'Will Tikkoo do it?' 'Do you think he can pull it off?' 'My brother's wife has a cousin who knows for a fact that the Greeks will stop him.'" Tikkoo smiled happily. "I will tell you something, but you must not use the names. I know it is true that one man was offered a million dollars by So-and-So if he could stop me. Of course, he couldn't, but he tried hard, so then he went back to So-and-So and asked for his money. And So-and-So wouldn't give him a penny. 'You didn't stop him.' 'But I tried. I did this and I did that.' 'Not good enough.' He was very mad."

There was one point when the Greeks all stopped eating and just stared. That was when the headwaiter came over to

me with the biggest sheaf of flowers I have ever seen since Dion O'Bannon's Chicago funeral. An assistant presented a duplicate bunch to Mrs. Tikkoo. They were gorgeous and almost literally overwhelming, each five feet in length. Tikkoo had ordered them as a surprise and they certainly were. The headwaiter suggested that they be parked in the ladies' cloakroom and we hastily agreed. When we went to pick them up, after midnight, the Greek wives were in there, too. They watched in silence as Mrs. Tikkoo put on her tourmaline Emba mink, and if looks could kill, she'd have been a goner. We took our flowers and went out, holding them in front of us like jousting lances. There was a slight problem getting them through the Savoy's revolving doors, but we made it. When I got home, I put mine in the bathtub overnight. The next day it took me two hours to arrange them in every available receptacle in my flat, plus what I could borrow from the neighbors. When I had them all fixed, I sat down and looked around. I felt as if I had been laid out.

The last time I saw Tikkoo, he took me to lunch at Les Ambassadeurs. The club is not far from his Park Lane offices, but we drove there in the new Rolls he had custom built for his wife, a white Silver Shadow, four inches longer than his own black one, with black leather upholstery and a furry carpet. He was in good spirits. Everything was going even better than he had hoped, he told me. He was negotiating an order worth more than \$574,000,000 with the American firm of General Dynamics for seven liquefied natural-gas tankers to be built at their Quincy, Massachusetts, shipyard and to be delivered to Tikkoo in 1976 and 1977. He hoped to sign the contracts this October. I asked if he had abandoned the idea of a million-tonner. "Not at all," he said. "I've had to postpone it because there is no loading port in the world deep enough for it." "Couldn't the Kure port handle it?" "That's a terminal port. There's no loading port, in the Gulf or anywhere else, that could handle it. But I expect that within a decade I may be able to build my million-tonner." (The first time I met him, he had shown me the blueprint, saying, "You are the first outsider to see this," and I tried to look intelligent as I studied the drawing. "1600 feet long, 325 feet wide, a draft of 135 feet." All I could really comprehend was that it sure was big.) "By the end of the 1980's," he added, "there could even be a two-million-ton tanker." I said it sounded like a chimera. Besides, some people predict that the demand for oil will decrease in a few decades. "They are thinking in terms of the white world only," he reminded me. "They forget that whites are a minority population of the earth. There is Africa and all Asia—they will need oil for a long, long time. . . ."

He is no reckless gambler. Because of his unique contracts, the factors which can make or break others—nationalization of industries, fluctuating oil prices, rising costs of labor and steel for shipbuilding—affect him not at all. "My income from my ships begins from the

time they start carrying oil and the price is fixed at so much a barrel for carrying the oil from point A to point B. If the price of oil goes up 5000 percent, it doesn't bother me. I got my agreed carrying price. If shipbuilding costs go up, I still pay the original contract price." "But somebody could lose money," I persisted. "Maybe," he said, "but it's not me. My future cash income is assured until 1993 from the *Glubb & Tokyo* and until 1994 from the *Glubb & London*. Speculators and gamblers like the Greeks don't understand the mathematical concept of my deals. It's too deep a subject, not everybody's cup of tea." "But surely something could happen in the world." He laughed. "If Texaco goes broke, then the banks go bankrupt, and if they go, then I don't have to repay my loans. I don't think this will happen. There is no way I can lose."

On this earth, where most of us live under the threatening shadow of fearful uncertainties, such serene confidence is staggering. It could be the secret of his success. "I do business an entirely different way from all the others," he told me. "I can do no harm to anybody. This is part of my upbringing. You do no harm to yourself if you waste time trying to destroy your enemies. Why waste your energies? My deals depend on a high level of trust, how much the charterers, shipyard owners, and bankers have confidence in me. The others are very powerful and they think that they can buy anything in the world with their money. But I believe that the power of the mind is stronger than the power of money. That is why I will succeed." #

## MUSIC

*I have no music  
What is yours?  
I stamp my feet  
on hairless earth  
but no echo  
I snap my fingers  
in empty stations  
but nothing  
I buy a harmonica  
and practice like hell  
Friends would say  
You have no music  
Sell that thing  
Harmonicas are  
the lips of mourners  
and their sounds  
are not music  
I play well,  
and the dead rise  
before me  
having no music  
nothing to say,  
but dancing  
or god  
dancing*

SCOTT H. MILLER

# THE WORLD'S OLDEST WHISKEY PRESENTS THE WORLD'S OLDEST MAN.

AH, AUTUMN. AH, FOOTBALL! I BET YOU THINK THE MOST SIGNIFICANT THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO FOOTBALL WAS THE WEAK-SIDE SAFETY BLITZ?

CLOSE, BUT WRONG. IT WAS THE TAILGATE ON THE STATION-WAGON. IT ENABLED PEOPLE TO RELAX FROM ALL THAT ACTION WITH A MOUTH-WATERING SPREAD AND A LIGHT, SMOOTH BUSHMILLS!

I WONDER IF THEY KNEW BACK IN 1608 THAT BY MAKING BUSHMILLS LIGHT AND SMOOTH, THEY WOULD BE MAKING BUSHMILLS THE IDEAL STADIUM COMPANION!

AH, BUSHMILLS. SO SMOOTH, SO LIGHT, SO I THINK I'LL MOSEY OVER TO THE TAILGATE!



**BUSHMILLS**



(Continued from page 136) the wrong antibiotic or an improper dose of the correct antibiotic. When you realize that these are hospitalized patients presumably sicker than those hundreds of thousands being treated with antibiotics on an ambulatory basis the horrendous extent to which antibiotics are being improperly prescribed becomes evident. From my own experience I'd say, and I'm certain I'm being conservative, that at least 75 percent of the antibiotics swallowed by or injected into patients each year are unnecessary.

Worse, not only are they unnecessary, they may be dangerous. For example, when a patient takes an antibiotic which destroys some of the bacteria normally found in the intestine, other bacteria, resistant to the antibiotic, may overgrow and cause severe, sometimes fatal, diarrhea. This is one of the risks that every patient runs when he takes an antibiotic. Just as every patient who is given a shot of penicillin runs a small but real risk of succumbing to an acute allergic reaction. A patient should only take an antibiotic when the risk to life and well-being is greater from the disease than from the antibiotic. Obviously, particularly in cases where the antibiotic is completely ineffective against the disease this is not always the case.

A flagrant example of the misuse of antibiotics was that which occurred with chloramphenicol. Years after it was well established that this antibiotic might cause severe disorders of the blood, more than half of which were fatal years after it was made clear that chloramphenicol should only be used when there was no other less dangerous drug which would do the required job. Doctors continued to prescribe the drug in situations where it was completely unnecessary to do so. In one series of cases 12 percent of the patients receiving chloramphenicol were taking it as treatment for the common cold against which no antibiotic is in any way effective.

Between 1961 and 1966 there were 890 deaths from what is labeled "therapeutic misadventure in the administration of drugs or biologicals." According to Harry F. Dowling, M.D., retired head of the Department of Internal Medicine of the University of Illinois College of Medicine and an authority on infectious diseases and drug therapy, "These figures certainly underestimate the actual number of deaths." Doctor Henry Simmons, director of the FDA's Bureau of Drugs, reports that "approximately 5 percent of patients admitted to the medical services of general hospitals are admitted because of serious, occasionally life-threatening drug reactions."

Part of the blame admittedly a large part lies with the doctor. Often he prescribes medicines simply "to play it safe." In one hospital, for example, 82 percent of the patients who underwent hernia surgery were given antibiotics, in another, comparable hospital only 3 percent of hernia patients were

so treated. Eighty-four percent of the time the antibiotics were given "prophylactically" to prevent an infection. This, despite the fact that studies have shown many times that the incidence of infection after hernia repair is in no way affected by the use of "prophylactic" antibiotics.

In my own experience as chief of surgery in a community hospital, I've seen the same sort of thing, some doctors use antibiotics almost routinely on every patient, regardless of diagnosis "to prevent infection." Others use them sparingly, only when specifically indicated. The only difference in results has been the complications produced by the antibiotics that the patients in the first group suffer. And of course, the added expense to the patient.

But a share of the blame for the abuse of antibiotics lies with the patient. "Doc, I've got a cold. I need a shot of penicillin" is a line familiar to every doctor. Patients with colds or the flu want antibiotics, virtually demand them. Doctors get tired of talking them out of treatment, say "to hell with it," and give these patients prescriptions. We prescribe antibiotics, unjustifiably I admit, to keep our patients happy and to get them out of our hair.

A second group of prescription drugs, often used unwisely, is tranquilizers. One out of three Americans took a prescribed tranquilizer in 1970. 220,000-000 doctors' prescriptions for mood modifiers were filed. God alone knows how many nonprescription "calmers" were taken.

Much of the time these drugs were prescribed as an easy out a time-saver a problem-dodger for the physician. One of the ads which has appeared frequently in medical journals typifies what I mean. The photograph shows a man in his late thirties in a business suit, white shirt and tie with an anxious look on his face, sitting on a couch, presumably in a doctor's waiting room. A newspaper, probably *The Wall Street Journal*, is on his lap. The caption says, "The junior executive crushed by his repeated failure to be promoted and anxious about the future, complains to you of listlessness, early-morning awakening." I'm advised to treat the patient with one of the standard tranquilizers. And I'm delighted to do so, it's a need of a lot easier than talking to this man, trying to give him insight into his problems, helping him to cope psychologically with the stresses of his life. Easier, by far, to give him a prescription and send him on his way.

The approach to women is similar. One ad shows a series of photographs, covering a fifteen-year period of a girl-woman posing with different men, including her father. The last shot shows her alone on the deck of a ship. The copy reads, "Thirty-five, single and psychoneurotic. The purser on her cruise ship took the last snapshot of Jan. You probably see many such Jans in your practice. The unmarrieds with low self-esteem. Jan never found a man to measure up to her father. Now she

realizes that she's in a losing pattern and that she may never marry!"

It's consoling to read that Jan's problems can be solved by prescribing the proper "mood pill." Would that it were so! Unfortunately, it isn't. There are patients who will benefit from mood drugs just as there are patients who are helped by antibiotics, but unlike antibiotics, mood drugs don't cure patients. They help them function, sustain them so they can keep living but they don't solve their problems. Penicillin can kill the pneumococcus, a tranquilizer won't find Jan a husband or help her learn to live happily without one.

Most of the ads for proprietary drugs stop just short of the outrageous. A widely used Geritol ad on television, for example, shows a handsome, well-constructed slender woman with her daughter. The mother looks awfully young to have a daughter who is apparently a teenager. After mother chats a bit about her regular Geritol intake daughter says, "I hope I look as good as you do when I grow up." Then mother adds, "I eat right, get my rest and exercise and to make sure I get enough iron and vitamins I take Geritol every morning." There's a strong implication that Geritol helps to keep you young and beautiful and, since the Geritol manufacturer doesn't say, explicitly, "Geritol will keep you young" the ad is, technically, honest.

The Food and Drug Administration recognizes at least twenty six different classes of over-the-counter drugs—laxatives, antacids, cough medicines, etc. According to Dr. Edwards, the director of the FDA, there are only about two hundred basic ingredients used in all of them. No one knows now exactly how many proprietary drugs there are. The FDA is currently trying to compile an inventory. There might be 100,000, there might be 500,000. In a study launched by the FDA, the effectiveness and safety of all twenty six classes of drugs will be investigated by twenty-six different panels of scientists. In a study of prescription drugs already under way it has been reported that "of the 16,000 therapeutic claims evaluated by the panels, approximately 10,000 or 60 percent, were found to lack adequate evidence of efficacy as defined by law." Since prescription drugs are ordinarily stronger—hence more effective—than proprietary drugs, I suspect that the record for proprietary drugs when it's available won't be any better. Of over-the-counter sleeping aids and mood drugs, Dr. Edwards has already said, "Most of these drugs are essentially ineffective in the dosages used and do have recognized side effects." Unfortunately, the study will take at least three years. Until then the buyer has no way of knowing with any certainty that he wouldn't get just as much benefit from a piece of penny candy as from a five dollar bottle of pills. Excepting, of course, the psychological lift one gets from a "medicine."

In a drugstore—in any store, for that matter—space means money. The drugstore doesn't put up a big rack to display items that he sells once a month;

# Science for the layman.

The editors of *Saturday Review* proudly announce a new monthly magazine devoted to Science.

Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists. Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented they tend to be obscure to the non professional.

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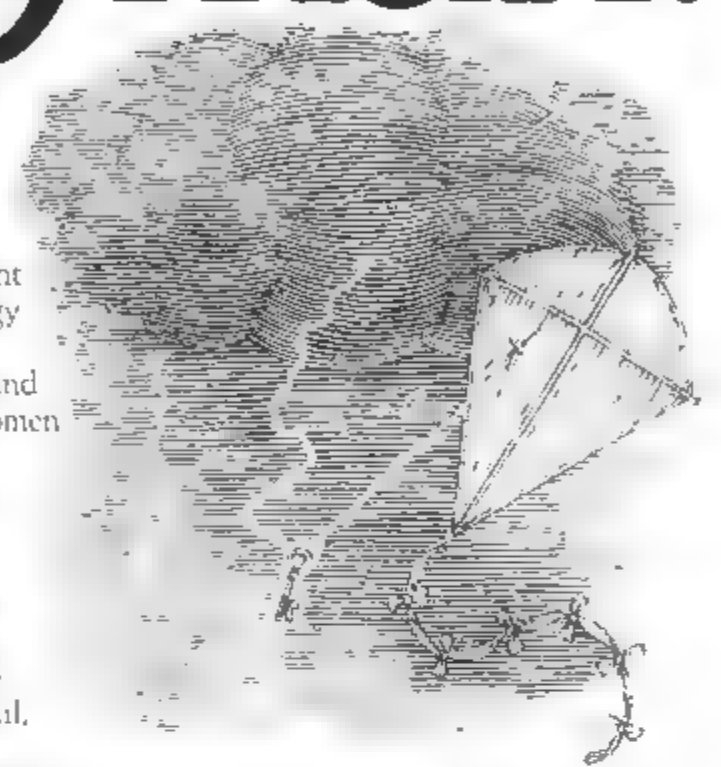
What's wrong with American agriculture?

Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

Quantity vs. quality: shaping our society by the numbers.

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he reserves the most and best shelf space for the pills, potions and lotions that are going to move rapidly. That's where his money comes from.

What moves rapidly? Look around any drugstore—I've studied dozens recently—and the pattern becomes immediately apparent. After you get past the hair tonic, toothpaste, and cosmetic departments, you'll find the proprietary drugs; and the ones you see advertised most often on television will be there in the largest numbers in the most prominent places. The advertising media presell these things to the public; all the druggist has to do is to remind people that he has them in stock.

If we assumed that people actually need what they buy, we'd conclude that the diseases which most commonly afflict the American public are vitamin deficiency, headache, colds, sinus trouble, upset stomach and constipation. There are hundreds of "cures" for these problems on display.

Personally, I have never seen a patient with a vitamin deficiency. I know there are men, women and children who suffer from this problem, but—with the rare exception of an occasional patient on a kooky diet—they don't live in Litchfield, Minnesota. Vitamin deficiencies are seen in people who live in India, Pakistan or the poverty areas of this country. Anyone who eats a reasonably balanced diet gets all the vitamins he needs. And after you've taken in all the vitamins you need, any excess is excreted or stored, depending on whether it's a water-soluble or a fat-soluble vitamin. At any rate, excess vitamins won't do you any good.

Headaches are admittedly a common problem. However, I doubt very much that "brand-name" headache cures are any more effective than plain old aspirin. Even Darvon, a prescription item, according to an article in *The New England Journal of Medicine* "was significantly inferior to aspirin in analgesic [pain-killing] effect." Darvon costs \$7 to \$9.50 per 100 tablets; aspirin can be bought for thirteen cents a hundred. I have to confess that for at least five years I've been prescribing Darvon for the patients I thought needed stronger medicine than aspirin, but to whom I didn't want to give narcotics. The Darvon advertising campaign in our medical journals had sold me on the product. Name-brand aspirin gets the drugstore shelf space, because the profit on its sale is greater than that of non-brand-name aspirin.

As far as constipation is concerned I can do no better than to quote a professor of medicine who specialized in bowel problems: "In this country we live in our bowels. We are fascinated by bowel movements. People expect to move their bowels at least once every day and if they don't they are very upset. Actually it doesn't matter whether you have a bowel movement three times a day or twice a week. Frequency has no direct relation to your health."

I heard this speech when I was a medical student, and after twelve years of practice I can only say, "Amen." I have heard more descriptions of the

shape and color of stools than I care to remember. There is nothing that makes patients happier than "a good bowel movement," and they insist on giving a full report of their success on the toilet seat to their doctor. We do indeed "live in our bowels."

Hence all the laxatives. If nature doesn't make us go, by God we'll find something that will. Milk of magnesia, castor oil, millions of doses sold each year. Almost all are unnecessary. Four glasses of water a day ought to be enough laxative for anyone. (Unless his bowels have become accustomed to laxatives; many laxatives are habit-forming.) But we'll never convince those people who are looking for that much-praised "regularity."

Eight hundred million dollars—that's what the drug companies spent on advertising last year. More than \$500,000,000 was spent trying to get doctors to prescribe their products, that worked out to four thousand per doctor in a single year. And it worked. They got back \$6,400,000,000 and, with the markup on drugs often as high as 200 percent, that's a nice return. The pharmaceutical companies are doing all right, thank you.

But it's not the economics of the business we're concerned with here; we're still trying to figure out why so many people buy so many drugs so much of the time.

The advertising is a large part of it. We doctors read these ads in our medical journals, are influenced by them, and prescribe the products.

At the same time, on television, over the radio, in general-circulation magazines and newspapers, the general public is bombarded with other ads that tell them, in no uncertain terms, that it's unnecessary, ever, to suffer. Got a headache? Take Bayer aspirin or Anacin. Got a very bad headache? Try Excedrin. Stomach upset? Try Alka-Seltzer or Rolaids. Difficulty getting to sleep? Use Somnux and you'll be in dreamland before you know it. We're told that whatever our problem, from hemorrhoids to head colds, there's some product in the drugstore that will cure it painlessly and promptly. If what we can buy "over the counter" isn't strong enough, the doctor will order what we need. In any case, the advertising men tell us, thanks to medical science there is no longer any reason to suffer.

Am I contradicting them? Am I saying that people should be willing to suffer? That they ought to stop running to their doctor about every little ache and pain? I guess I am.

I've often thought that if I weren't a doctor I'd be going to a doctor all the time. Every chest pain I'd imagine to be a heart attack, every wart a skin cancer, and every headache a brain tumor. I would have made a great hypochondriac.

As it is, I hardly ever go to the doctor. I still can't be sure my chest pain isn't the first sign of a heart attack but I know the doctor won't be able to tell either. I'm very much aware of the

medical profession's diagnostic and therapeutic limitations. I know the doctor can't do anything special for many of the minor ailments, physical and psychological, that afflict us all.

Since I know I would have been a hypochondriac if I weren't a doctor, I'm sympathetic toward those people who come to me for reassurance when they have symptoms that they've been taught to watch out for—chest pain, for example, or one of the "seven warning signals of cancer." It's understandable that in a health-conscious society, such as ours, people occasionally need reassurance.

Where I lose my sympathetic approach is in dealing with patients who should know what they've got, why, and how to treat it. When a man comes in to see me with a low backache that he acquired while cleaning out his basement, I feel like saying, "Look, take your money and run. Aspirin, rest, heat and you'll be better. So for the next few days it hurts when you try to put your socks on? So what? It won't kill you. You expect to be happy all the time?" I don't say all this of course, I just think it. Instead I collect ten dollars for the office call, twenty dollars for the X-ray, and three dollars for fifteen minutes of diathermy. The pharmacist collects another five for some "muscle-relaxing pills." The man goes home thirty-eight dollars poorer and physically no better. All he has gotten for his money is the psychological lift that people get from a visit to the doctor.

I suppose I'm being unrealistic. Maybe it's too much, in the face of all this advertising, to expect that the woman who is "all tired out" will figure out that it's her husband's drinking and not "tired blood" that is causing her exhaustion, or that the man with the tension headaches will realize his pain comes from fear of losing his job and not a brain tumor. Probably I shouldn't expect the man with the sore back to realize that he can do as much for himself as I can do for him. Still, it seems to me that common sense ought to tell these patients—and they constitute the bulk of any medical practice—what is wrong with them. I would guess they ought to know there's very little a doctor can do to help them, that they have to solve what problems they can and learn to live with the others. But perhaps I expect all this because I've had a medical education.

I guess I'm asking patients not to try to be pain-free, like gods, or even, necessarily, godlike and bear their suffering nobly, but simply not to be dopes—to see through all the nonsense about painkillers, mood elevators and vitamin compounds which are deluging them. And to realize that a real doctor is not like the omniscient, omnipotent man in white who saves lives nightly on the television screen but just another poor bastard like them with headaches, heartburn and trouble with his kids. I want patients to know what I damn well know, it would save us both a lot of time—and them a lot of money.

It's probably a hopeless cause.

# HAIR TRIGGER

A clinically controlled, 80 day study of the product has just been completed. The project was supervised by the Chief of Staff of Dermatology of a Los Angeles hospital and a Beverly Hills dermatologist. Their subjects were 20 doctors suffering from male pattern alopecia (baldness) for an average of 12 years.

The investigators concluded that the RESULTS were ENCOURAGING, however not conclusive. According to the chief investigator, "The problem was not in the product, but in the testing and the test subjects." He said they learned two important things. They needed a more precise method for MEASURING NEW HAIR GROWTH, and more CONTROL over the TEST SUBJECTS. Those who followed the instructions faithfully asked to continue the HAIR TRIGGER program, and their progress will be published when legally available.

The HAIR TRIGGER treatment consists of FORMULA "6" SCALP CREAM (\$15.00), carefully selected FOOD SUPPLEMENTS (\$8.00), PROTEIN SHAMPOO (\$3.50) and PROTEIN CREAM RINSE (\$3.00).

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## PROPRIETARY MEDICINES I KEEP IN MY HOME

Even though many of the claims made for medicines are misleading, despite the fact that there are no panaceas for all the ailments that befall us, there are many tried and true simple remedies for simple problems available in any drug-store. My wife and I have six kids, ages nine to seventeen, and between the eight of us we fall prey at one time or another to most of the common ailments. I have no ax to grind for any particular brand, but here are some of the things we use in our home.

1. Aspirin We buy the cheapest brand I can find. Good for most aches and pains. Actually, for adults who have difficulty sleeping, two aspirin at bedtime will probably work as well as any nonprescription sleeping pill. Aches and pains prevent many of us—those with a clear conscience—from sleeping.

2. Calomine lotion Takes the itch out of poison ivy and other skin ailments. Doesn't cure anything but affords symptomatic relief.

3. An antacid I use Gelusil, Maalox or Ampho-el, whichever has been handed to me most recently by a drug salesman. They're all basically the same. Someone once said, "You can fool other people about your age, but you can't fool a hamburger with raw onions at midnight." If I eat one and go to bed, I'm up at two a.m. for an antacid.

4. Corn plasters Any brand. Used intelligently they can cure most of those painful calluses better than a scalpel.

5. Kaopectate Most of us have occasional attacks of diarrhea, either from infection or some dietary indiscretion. Kaopectate is virtually free from side effects and plugs one up promptly.

6. Vicks VapoRub. My wife loves this stuff. She smears it on the chest or under the nose of any child with a cold. The menthol vapors help clear a stuffy nose and will cut down on snoring.

7. Cough syrup Usually I keep a prescription syrup, something with codeine in it, at home, but if you can't get a doctor's prescription, Robitussin is good, as is Formula 44.

8. Preparation H Since I have no hemorrhoid problem at the moment, I have no personal experience with this; but a lot of my patients like it. Basically it's a lubricating agent in, if you can believe it, shark-liver oil. Since much hemorrhoid pain is due to swelling, this may help. Not as good as surgery.

A word about the pharmacist. These men and women want to make a buck, as do we all, but they are also informed professionals who know a lot about medicines. They sell nonsense items—"liver pills" for nagging backache, tonics, useless vitamin preparations—because people want to buy them. But they also know which of their non-prescription drugs work best for minor ailments. I often ask our local pharmacist to tell me what's good for what. With the usual stipulation that there are nitwits and shysters in every profession, I'd say don't be afraid to take the pharmacist's recommendations. He'll send you off to the doctor if he thinks your symptoms warrant it. #

## AFTERMATH

(Continued from page 194)

He goes to the door and Edie follows him, and as she passes desk, she takes the shiny clock off desk.

Edie (to director) Please? So we won't be late for the fair?

Director Take it—you've taken everything else.

Edie (bows). Good-bye.

Sid holds door open for her. As they exit, in comes a native in a sort of Arabian, long flowing coat, with a Shriner's cap on his head. As Sid passes him, Sid says, sotto voce.

Sid. Start slow with lipstick, shower caps—you'll get paved roads—and finally the nuclear bomb. Don't take the tuna sandwich. See you in an hour at Toots Shor's place.

After he had read the sketch, Sid said, "It's kinda short. I think what we have to do is to 'break it open.' Maybe that lunch thing—I could actually make a lunch for us in the director's office."

"But that will only lengthen it," I said, "and it doesn't necessarily relate to the World's Fair problem."

Finally we compromised. He would let it go this way this time, but from now on he would have the privilege to "break open" the sketches we wrote. And he did. The sketches began to run twelve minutes. Fanny is funny, but you can funny yourself out of the business by adding bananas or bananas.

Example: We wrote a satirical sketch based on an early popular TV program called *The Defenders*. Its leading characters were a father and his son who are lawyers representing clients who could not afford high priced legal advice. Sid played the son, who constantly badgered his father to get some rich clients.

To demonstrate how poor the father and son were becoming by defending the poor, we called for a set for their office, in which the reception room was spacious and luxuriously furnished. At one end was a door marked PRIVATE. Only Sid and his father went into this room, which was a dingy, crowded little cubbyhole, with rolltop desk and a leaking radiator. This set was to indicate a big front that hides a crummy financial operation.

Good enough? But not for our star. He "broke open" the script when an attractive client showed up, by offering to serve her lunch. (Sid had a thing about food whipping up a soufflé, or flaming up some cherries jubilee was heaven to him.) He went into the private office, and out of the rolltop desk produced a flicked chicken, and chopped up some green plants, and tossed a huge salad. The six-minute sketch, in a dress rehearsal, now ran twelve minutes.

The producer then announced the show was six minutes over the half hour. In looking for some quick cuts before going on the air, the lunch schtick had to be cut, although Sid tried valiantly to rescue his chicken and salad. That was the only battle we won for shorter sketches.

Although Sid was bullish on stretching a sketch past its point of diminishing returns, the genius of the man showed up in his ad libbing short lines to the dialogue during rehearsals. I recall a sketch he once did where he was trying to make his wife stop smoking. She rebelled, smoked three cigarettes at a time, and shouted, "What do you think I am, one of those wives of the old country who has to walk three steps behind her husband?" Sid's improvisation here was a joy. "Yes, and no smoking back there."

One of the regular characters in our half-hour show was a beautiful young woman who spoke no lines. She represented the femme fatale for whom all husbands have a roving eye. The girl showed up wherever Sid went with his wife. She was the waitress in a drive-in restaurant. And she was the usherette in a movie house who, with her flashlight, led Sid and his wife to their seats. Sid sat through the movie with his back to the screen, admiring the girl. One day at rehearsal he ad-libbed "Down in back, please!" In the following rehearsals he never said it. I reminded him of it, telling him it was a priceless line. When the show went on the air he remembered to use it. But not just once—several times. That old compulsion again.

In another sketch we had Sid going back to visit his old neighborhood where he spent his childhood. In a drug-store he met the pharmacist who remembered him, and, noting Sid's wristwatch, said, "Hey, you've been doing very well." To which Sid was to reply, "Oh yes. I've got a cigarette lighter too. See?" At a rehearsal, he improvised a third item, "I've got a comb also," and showed it. But not content with these status symbols, when the show went on the air, Sid added, "I've got socks, shorts, a vest—and on and on."

This overextending of sketches, this belaboring short comedy lines, written or improvised, stretched the credibility of the dialogue, regardless of his marvelous performances, and eventually ended in viewer irritation. In all that, to this beat and perhaps biased typewriter, lies the reason for Sid's not being regularly on television. Heaven knows it can use his artistry.

So the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our writers, but in the stars themselves, that we are underlings in the Nielsen ratings. #

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☐ Please send me further information

☐ If for a group, please specify \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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**CHILDREN, INCORPORATED**



## BIKE RIDING IN LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 121) their first editions out of the windows and replace them with nude studies.

On the sidewalks, kids are scoring, crunks are yelling, and sly guys walking their blind dates keep them close to the storefronts while they walk, nervously, on the outside.

Also at night on Hollywood Boulevard, guys come down from their fly-specked apartments nearby on Ivar and Gower and Argyle to stand, waiting for action, on the corners. Some wear ushers' uniforms and flamenco dance costumes, and others wear short dresses with furs over their shoulders.

Now and then, the guys in the uniforms get picked up—a car pulls over, a door is opened, the guy gets in, the car drives away.

Sometimes the guys in the ushers' uniforms have name badges.

"Flon. Is that how you pronounce it? Or is it Flown?"

"No Flon."

"Flon."

"That's right. Just like it looks."

"Do you want to get in?"

"All right."

"Flon. That's an unusual name."

"I'm an unusual guy."

"I'll bet you are."

The guys in dresses get picked up too, but more often they get in, the car drives off, then stops a few blocks down, the door opens, and the guy in the dress gets out.

He has wondered what makes a guy put on a dress in Los Angeles, and the best he can do is this theory: that all of us start out Humphrey Bogarts, but at some point, with a suddenness, we find out the Peter Lorres won't cringe for us, the Sydney Greenstreets won't bluster, and the Lauren Bacalls won't flip back a wisp of hair and lower their lashes, and some of us never get over it.

It rains and he goes riding in the rain, in a green poncho that covers him and his bicycle like a leaf. He steers clear of the main streets where cars slip and skid about like playing penguins, and heads up into the hills.

He got the idea of a poncho from a picture he saw of a French mailman. He was riding in the rain in his poncho and cap. He looked serene and uncorruptible.

Now he takes a break, stopping at a curb, listening to the drops drumming, one by one, on the stretched fabric.

In the 1890's, Edward D. Healy dreamt of oil. He dug a well at the corner of Second and Gendale with a pick and shovel, and it produced. For a long time, people had suspected there was oil under their feet.

In a few years there were wells everywhere.

The wells took over the city. Thousands of them to the west, a forest of them in Long Beach, all sucking, millions of kids at a great soda fountain, sucking strawberry oil. Pretty soon, the market was glutted—nobody needed so much oil. The wells kept pumping.

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Let's take a preview of your first lesson in a Piper Cherokee.

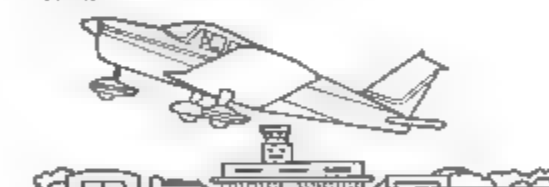
### How do you start?

Before you actually fly any airplane, you and your instructor give it a visual walkaround inspection. This is just one of the safety checks that are routine in any flight.

When you climb into the pilot's seat you may say, "Look at all those instruments." But they're easy to sort out. Many are familiar from your car—speedometer, oil pressure, clock, tachometer and the like. Others have obvious uses—like the altimeter to tell you how high you are and the compass to tell direction.

Starting is as simple as starting a car. Just turn the key.

From the beginning you sit in the pilot's seat—the left seat—with your instructor alongside at dual controls. As you taxi for take-off you learn to steer with gentle pressures on foot pedals—left foot to turn left and vice versa.



### The take-off

Lined up on the runway, you apply power by pushing the throttle forward. As you pick up speed your wide-track Piper tricycle landing gear helps you keep rolling straight and true.

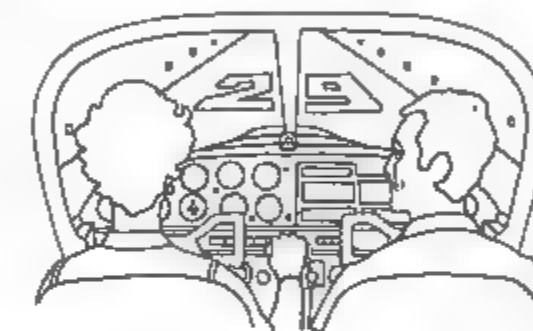
At take-off speed—about 65 mph in a Piper Cherokee—you ease back on the control wheel, the wings take on lift, and you're flying.

### How you climb and turn



You continue your climb at about 85 mph by holding back on the control wheel. Once at altitude, cruising at about 130 mph, you're ready for a few turns.

To turn left, turn the control wheel left and apply gentle pressure on the left pedal. This turns the plane and puts it into a gentle bank, return to level flight by reversing the process.



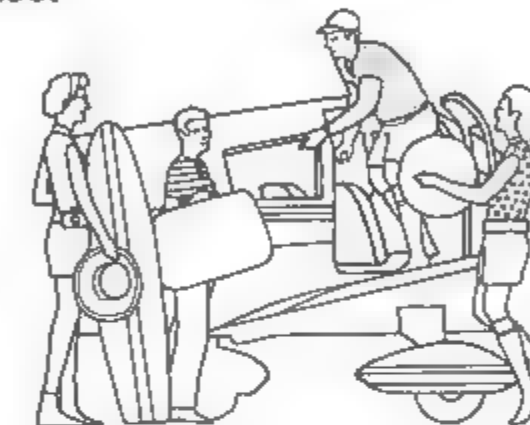
### The landing

The modern, low-wing design of your Piper Cherokee builds up a "cushion" of air under the wings as you approach the runway. It helps you to a feather soft landing. Your instructor will show you how to ease back on the control wheel so that the nose lifts a trifle and the plane settles to a perfect landing.

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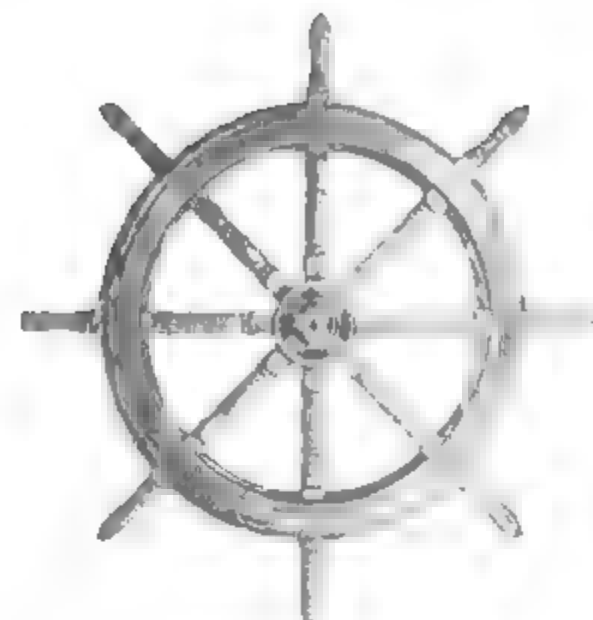


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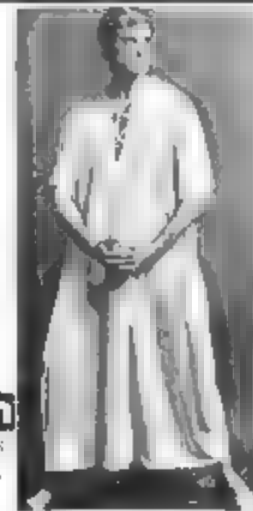
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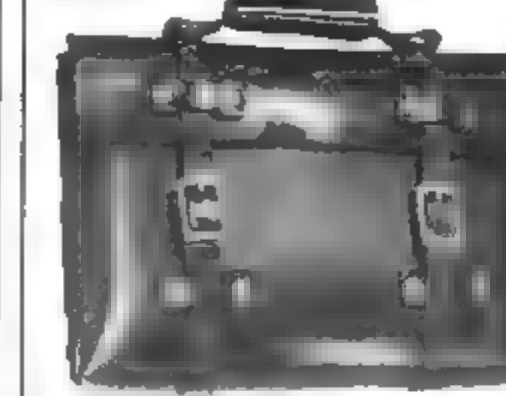
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## WHAT IS THE NEW IMPOTENCE, AND WHO'S GOT IT?

(Continued from page 98) don't go around making it with every cow. Sometimes the penis has a consciousness the head doesn't have."

The male obligation to the female transcends Masters' and Johnson's law of averages and surmounts clitoral supremacy. Why? A pearl from the swinish *Sensuous Man*: "Because for the female, personal involvement is everything. While you, you horny bastard, are capable of jumping into the feathers with practically anything that walks, she wants to know, respect, and feel strong physical attraction toward a man before she heads for the bedroom. A feeling of closeness, tenderness, sensitivity, and love is much more essential to a woman than those strings of orgasms she's so capable of unleashing."

Despite excellent prospects for a quick recovery, the new impotence doesn't have a Chinaman's chance. The law of neophilia won't let it die a natural death. The new impotence is in, couth is out: e.g., Phil Silvers kidding Helen Gurley Brown on Dick Cavett's show, "I'm impotent, but I love your magazine." So is respect: e.g., a *Cosmopolitan* cartoon with one greeting-card salesgirl inquiring of a second, "Do we have something for a man who has become impotent?"

Loose attitudes toward man's private parts in recent plays and movies foster permissiveness of this public sort. Eric Bentley was correct in his declaration that "The main reason for theatregoing in the late Sixties has been to see the penis." If you couldn't afford a front-row theatre seat, you get less out of life by going to see the flowering manhood of Alan Bates and Oliver Reed in the film *Women in Love*. Bonnie and Clyde, *Closely Watched Trains* and *Never On Sunday* dealt with impotence in a low key. But *Midnight Cowboy*, *Trash*, *The Last Picture Show*, and especially *Carnal Knowledge* scare your pants off with their brassy displays of phallic failure. Wisecracks in *Get Carter*, *Dirty Harry*, *The Statue* and *The Candidate* ("They're gonna look at the 'Crock' and think maybe he can't get it up anymore") incite further riot.

The morose delectation of tell-all confessions keeps the fires of the new impotence blazing bright. Initially, there was Michael Zwerin's owning up on a "dare" in *The Village Voice*. John Koffend did Zwerin one better with his autobiographical *A Letter To My Wife*. Koffend not only published the results of a battery of psychological tests in irrefutable witness to his impotence (a case of mother dominance), but flashed his prodigal penis at you throughout the book. The literary pursuit of impotence, like history, repeats itself the first time as tragedy and thereafter as farce.

But the fellow who has put it all together, the Father Damien of the new impotence, is a slightly hunchbacked automotive writer from Queens, Solomon "Sam" Julty. Fed up with getting cultural sand kicked in his face because of his periodic four-year bout with the

big I, Julty came out of the closet in the Summer of '72. Through the swell offices of Howard Smith's "Scenes" column in the *Voice*, Julty appealed to impotents to call or write him for the purpose of mutual encouragement. His advertisement went national in Robin Adams Sloan's syndicated gossip feature and the sad stories came barreling in from coast to coast. Julty hopes to lead the masses of impotents out of the Egypt of their oppression into the Promised Land of pride—"I'm impotent and proud." Actually, the word "impotence" is a no-no. You mean "dysfunction." No movement, least of all the new impotence, can afford power hang-ups. Off with potency. All function to the people. Julty, forty-four, perpetuates this tomfoolery with a dysfunctionaries anonymous group and plans a book on the issue. Ms. is printing his dreary, chest-thumping Here I Stand, I Can Do No Other.

But is this absolutely necessary? "I'm a writer, I'm also a rebel. I've always been against convention. And here's a subject that's a firecracker. I really feel humble as hell with people writing from all over the country telling me I'm the only one who can help them. I suppose I'm a kind of missionary." Say it ain't so, Sam.

The anthropological haymaker has been saved until the end. If you thought multi-orgasm was the last straw for male potency, get a load of the hitherto unpublicized facts behind the sex drive in the higher female primates. You recall Kinsey's references to the tendency toward quickies in the male primates. Well, the females of these species are the exact opposite. Dr. Sherfey provides the gory details:

"Having no cultural restrictions, these primate females will perform coitus from twenty to fifty times a day during the peak week of estrus, usually with several series of copulations in rapid succession. If necessary, they will flirt, solicit, present, and stimulate the male in order to obtain successive coitions. They will 'consort' with one male for several days until he is exhausted, then take up with another. They will emerge from periods of heat totally exhausted, often with wounds from spent males who have repulsed them. I suggest that something akin to this behavior could be paralleled by the human female if her civilization allowed it."

It is probably of scant consolation after this bad news, but the Boston Strangler was impotent as he began his murderous ride and he stopped the strangling only after he learned to consummate intercourse with his final victims. #

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# "Roger reads Esquire"



Mrs. Roger Davis

"He calls it the only 'men's lib' magazine. Meaning, he says, 'Esquire recognizes the fact that man has a mind as well as a body.' I think that's kind of well put, but then Roger was an English major at Columbia (61) and taught at UCLA before he became an actor. He has a way of saying things that I find very apt. I think that's one of the main reasons I became Mrs. Roger Davis. Most of the women Roger meets are slightly bowled over by his good looks and the fact that he's a TV star (Alas Smith & Jones' Hannibal Hayes). But I loved

him for his originality and style. He's the only man I know who can get high on 18th century literature in the evening and spend the morning watching a boxer he sponsors work out in the gym. Or go see how his racehorse, Royal Blupers' does at the track with a copy of Robert Frost under his arm. He's that way about places, too. So we live in Beverly Hills and New York — and we'd like to have a home in Rome — Roger's favorite city in Europe. But wherever we are — life is interesting — because my husband is an interesting man."

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